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THE ILIADS OF HOMER;



TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE

ILIADS OF HOMER,

PRINCE OF POETS,

NEVER BEFORE IN ANY LANGUAGE
TRULY TRANSLATED,

WITH A COMMENT UPON SOME OF HIS CHIEF PLACES.

DONE ACCORDING TO THE GREEK

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

By W. COOKE TAYLOR, Esq., LL.D., M.R.A.S.,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

WITH FORTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, FROM THE COMPOSITIONS OF
JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT AND CO., LUDGATE STREET.

1843.

"MUCH HAVE I TRAVELL'D IN THE REALMS OF GOLD,
AND MANY GOODLY STATES AND KINGDOMS SEEN;
ROUND MANY WESTERN ISLANDS HAVE I BEEN,
WHICH BARDS IN FEALTY TO APOLLO HOLD.
OFT OF ONE WIDE EXPANSE HAD I BEEN TOLD,
THAT DEEP-BROW'D HOMER RULED AS HIS DEMESNE;
YET DID I NEVER BREATHE ITS PURE SERENE,
TILL I HEARD CHAPMAN SPEAK OUT LOUD AND BOLD:
THEN FELT I LIKE SOME WATCHER OF THE SKIES,
WHEN A NEW PLANET SWIMS INTO HIS KEN;
OR LIKE STOUT CORTEZ, WHEN WITH EAGLE EYES
HE STARED AT THE PACIFIC—AND ALL HIS MEN
LOOK'D AT EACH OTHER WITH A WILD SURMISE—
SILENT, UPON A PEAK IN DARIEN."

Keats.

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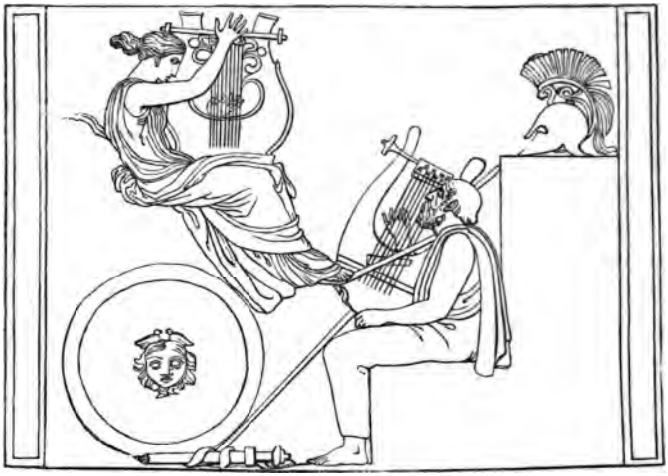
VOL. I.

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Stamford Street.





" Achilles' baneful wrath,—resound, O Goddess,—that impos'd
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks."

INTRODUCTION.

MANY years have not elapsed since a laboured apology would have been necessary for a republication of Chapman's Homer; the polish and refinement introduced by the wits of Queen Anne's age created a distaste for the more severe and perhaps coarser graces that distinguished the writers of Elizabeth's reign; it was necessary that the public should be cloyed with sweets before it could regain its relish for simple and substantial dishes. We have seen this revolution, or rather restoration, completed; our older writers have been restored to their ancient niches in the Temple of Fame; and, as each has been placed on his pedestal, admiring crowds have hasted to renew the homage so long interrupted and so unjustly withheld. The eighteenth century passed sentence of condemnation on the sixteenth, and the nineteenth has become a court of appeal, in which the old authors appear successively and successfully to claim that their cases may be reheard, and the unjust verdicts given against them set aside. Encouraged by the issue of many former appeals, we claim to be heard in

the case of Pope and others *versus* Chapman, in the trust that the merits of the old defendant will more than compensate the feebleness of our advocacy.

The plaintiffs are known to everybody, but the appealing defendant has not this advantage, and we must therefore introduce him to the court by giving a brief history of his life.

George Chapman was born in or near London in the year 1557; his family was sufficiently respectable to give him an excellent education, and in the year 1574 he entered the university of Oxford. He was an excellent classical scholar, thoroughly acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages, but he had such a dislike to the logic and philosophy of the schools that he could never be induced to pay them so much attention as would qualify him to obtain a degree. While yet a student, he had acquired some reputation by his poetical pieces, and he was thus enabled, on coming to London, to obtain admission to the society of Shakspere, Spenser, Jonson, Sidney, and Daniel.

It was the age of patrons; a reading public had not yet been formed to remunerate the labours of an author by extensive purchases of his works; enterprising publishers did not yet exist to speculate in copyrights. Without patronage, literature could scarcely have existed at that period of our history, and hence the leading men of the day held it to be their duty to afford men of genius and learning facilities for illuminating and delighting their countrymen. Chapman was so fortunate as to find a patron without becoming a dependent; Sir Thomas Walsingham bestowed on him a generous because an equal friendship, and when that statesman died, his son received those ties as a portion of his inheritance. Through the influence of the Walsinghams, Chapman was introduced to Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., and to Robert earl of Somerset, whose guilty and unfortunate career forms the most disgraceful episode in English history.

The premature death of Prince Henry, and the sudden fall of Somerset, frustrated the hopes of high ambition which Chapman may have formed from their influence; he obtained, however, some small place about the court, which, combined with his moderate patrimony, secured him the means of a respectable subsistence. In the year 1595 he began to write for the stage; he produced sixteen plays, which have survived; the best of these are the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, and

the comedy of Monsieur d'Olive, both of which are contained in the fine collection of Old Plays, published by Mr. C. W. Dilke in 1814. Their merits sufficiently justify the commendation bestowed on Chapman as a dramatist by the late Charles Lamb. "Of all the English play-writers," says that exquisite appreciator of poetic merit, "Chapman perhaps approached nearest to Shakspere in the descriptive and didactic,—in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspere could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive, and a soul to embrace, all forms."

Chapman's greatest work is his translation of Homer, which we reserve for special examination. He translated the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, together with some hymns and epigrams which are attributed to Homer on rather doubtful authority. He likewise attempted some part of Hesiod, and continued the translation of Musæus, which had been commenced by Marlowe. This last work was dedicated to the celebrated architect Inigo Jones, who appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with the poet, and to have valued him highly.

It is said that as Chapman began to grow in reputation, his friend Ben Jonson became jealous of his rising fame, and meanly endeavoured to depreciate his merits. They had originally been closely united. Chapman was joined with Jonson and Marston in writing the comedy of Eastwood Hoe, which gave great offence to the court on account of the reflections it was said to contain against the Scotch nation. Sir James Murray made a complaint on the subject to the king, who ordered the three delinquents to be cast into prison: they would have lost their ears and noses for their wantonness had not some powerful friends interfered and, not without difficulty, procured their pardon. It is characteristic of the times, that at the entertainment given to celebrate their release, Ben Jonson's mother produced a paper of poison, which she had designed, if the punishment of mutilation had been inflicted, to have mixed with his drink, after she had first taken a portion of it herself.

Chapman survived to his seventy-seventh year, but seems to have neglected poetry towards the close of his life; the promised revision of

his translation of Homer was never completed, though he had made many corrections and amendments preparatory to a new edition. He died on the 12th of May, 1655, and was buried at the south side of St. Giles's church, where a monument was erected to his memory at the expense and under the direction of his friend Inigo Jones.

The first edition of Chapman's Homer (marked A in our notes) contained only twelve books, and was probably designed as an experiment to discover how the world was likely to receive a complete translation. It was dedicated to Prince Henry in a poetic epistle, which contains abundant proof that Chapman fully appreciated the importance of the task he had undertaken: he seems to have felt that translating Homer was like expounding some divine oracle, a portion of whose inspiration had been caught by the interpreter. It was under such a consciousness that he penned the following lines:—

"O! 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing prized) that the right virtuous touch
Of a well-written soul, to virtue moves,
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd:
How much then were this kingdom's main soul maim'd
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls? All realms but yours
Are honoured with him; and hold blest that state
That have his works to read and contemplate;
In which Humanity to her height is rais'd;
Which all the world (yet none enough) hath prais'd.
Seas, earth and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Outsung the Muses and did equalize
Their king Apollo; being so far from cause
Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashion'd by his lines;
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines
And graceth all his gracers."

He chose for his translation the long English metre of fourteen syllables, to which Pope objects, calling it "an unmeasurable length of verse;" but which our older poets highly esteemed on account of its "long resounding march and energy divine." It is not generally known that Chapman had anticipated and answered this objection, for his poetic address to the reader in the first edition was in the subsequent editions changed to a Preface in plain prose. Let us hear Chapman's defence of his metre:—

"Yet hath Detraction got
My blind side in the form my verse puts on;
Much like a dunghill mastiff that dares not
Assault the man, but barks about the stone
He throws at him: takes it in eager jaws,
And spoils his teeth because they cannot spoil.
The long verse hath by proof receiv'd applause
Beyond each other number, and the foil
That squint-ey'd Envy takes is censur'd plain,
For this long poem takes this length of verse;
Which I myself ingenuously maintain
Too long, our shorter authors to rehearse."

Pope sneers at Chapman's boast that he translated Homer from the original Greek, and that in all disputed passages he judged for himself without regarding the opinions of commentators and former translators. As the bard of Twickenham was very imperfectly acquainted with the Greek language, he was obliged to rely on the aid of interpreters, but Chapman drank his inspiration from the fountain-head. He justly declares that those who had rendered Homer into Latin, French and Italian, had frequently misrepresented his meaning, and he explains the cause of their errors:—

"They fail'd to search his deep and treasurous heart,
The cause was, since they wanted the fit key
Of Nature, in their downright strength of Art;
With poesy to open poesy.
Which in my Poem of the Mysteries
Reveal'd in Homer, I will clearly prove,
Till whose near birth, suspend your calumnies
And far wide imputations of self-love."

We think that Pope is mistaken in saying that Chapman here calls his Translation a Poem of the Mysteries Revealed in Homer; he obviously alludes to some other work which he had projected, and for which many of the interpolations he has introduced seem to have been designed. An enthusiast in poetry, animated by a daring fiery spirit that knew no control, Chapman seems to have regarded Homer as his proper inheritance, and to have exhibited all the eagerness and all the haste of a young heir to enter on possession. He soon became conscious of the disadvantage of such speed. When he published his complete edition of the Iliad (marked B in our notes) he rewrote the entire first book, and made very extensive changes in the rest. But unwarned by this additional labour, he translated the last twelve books, as he him-

self boasts, in less than fifteen weeks; and then sent the hurried performance to the world, with all its imperfections on its head. The third edition, which has furnished the text for these volumes, contains many valuable corrections in the first six books, but few, very few, in the rest. Chapman obviously disliked the *labor limæ*, and yet there was scarcely any poet whose second touches brought out in such bold relief the beauties that had been left obscure in the first efforts of his art. As an example we may quote a part of the description of the Greeks feasting at Chrysa, when Chryseis was restored to her father. In A it stands thus:—

> "The youths crown cups with wine
> Begin and distribute to all: that day was held divine
> Consum'd in Pæans to the sun; who heard with pleased ear;
> And when his chariot took the sea, and twilight hid the clear,
> All soundly on their cables slept; even till the night was worn:
> And when the Lady of the Light, the rosy-finger'd morn
> Rose from the hills; they freshly rose, and to the camp retir'd,
> Apollo with a prosperous wind their swelling bark inspir'd."

Let us now see how this version, originally beautiful, is further enriched by a few judicious touches:—

> "The youths crown'd cups of wine,
> *Drank off, and fill'd again to all:* that day was held divine,
> *And spent* in Pæans to the sun; who heard with pleased ear:
> *When whose bright chariot stoop'd* to sea, and twilight hid the clear,
> All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn;
> And when the Lady of the Light, the rosy-finger'd morn
> Rose from the hills, *all fresh* arose and to the camp retir'd,
> *While Phœbus with a foreright wind* their swelling bark inspir'd."

A greater change is made in the version of the first simile which occurs in the Iliad; it is near the commencement of the second book. The passage is thus rendered in A:—

> "As when of frequent bees
> Swarms break out of a hollow rock, in endless companies,
> Some gone, some other fresh arise, and all in clusters fly
> On sweet spring flowers; some here, some there, their swarms incessantly
> Spreading the meadows."

Now look on the more perfect picture:—

> "As when of frequent bees
> Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees
> Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new
> From forth their sweet nest: as their store still as it fading grew,

And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring,
They still crowd out so, this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers."

The phrase "repairing the degrees of their egression endlessly," though a little affected, conveys a lively picture of the successive ranks issuing in a continuous stream; and we scarcely know a more picturesque and happy expression in our language than the bees "belabouring the loaded flowers." It is worth while to compare Chapman's version with a literal translation of the original:—

"As are the swarms of crowded and delighted bees
Always coming new from a hollow rock;
They fly in clusters over the flowers of spring,
And some flocks wing their way in this direction and others in that,
Thus the many nations from the ships and tents," &c.

On comparing this with Chapman's two versions, it appears that in the first he paid too much regard to the authority of Spondanus, who confines the whole comparison to the single fact of "swarming forth in troops;" but when he re-translated the passage, he recognized that the similitude was threefold, viz. the number of troops expressed by the swarms of bees; their egression from the ships in a continued troop, by the bees pouring out of the rock in an uninterrupted stream; and their dispersion over the shore by the settling of the bees on the flowers. Let us now look at Pope's translation of the passage:—

"As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms
With deeper murmurs and with hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud."

It requires very few words to show that this is not merely an imperfect version, but a very gross misrepresentation of the original. The unauthorized introduction of the shepherd turns the similitude from the act of swarming to the effect produced on the spectator; and this blunder excludes the second point of comparison, the regular succession of the ranks, the "repairing the degrees of their egression endlessly;" the unauthorized introduction of the "deeper murmurs," and the "hoarse alarms," not only adds *noise*, to which Homer has made no allusion, but is inconsistent with the succeeding lines, where the murmurs of the army are personified by Fame:—

"Amid them shined Fame,
The messenger of Jove, urging them to go;"

or, as Chapman renders it,—

"Amongst whom Jove's ambassadress, Fame in her virtue shin'd,
Exciting greediness to hear."

To this second error, the introduction of noise in the similitude, we may attribute Pope's sad travesty of Homer's noble figure, representing Fame as accompanying the troops, and personally stimulating them to hasten to the assembly: he renders it,—

"Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above."

This is a version, which, in addition to its departure from the original, has the further merit of being sheer nonsense; for unless Fame possessed the attributes of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, she could not be *before* and *above* the army at the same time. Finally, Pope has not merely missed but contradicted the third point of similitude, the dispersion of the troops; for he makes the bees remain "a close embodied crowd," which, instead of spreading over the vernal flowers, descends like a cloud on the vale.

We see from the nature of the alterations he made that Chapman's object was to represent Homer's picture with all the strong colouring and forcible peculiarities of the original. Pope seems not to have understood that Homer's simile was a picture at all; he has rendered everything vague which in the original was definite and precise, and has thrown Homer's admirable order into "unadmired confusion." An equally striking illustration of the kind of changes introduced by Chapman occurs also in the Second Book; the passage describes the breaking up of the assembly in consequence of Agamemnon's ironical speech dissuading them from war, which they took in its literal sense. The passage is thus rendered in A:—

"The assembly grew most turbulent, as billows rude and vast,
Rous'd in the rough Icarian seas, when east and southern blast
Break fiercely from the clouds of Jove; or as when zephyr flies
Upon a wealthy field of corn, makes all his forces rise,
And all the field bows her fair heads beneath his violence,
So did the common soldiers yield t' Atrides forc'd pretence."

It was altered to the following:—

"All the crowd was shov'd about the shore
In sway, like rude and raging waves before the fervent blore

Of th' east and south winds; when they break from Jove's clouds, and are borne
On rough backs of th' Icarian seas; or like a field of corn
High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts bring easily underneath,
And make the stiff up-bristled ears do homage to his breath:
For even so easily with the breath Atrides used, was swayed
The violent multitude."

The literal translation of the passage must be used as a standard of comparison :—

"And the assembly was moved like the huge billows of the sea,
The Icarian deep, which the east wind and south wind
Upraise, rushing fiercely from the clouds of Father Jove.
And as Zephyr usually moves a deep corn-field; coming
Violent, tempestuous, and the corn bends with its bristling heads:
Thus all the assembly was moved."

Let us now turn to Pope's version :—

"The mighty numbers move,
So roll the billows to the Icarian shore,
From east and south when winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep;
And as on corn when western gusts descend
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend:
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears."

The similitude in the original rests in the facility with which the crowd, like waves and standing-corn, is moved; the winds typify the strength of the impulse which a desire to revisit their country afforded, and the swaying of the corn, points out the common direction of their course; their bending of head and heart towards their native land. In his first version Chapman seems to have adopted the error into which Pope has fallen, that the similitude of the waves was designed to represent the noise and tumult with which the assembly broke up, though he has avoided Pope's glaring mistake of introducing the dashing of the waves against the shore; but in his second translation he has brought out the original design by those picturesque expressions, "fervent blore," and "rough backs of the Icarian sea." In both he has kept the definite expression of the original, "the clouds of Jove," which is sadly weakened by so vague a phrase as "dark mansions in the sky;" but the noblest change is the introduction of so Homeric a line as,—

"Make the stiff up-bristled ears do homage to his breath;"

which is a decided improvement on

> " All the field bows her fair head beneath his violence;"

though even that is far superior to Pope's " bending harvest."

Let us next turn to the well-known passage describing the re-assembling of the army in consequence of the exertions of Ulysses. It is thus literally rendered:—

> "They to the assembly
> Again rushed from the ships and tents
> With a clamour, as when the wave of the tumultuous sea
> Thunders on the great shore, and the deep resounds."

In A, it is rendered:—

> " Again to council then
> From ships and tents, in tumults swarm'd these thus reformed men;
> With such a blustering, as against the Pontic shore rebounds
> A storm-driven billow with whose rage the sea itself resounds."

In the subsequent editions Chapman has—

> " Again the council was maintain'd
> With such a concourse, that the shore rung with the tumult made,
> As when the far-resounding sea doth in his rage invade
> His sandy confines; whose sides groan with his involved wave,
> And make his own breast echo sighs."

Pope has in some degree availed himself of the phrases that Chapman rejected:—

> " Back to th' assembly roll'd the thronging train,
> Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
> Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars
> And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores.
> The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound;
> The rocks re-murmur, and the deeps rebound."

Chapman's alterations are obviously made to complete a picture, and hence the use of " involved," in its original Latin sense, " rolled within itself." Pope dwells entirely on the noise; and his version fails to bring before the eye the burst of the breaker, which in Homer is both painted and echoed.

The last passage to the alterations in which we shall direct the attention of our readers is that in which Homer, describing the march of the Grecian army, gives us five similes in a breath; the first describing the splendour of the armour; the second, the variety of movements in the army; the third, its numbers; the fourth, the ardour of the sol-

diers for combat; and the fifth, the exact discipline of the troops. It will be convenient to take each separately:—

Homer in a literal translation.

"As a bright fire consumes an immense wood
On the peaks of a mountain, and the blaze shines afar,
So, of those advancing, from the precious brass
The glittering splendour ascended through air to heaven."

Chapman in A.

"Then, as a hungry fire enflames a mighty wood that grows
Upon the high tops of a hill, and far his splendour throws;
So from the Grecians' burnish'd arms an admirable light
Flew through the air with golden wings, and did the gods affright."

Chapman in B, and subsequent editions.

"And as a fire upon
A huge wood on the heights of hills that far off hurls his light,
So the divine brass shin'd on those thus thrusting for the fight;
The splendour through the air reach'd heaven."

Pope.

"As on some mountain, through the lofty grove
The crackling flames ascend and blaze above,
The fires, expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms and brazen shields
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields."

The point of comparison is the splendour of the armour and the distance to which its gleams extend. Chapman felt that in his first attempt he had weakened the directness of the similitude by introducing the supposed terror of the gods: he abandoned this addition, and directed his powers to strengthening the Homeric image by the forcible expression, "far off hurls his light." Pope has missed the entire force and meaning of the passage; he dwells upon the kindling and gradual increase of the blazing grove, to which Homer makes no reference, for the very simple reason that it has no similarity whatever to the gleaming of the armour which it was his purpose to describe.

We come now to the second simile, describing the various movements of the army before the soldiers are ranged in battle-array:—

Literal translation.

"As the many tribes of winged birds,
Cranes, geese, or long-necked swans,
In the meadow of Asius, by the streams of the Cayster,
Fly hither and hither, exulting with their wings,
And the meadow resounds as they with a clang irregularly pitch on the ground.

Thus the many nations from the ships and tents
Were poured into the Scamandrian plain; but beneath the earth
Groaned dreadfully under the feet of them and their horses.
And they stood in the flowery Scamandrian mead
Numerous as the leaves and flowers produced by spring."

Chapman in A.

" Or as whole flocks of geese, or cranes, or swans with necks so tall,
Fly cloud-like over Asian meads to fair Caïster's fall,
Who (proud of their supportful wings as they take stream or ground)
Make all the river bordering lawns, their melody resound;
So all the troops from ships and tents throng'd to Scamander's plain
And under sway of horse and foot the earth did groan again.
They stood in that enflowered mead, as infinite as leaves
Or flowers the spring doth amplify."

Chapman in subsequent editions.

" And as about the flood
Caïster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the airy brood,
(Cranes, geese, or long-neck'd swans) here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
And in their falls lay out such throats, that with their spiritful cry
The meadow shrieks again: so here the many-nationed men
Flow'd over the Scamandrian field; from tents and ships; the din
Was dreadful, that the feet of men and horse beat out of earth;
And in the flourishing mead they stood, thick as the odorous birth
Of flowers or leaves bred in the spring."

Pope.

" Not less their number than th' embodied cranes
Or milk-white swans in Asia's watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Caïster's springs
Stretch their long necks and clap their rustling wings;
Now tower aloft and course in airy rounds,
Now light with noise, with noise the field resounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level mead they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees."

A reference to the original shows that Homer's design was to describe confusion of movement rather than confusion of sound: Pope with more than usual infelicity has defeated this object by the use of the epithet " embodied," which is the very opposite of the notion that Homer intends to convey. Chapman has given the idea, though not adequately, by using the phrase " in their falls," which is expressive of the irregularity with which the birds descended. The epithet

k white," which Pope has substituted for "long neck'd," is a sad ;ling of the Homeric picture; and the amplification of the con- ng passage destroys its original simplicity. "Level mead" is and spiritless compared with "enflowered mead" in A, or even the forcible "flourishing mead" of the later editions. "Flowers ıing the land in spring" is mere prose compared with "Flowers pring doth amplify," in A, or "bred in the spring," to which the ıe was altered by Chapman, as nearer the simplicity of the original. the last quotation we have taken the second and third similitudes her; we shall consider the fourth separately:—

Literal translation.

As the many tribes of crowding flies
Which hover in crowds about the sheep-fold
In the vernal season, when the milk bedews the pails,
So many long-haired Grecians, against the Trojans
Stood in the plain, eager to rend them in sunder.

Chapman in A.

"Or as the cloudy threaves
Of busy flies that sheep-cotes fill, when summer's golden vails
Enrich the fields, and nourishing milk bedews the sprinkled pails:
So many fair-hair'd Grecians stood, upon that equal ground
The Trojan ranks, with deadly charge, desirous to confound."

Chapman in later editions.

"Or thick as swarms of flies
Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each swarm his erring wing applies
To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails: all eagerly dispos'd
To give to ruin the Ilians."

Pope.

"Or thick as insects play
The wandering nation of a summer's day,
That drawn by milky streams at evening hours
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions glittering in the sun.
So throng'd so close the Grecian squadron stood
In radiant arms and thirst for Trojan blood."

ıapman was right when he said that a poet should be the interpreter poet; this image has been stigmatized by some critics as an anti- ıx, because they deem it tame and humble compared with those by h it was preceded. We have seen in the three preceding simili- ı that Homer's design was to convey one, and only one, distinct e in each figure; first, the splendour of the armour, like a confla- on; secondly, the confused movements of the troops, like swans or

cranes; thirdly, their numbers, like leaves or flowers; and here their eagerness for combat, like the flies in a sheep-cote when "the milk bedews the pails." In his first version Chapman had missed the object of the similitude; he looked upon it as a continuation of the preceding, alluding merely to the numbers of the army, and hence he speaks of the *threaves* or swarms of the insects, using the word, like Bishop Hall,

"He sends forth threaves of ballads to the sale,"

as an apt designation for a confused heap or quantity; and for the same reason he changed the season from spring to the later period of the year, when "summer's golden vails (casual advantages) enrich the fields." Further consideration showed him that the chief force of the simile lay in the word which we have rendered "hover," but which the scholiast justly remarks, signifies "hover over the same spot, whirling in a circle;" an image which is admirably preserved in "each swarm his *erring* wing applies to milk," &c. He also corrected the season, feeling that Homer had not specified summer when the gnats are most numerous, but spring when they are most eager.

Pope has missed the principal point of comparison here also; he describes the swarming of the insects but not their eagerness, and has introduced a new comparison between the "gilded legions" and "the radiant arms" which exists neither in Homer nor nature, for the flies that swarm round "milk-pails" are remarkable for anything rather than their glittering appearance.

We now come to the similitude which expresses the exact discipline of the troops:—

Literal translation.

And as goat-herds, large flocks of goats
Easily distinguish when they are mixed in the pasture,
So the leaders ranged them on this side and that
To march to battle.

Chapman in A.

"And as good goat-herds when their goats at food in herds abide,
Though they be never so commixt, can easily them divide;
So did the leaders well digest their bands for fight applied."

Chapman in subsequent editions.

"And as in rude heaps clos'd
Though huge goat-herds are at their food, the goat-herds eas'ly yet
Sort into sundry herds; so here the chiefs in battle set
Here tribes, here nations, ordering all."

Pope.

"Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
In close array and forms the deep'ning lines.
Not with more ease the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain."

The alterations which Chapman made obviously give more distinctness to the Homeric picture. Pope has given a picture of his own, quite unlike that which Homer designed; the Greeks were not "a scattered force;" the goat-herds, which he has changed into a single shepherd, do not "collect their flocks" from "thousands on the plain," but separate the herds from each other.

An examination of the changes which Chapman made, shows us that his great object as a translator was to present Homer's pictures faithfully to his readers and to preserve the precise and specific features which stamped their character. On comparing him with Pope, we find that the latter renders every picture indefinite by vague generalities, and in five successive similitudes has omitted the main points of comparison. It might be said that Chapman wished to give the Iliad as Homer would have written it in English, and Pope, as it might have been written by a wit of Queen Anne's reign.

Several of the unauthorized additions Chapman has made, are companion pictures to those which Homer had already painted. Thus in the third book, when Helen covers herself with a veil before going to the walls, the translator adds, that she "shadowed her graces,

Though she took a pride
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see in her clear beauty's flood
What choice of glory swum to her yet tender womanhood."

We feel that Helen might have had such thoughts, and that Homer, had he been younger when he wrote, would probably have recorded them.

Another of these additions is more than pardonable: Andromache, in the parting scene with Hector, having mentioned that Achilles had erected a tomb over her father when he had slain him, simply adds, "the mountain-nymphs, daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, planted elms around." Chapman thus extends her narrative—

"To the monument
He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
Did add to it, and set it round, with elms, by which is shown

(In theirs) the barrenness of Death; yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride
Of storms and tempests used to hurt things of that noble kind."

Homer has not mentioned the use of the elms; but we feel that he might have done so; and we think that there is an exquisite touch of tenderness in the supposition that they were not planted as mere emblems of Death, but as a protection to the tomb of one whom the nymphs had valued and loved.

Chapman is the original author of nearly all the compound epithets which Pope has adopted, and of many others which he fastidiously rejected, or was unable to combine with the general softness or weakness of his style. Every scholar knows that the Homeric epithets are individual portraitures, and can rarely be extended beyond the person or thing to whom they are specially appropriated. Pope has rendered most of these by general and vague terms, and hence those who know Homer only through the medium of his translation, are not aware of the peculiarities that constitute the great merit of his poem, the perfect individuality of all his characters equally preserved in the most minute incident or casual mention of them, as in places where a full development is more directly intended. Pope, for instance, calls Apollo "the archer god," a name which might equally apply to Cupid; Chapman preserves Homer's distinctive epithet "Far-shooting:" the former has "brave," "cruel," "immortal," "fair," where the latter preserves the original compounds "keep-field," "kill-man," "ever-living," "ivory-wristed," and many other combinations which have added to the riches of our language. It is scarcely necessary to enter into a comparison between the effect of these definite compounds and vague epithets, but a contrast between a few, taken almost at random, may be acceptable to readers who are not aware of the extent to which Pope has departed in this instance from the original.

Chapman.	*Pope.*
"brazen-headed darts"	"pointed spears."
"fair-fac'd"	"beauteous.'
"fair-helm'd Hector"	"Hector."
"Thou all-seeing Sun All-hearing, all-recomforting floods, earth, &c."	"Ye gods on high"
"The horse-hair'd plume"	"The crest"
"The needle-painted lace"	"The embroidered thong"
"The laughter-loving Dame"	"The Queen of Love"
"Savage like"	"Stern"

It would be wearisome to enumerate the passages in which Pope has omitted the epithets altogether.

Another peculiarity of the Homeric style may be best described in the words of Mr. Fox: "other poets never want *a* word, but Homer never wants *the* word." Pope, whether wisely, or unwisely, has not attempted to preserve this specialty and appropriateness of phrase; indeed, as he was notoriously but imperfectly acquainted with the Greek language, it is doubtful if he comprehended, or even perceived it. Chapman felt it, if anything, too intensely, and hence he has coined quaint phrases and stamped on old words the impress of peculiar meanings, as if our ordinary language could not adequately express the deep purpose of the Greek poet. To this cause we must chiefly attribute what Charles Lamb calls Chapman's "unconquerable quaintness," and the necessity of explanatory notes to the generality of readers. His two most prominent peculiarities are the use of the past participle for the habitual adjective ("unvalued" for "invaluable;" "unconquered" for "unconquerable;" "unquenched" for "unquenchable," &c.); and his employment of words derived from the Latin in their most primitive sense ("concluded" for "shut up;" "involved" for "rolled in;" "implied" for "folded in" &c.); and the latter peculiarity is sometimes carried to an extent which savours of pedantic affectation.

The haste with which the last twelve books were written, and Chapman's obvious dislike to the labour of correction—for his changes of the first edition scarcely extend beyond the third book—has frequently led him to use forced and violent expressions, and to employ some of the quaint conceits which were the besetting sin of his times. These additions, or rather excrescences, have been carefully marked in the notes, and though they are more numerous than could be wished, they will be found to detract very little from the adequate transference of the Homeric conceptions into our language. These are some specks on the mirror which obscure, but do not destroy, the reflected features of the original. There is some truth in Pope's assertion, that Chapman's version of the Iliad is "like what one imagines Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion;" but there is more truth in the declaration that Pope's version is unlike anything Homer would have written at any age.

We cannot better conclude our appeal than by quoting the fine

tribute to Chapman's merits, paid by the late Charles Lamb:—"He would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of more modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Samson against the uncircumscribed. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read, is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural, and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand, during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all-in-all in poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted, and overcome that disgust."

After so decisive an opinion has been pronounced by so excellent a judge, we may reasonably presume on the unanimous judgment of the court, that "the rule for a new trial, *in re* Chapman, be made absolute."



"While these thoughts striv'd in his blood and mind,
And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia stoop'd."

HOMER'S ILIADS.

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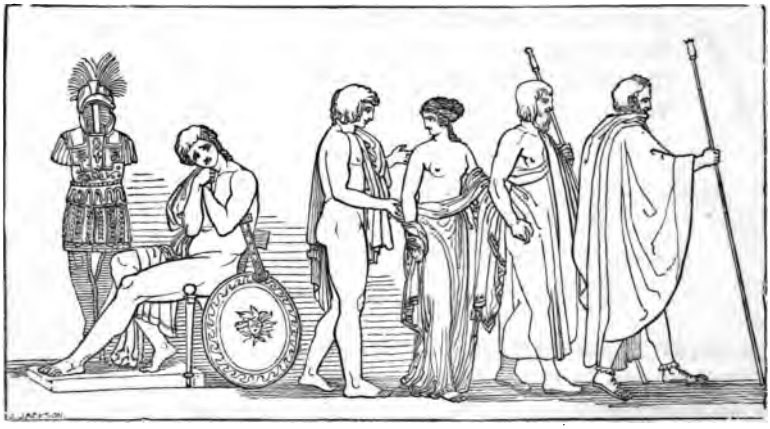
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" Patroclus, honour'd friend,
Bring forth the damsel, and these men let lead her to their lord.".

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive[a] fleet doth bring
Gifts for his daughter prisoner to the king;
For which her tender'd[b] freedom he entreats.
But, being dismiss'd with contumelious threats,
At Phœbus' hands, by vengeful prayer, he seeks
To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks.
Which had, Achilles doth a council cite,
Embold'ning Chalcas, in the king's despite,
To tell the truth why they were punish'd so:
From hence their fierce and deadly strife did grow.

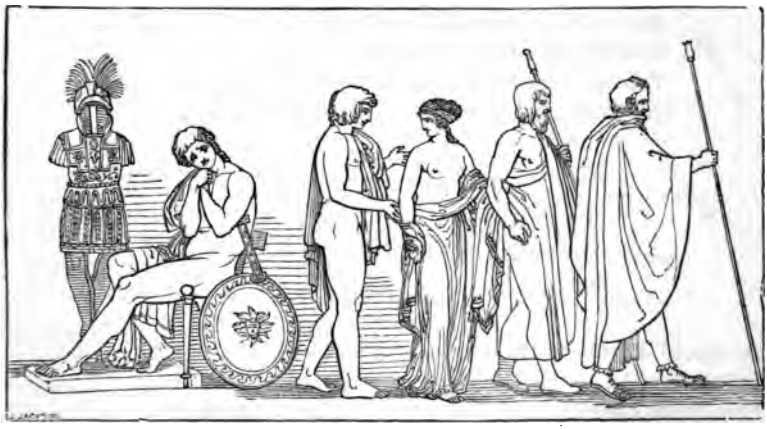
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[a] *Argive.*—The Argives in the time of the Trojan war possessed the supremacy of Southern Greece, and hence their name was extended to all the confederate states; in the century that followed the destruction of Troy, the power of the Argives was destroyed by the Doric invaders, who accompanied the descendants of Hercules. Some persons have argued that Homer must have been contemporary with the events he describes, from his making no reference to a revolution of such importance as that produced by the Doric invasion.

[b] *Tender'd*—made an object of special regard; as in Titus Andronicus,—

" Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own."

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For wrong in which Æacides[a] so raves,
That goddess Thetis, from her throne of waves
Ascending heaven, of Jove assistance won,
To plague the Greeks by absence of her son;
And make the general himself repent,
To wrong so much his army's ornament.
This found by Juno, she with Jove contends;
Till Vulcan, with heaven's cup, the quarrel ends.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Alpha[b] the prayer of Chryses sings:
The army's plague: the strife of kings.

Achilles' baneful wrath,—resound, O Goddess,—that impos'd
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls los'd[c]
From breasts heroic; sent them far, to that invisible cave[d]
That no light comforts; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave:
To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom first strife begun
Betwixt Atrides,[e] king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.
What god gave Eris[f] their command, and op'd that fighting vein?
Jove's and Latona's son: who, fir'd against the king of men
For contumely shown his priest, infectious sickness sent
To plague the army, and to death by troops the soldiers went.—
Occasion'd thus: Chryses, the priest, came to the fleet to buy
For presents of unvalu'd[g] price, his daughter's liberty:

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"Loosing his verdure even in his prime."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

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"What God then gave them up to strife."

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"Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
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The golden sceptre and the crown of Phœbus in his hands,
Proposing;[a] and made suit to all, but most to the commands
Of both th' Atrides, who most rul'd. Great Atreus' sons, said he,
And all ye well-greav'd[b] Greeks, the gods, whose habitations be
In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priam's razed town,
And grant ye happy conduct home: to win which wish'd renown
Of Jove, by honouring his son, (far-shooting Phœbus,) deign
For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chain
Of my lov'd daughter's servitude. The Greeks entirely gave
Glad acclamations, for sign that their desires would have
The grave priest reverenc'd, and his gifts of so much price embrac'd.
The general yet bore no such mind, but viciously disgrac'd
With violent terms the priest; and said:—Dotard! avoid our fleet;
Where ling'ring be not found by me, nor thy returning feet
Let ever visit us again; lest nor thy godhead's crown
Nor sceptre save thee! Her thou seek'st I still will hold mine own
Till age deflow'r her. In our court at Argos, far transferr'd
From her lov'd country, she shall ply her web, and see prepar'd
With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense me then no more;
But if thou wilt be safe, begone. This said, the sea-beat shore
(Obeying his high will) the priest trod off with haste and fear;
And walking silent, till he left far off his enemies' ear,
Phœbus, fair-hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd up with a vow
To this stern purpose: Hear, thou God that bear'st the silver bow,
That Chrysa guard'st, rul'st Tenedos with strong hand, and the round
Of Cilla most divine dost walk;—O Sminthius! if crown'd
With thankful offerings thy rich fane I ever saw, or fir'd
Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee, this grace desir'd
Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears, let these rude Greeks repay,
Forc'd with thy arrows. Thus he pray'd, and Phœbus heard him pray;
And vex'd at heart, down from the tops of steep heaven stoop'd; his bow
And quiver cover'd round, his hands did on his shoulders throw;
And of the angry deity the arrows as he mov'd
Rattled about him. Like the night he rang'd the host, and rov'd
(Apart the fleet set) terribly: with his hard-loosing hand
His silver bow twang'd;[c] and his shafts did first the mules command

[a] *Proposing*—holding out the ensigns of his sacred office, the woollen fillet which marked his priesthood, and the *golden* sceptre which indicated that he served the God of the Sun.

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And swift hounds; then the Greeks themselves his deadly arrows shot.
The fires of death went never out: nine days his shafts flew hot
About the army; and the tenth, Achilles called a court
Of all the Greeks: heaven's white-arm'd queen (who everywhere cut short,
Beholding her lov'd Greeks, by death) suggested it; and he
—All met in one—arose, and said: Atrides, now I see
We must be wandering again,[a] flight must be still our stay;
(If flight can save us now;) at once sickness and battle lay
Such strong hand on us. Let us ask some prophet, priest, or prove
Some dream-interpreter, (for dreams are often sent from Jove,)
Why Phœbus is so much incens'd; if unperformed vows
He blames in us, or hecatombs; and if these knees he bows
To death, may yield his graves no more: but offering all supply
Of savours burnt from lambs and goats, avert his fervent eye,
And turn his temperate.[b] Thus, he sate: and then stood up to them
Chalcas, surnam'd Thestorides, of augurs the supreme:
(He knew things present, past, to come; and rul'd the equipage
Of th' Argive fleet to Ilion for his prophetic rage[c]
Given by Apollo:) who, well-seen[d] in th' ill they felt, propos'd
This to Achilles: Jove's belov'd, would thy charge see disclos'd
The secret of Apollo's wrath? then covenant and take oath
To my discovery;—that with words and powerful actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth in me; because I well conceive
That he whose empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give
Confirm'd obedience, will be mov'd; and then you know the state
Of him that moves him, when a king hath once mark'd for his hate
A man inferior: though that day his wrath seems to digest
Th' offence he takes, yet evermore he rakes up in his breast

---

the irregular and hurried movements of the angry god: Chapman omitted the felicitous epithet in his earlier version, and no subsequent translator has preserved its characteristic force.

[a] *Wandering again*—more literally "wandering back." The translation A is nearer the original:—

"Atrides, some new error now procures this plague, I fear,
To drive us hence."

[b] *Temperate*—temperature. The original signifies a plague produced by a corruption of the atmosphere; and Chapman has preserved its specific sense more faithfully than the other translators. Shakspere similarly uses temperance in the sense of temperature. Adrian, speaking of the island in the Tempest, says,—

"It must needs be of a subtle and delicate temperance."—Act ii. scene 2.

[c] *Rage*—any powerful emotion. Thus Gray:—

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage."

[d] *Well-seen*—versed, experienced. Thus Spenser:—

"Well-seen in every science that mote be."—*Faerie Queene*, book iv. c. 2.

The phrase is still common in the local dialects of the north of England.

Brands of quick anger, till revenge hath quench'd to his desire
The fire reserv'd.[a] Tell me, then, if whatsoever ire
Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour will prevent?
Achilles answer'd: All thou know'st speak, and be confident:
For by Apollo, Jove's belov'd, (to whom performing vows,
O Chalcas, for the state of Greece, thy spirit prophetic shows
Skills that direct us,) not a man of all these Grecians here,
—I living, and enjoying the light shot through this flowery sphere,[b]—
Shall touch thee with offensive hands; though Agamemnon be
The man in question, that doth boast the mightiest empery
Of all our army. Then took heart the prophet, unreprov'd,
And said: They are not unpaid vows, nor hecatombs, that mov'd
The god against us: his offence is for his priest impair'd
By Agamemnon; that refus'd the present he preferr'd,[c]
And kept his daughter. This is cause why heaven's Far-darter darts
These plagues amongst us; and this still will empty in our hearts
His deathful quiver, uncontain'd; till to her loved sire
The black-eyed damsel be resign'd; no rédemptory hire
Took for her freedom;—not a gift;—but all the ransom quit;
And she convey'd, with sacrifice, till her enfranchis'd feet
Tread Chrysa under: then the god, so pleas'd, perhaps we may
Move to remission. Thus, he sate; and up, the great in sway,
Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly[d] bearing all:
His mind's seat overcast with fumes: an anger general
Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes sparkled like kindling fire;
Which sternly cast upon the priest, thus vented he his ire:—
Prophet of ill! for never good came from thee towards me
Not to a word's worth: evermore thou took'st delight to be
Offensive in thy auguries, which thou continuest still,
Now casting thy prophetic gall, and vouching all our ill
(Shot from Apollo) is impos'd since I refus'd the price
Of fair Chryseis' liberty; which would in no worth rise
To my rate of herself: which moves my vows to have her home,
Past Clytemnestra loving her, that grac'd my nuptial room

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[a] This passage is rendered more pointedly in A:—

"If a mighty state
Against a much inferior man conceive a lordly hate,
Though he depress it for the time, yet he reserves it still,
Till best advantage of his power have perfected his will."

[b] *Flowery sphere.*—Not in the original. Darwin probably borrowed from this passage in Chapman his address to the stars:—

"Flowers of the sky! ye too to age shall yield."

[c] *Preferr'd*—proffered, proposed.

[d] *Eagerly*—angrily, from the French *aigre*.

With her virginity and flower: nor ask her merits less,
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies.
And yet, for all this, she shall go; if more conducible
That course be than her holding here. I rather wish the weal
Of my lov'd army than the death. Provide yet instantly
Supply for her,[a] that I alone of all our royalty
Lose not my winnings: 'tis not fit: ye see all—I lose mine
Forc'd by another;—see as well, some other may resign
His prize to me. To this replied the swift-foot, God-like son
Of Thetis, thus: King of us all in all ambition;
Most covetous of all that breathe; why should the great-soul'd Greeks
Supply thy lost prize out of theirs? nor what thy avarice seeks
Our common treasury can find; so little it doth guard
Of what our raz'd towns yielded us; of all which most is shar'd,
And given our soldiers: which again to take into our hands
Were ignominious and base. Now then, since God commands,
Part with thy most-lov'd prize to him: not any one of us
Exacts it of thee; yet we all, all loss thou suffer'st thus
Will treble—quadruple in gain, when Jupiter bestows
The sack of well-wall'd Troy on us; which by his word he owes.
Do not deceive yourself with wit, he answer'd, god-like man,
Though your good name may colour it; 'tis not your swift foot can
Outrun me here; nor shall the gloss set on it with the god
Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou maintain in sure abode
Thine own prize, and slight me of mine? Resolve this: if our friends,
As fits in equity my worth, will right me with amends,
So rest it; otherwise, myself will enter personally
On thy prize, that of Ithacus,[b] or Ajax, for supply:
Let him on whom I enter rage. But come, we'll order these
Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas
Our black sail; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;
And to these I will make ascend my so much envied prize,
Bright-cheek'd Chryseis. For conduct of all which, we must choose
A chief out of our counsellors; thy service we must use,
Idomeneus; Ajax, thine; or thine, wise Ithacus;
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou son of Peleus:
Which fittest were, that thou might'st see these holy acts perform'd
For which thy cunning zeal so pleads; and he, whose bow thus storm'd

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[a] *Supply for her*—compensation to me for her loss.
[b] *Ithacus*—Ulysses, king of Ithaca.

For our offences, may be calm'd. Achilles with a frown
Thus answer'd: O thou impudent! of no good but thine own
Ever respectful; but of that with all craft covetous:
With what heart can a man attempt a service dangerous,—
Or at thy voice be spirited to fly upon a foe,—
Thy mind thus wretched? For myself, I was not injur'd so
By any Trojan, that my powers should bid[a] them any blows;
In nothing bear they blame of me: Phthia, whose bosom flows
With corn and people, never felt impair of her increase
By their invasion: hills enow, and far-resounding seas,
Pour out their shades and deeps between: but thee, thou frontless man!
We follow; and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brother's vengeance sought, thou dog's eyes! of this Troy
By our expos'd lives; whose deserts thou neither dost employ
With honour nor with care. And now, thou threat'st to force from me
The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks gave all:[b] and though it be,
—Compar'd with thy part, then snatch'd up—nothing; nor ever is
At any sack'd town; but of fight, the fetcher in of this,
My hands have most share: in whose toils when I have emptied me
Of all my forces, my amends in liberality,—
Though it be little,—I accept, and turn pleas'd to my tent:
And yet that little, thou esteem'st too great a continent[c]
In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia therefore now
My course is; since 'tis better far, than here t' endure that thou
Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure dry.—
And add, dishonour:—he replied:—If thy heart serve thee, flee;
Stay not for my cause; other here will aid and honour me:
If not, yet Jove I know is sure; that counsellor is he
That I depend on: as for thee, of all our Jove-kept kings
Thou still art most mine enemy: strifes, battles, bloody things,
Make thy blood feasts still. But if strength, that these moods build upon,
Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it; and so 'tis not thine own,

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[a] *Bid*—denounce—threaten. Thus Waller:—
"She bid war to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die."
[b] *Which the Greeks gave all*—*i. e.* which all the Greeks gave.
[c] *Continent*—that which contains anything. Thus Shakspere:—
"Close pent-up guilts
Rive your contending continents."

But in his hands still: what then lifts thy pride in this so high?
Home with thy fleet, and myrmidons; use there their empery:[a]
Command not here. I weigh thee not, nor mean to magnify
Thy rough-hewn rages; but instead I thus far threaten thee:
Since Phœbus needs will force from me Chryseis, she shall go;
My ships and friends shall waft her home: but I will imitate so
His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in person, from thy tent
Bright-cheek'd Briseis; and so tell thy strength how eminent
My power is, being compar'd with thine: all other making fear
To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind bear
Their beards against me. Thetis' son at this stood vex'd, his heart
Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his discursive part;[b]
If from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he should make room about
Atrides' person, slaught'ring him; or sit his anger out,
And curb his spirit. While these thoughts striv'd in his blood and mind,
And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia[c] stoop'd, and shin'd
About his temples: being sent by th' Ivory-wristed queen
Saturnia,[d] who out of her heart had ever loving been
And careful for the good of both. She stood behind, and took
Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave her look
To him; appearance not a man of all the rest could see.
He, turning back his eye, amaze strook every faculty:
Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were,
Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake: Thou seed of Jupiter,
Why com'st thou? to behold his pride that boasts our empery?
Then witness with it my revenge, and see that insolence die
That lives to wrong me. She replied, I come from heaven to see
Thine anger settled; if thy soul will use her sovereignty
In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose affects[e]
Stand heartily inclin'd to both: come, give us both, respects;
And cease contention: draw no sword; use words, and such as may
Be bitter to his pride, but just; for trust in what I say,

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[a] *Empery*—sovereignty. Thus Shakspere:—

"Take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own."

[b] *Discursive part.*—In the old system of logic, reason is called the discursive faculty.

[c] Athene, or Pallas, called by the Romans Minerva, was the goddess of wisdom. The city of Athens was dedicated to her, and she is said to have given it her name.

[d] *Saturnia*—Juno, daughter of Saturn.

[e] *Affects*—affections; thus Bacon, in his Natural History, "We see the affects and passions of the heart and spirits are notably disclosed by the pulse."

A time shall come, when thrice the worth of that he forceth now,
He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs: therefore throw
Reins on thy passions, and serve us. He answer'd: Though my heart
Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer th' angry part,
And yield you conquest: who subdues his earthy part for heaven,
Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish. This said, her charge was given
Fit honour: in his silver hilt he held his able hand,
And forc'd his broad sword up; and up to heaven did re-ascend
Minerva, who, in Jove's high roof that bears the rough shield,[a] took
Her place with other deities. She gone, again forsook
Patience his passion, and no more his silence could confine
His wrath, that this broad language gave: Thou ever steep'd in wine!
Dog's face! with heart but of a hart! that nor in th' open eye.
Of fight dar'st thrust into a press; nor with our noblest lie
In secret ambush. These works seem too full of death for thee:
'Tis safer far in th' open host to dare an injury
To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king!
Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the last foul thing
Thou ever author'dst: yet I vow, and by a great oath swear,
Even by this sceptre, that as this never again shall bear
Green leaves or branches, nor increase with any growth his size;
Nor did since first it left the hills, and had his faculties[b]
And ornaments bereft with iron; which now to other end
Judges of Greece bear, and their laws, receiv'd from Jove, defend:
(For which my oath to thee is great:) so, whensoever need
Shall burn with thirst of me thy host, no prayers shall ever breed
Affection in me to their aid; though well-deserved woes
Afflict thee for them; when to death, man-slaught'ring Hector throws
Whole troops of them; and thou torment'st thy vex'd mind with conceit
Of thy rude rage now: and his wrong that most deserv'd the right
Of all thy army. Thus: he threw his sceptre 'gainst the ground,
With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atrides' breast was drown'd
In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator; whose tongue pour'd forth a flood

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[a] Readers of Chapman must be prepared for occasional examples of cramped and involved construction. The meaning offers no difficulty, being simply that bearing a rough shield or ægis was a characteristic of Jove. Mythologists say that it was covered with the skin of the goat by which he was suckled. We notice this instance thus early to call the reader's attention to this peculiarity of Chapman's versification.

[b] *Faculties.*—Milton similarly applies this word to the natural properties of inanimate objects—

"In requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties."

Of more than honey-sweet discourse: (two ages were increas'd
Of divers-languag'd men, all born in his time and deceas'd,
In sacred Pylos; where he reign'd amongst the third ag'd men :)
He, well-seen in the world, advis'd, and thus express'd it then.
O Gods! our Greek earth will be drown'd in just tears; rapeful Troy,
Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a mock, and joy
Of these disjunctions, if of you, that all our host excel
In counsel and in skill of fight, they hear this: come, repel
These young men's passions; y'are not both, put both your years in one,
So old as I: I liv'd long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would ever hear
My counsels with respect. Mine eyes yet never witness were,
Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them;—
Perithous, Exadius, and god-like Polyphem,
Ceneus, and Dryas prince of men, Ægean Theseus,
A man like heaven's immortals form'd; all, all most vigorous,
Of all men that even those days bred; most vigorous men, and fought
With beasts most vigorous—mountain beasts!—(for men in strength were nought
Match'd with their forces)—fought with them, and bravely fought them down.
Yet even with these men I convers'd, being call'd to the renown
Of their societies, by their suites,[a] from Pylos far, to fight
In th' Asian kingdom; and I fought to a degree of might
That help'd even their mights; against such, as no man now would dare
To meet in conflict: yet even these my counsels still would hear,
And with obedience crown my words. Give you such palm to them;
'Tis better than to wreathe your wrath.[b] Atrides, give not stream
To all thy power, nor force his prize; but yield her still his own,
As all men else do. Nor do thou, encounter with thy crown,[c]
Great son of Peleus; since no king that ever Jove allow'd
Grace of a sceptre, equals him. Suppose thy nerves endow'd
With strength superior, and thy birth a very goddess gave;
Yet he of force is mightier, since what his own nerves have,
Is amplied with just command of many other. King of men,
Command thou then thyself; and I, with my prayers will obtain

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[a] *Suites*—suits, requests; not followers.

[b] *To wreathe your wrath*—to allow your wrath to triumph; an allusion to the wreaths worn by victors.

[c] *Crown*—sovereign.

Grace of Achilles to subdue his fury: whose parts are
Worth our intreaty, being chief check to all our ill in war.
All this, good father, said the king, is comely and good right,[a]
But this man breaks all such bounds; he affects past all men, height;
All would in his power hold; all make his subjects; give to all
His hot will for a temperate law: all which he never shall
Persuade at my hands. If the gods have given him the great style
Of ablest soldier; made they that his licence to revile
Men with vile language? Thetis' son prevented him, and said:
Fearful and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid
By all means on me I should bear. Others command to this,
Thou shalt not me; or if thou dost, far my free spirit is
From serving thy command. Beside this I affirm—afford
Impression of it in thy soul—I will not use my sword
On thee or any for a wench, unjustly though thou tak'st
The thing thou gav'st; but all things else that in my ship thou mak'st
Greedy survey of, do not touch without my leave; or do,—
Add that act's wrong to this, that these may see that outrage too;—
And then comes my part; then be sure thy blood upon my lance
Shall flow in vengeance. These high terms these two at variance
Us'd to each other; left their seats, and after them arose
The whole court. To his tents and ships, with friends and soldiers, goes
Angry Achilles. Atreus' son the swift ship launch'd, and put
Within it twenty chosen row'rs; within it likewise shut
The hecatomb, t'appease the God: then caus'd to come aboard
Fair-cheek'd Chryseis. For the chief, he in whom Pallas pour'd
Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard went last, and then
The moist ways of the sea they sail'd.[b] And now the king of men
Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sacrific'd, and cast
The offal of all to the deeps; the angry God they grac'd
With perfect hecatombs: some bulls, some goats, along the shore
Of the unfruitful sea, inflam'd. To heaven the thick fumes bore
Enwrapped savours. Thus, though all the politic king made shew
Respects to heaven, yet he himself all that time did pursue
His own affections. The late jar, in which he thunder'd threats
Against Achilles, still he fed; and his affections' heats

[a] *Good right*—very right; "good" is sometimes colloquially used in this adverbial sense at the present day; for instance, "a good large loaf."

[b] In A, "Neptune's moist wilderness they plough." In the earlier version, Chapman, like Pope, had engrafted many ornaments on the original which were inconsistent with the severe simplicity of Homer. Nearly all his alterations were evidently designed to bring his version into more complete accordance with the naked majesty of the Greek.

Thus vented to Talthibius and grave Eurybates,
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages:
Haste to Achilles' tent; where take Briseis' hand, and bring
Her beauties to us: if he fail to yield her, say your king
Will come himself, with multitudes that shall the horribler
Make both his presence, and your charge, that so he dares defer.
This said, he sent them with a charge of hard condition.
They went unwillingly, and trod the fruitless sea's shore; soon
They reach'd the navy and the tents, in which the quarter lay
Of all the myrmidons, and found the chief Chief in their sway,
Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was Achilles glad
To see their presence; nor themselves in any glory had
Their message; but with reverence stood, and fear'd th' offended king:
Ask'd not the dame, nor spake a word. He, yet well knowing the thing
That caus'd their coming, grac'd them thus: Heralds, ye men that bear
The messages of men and gods, y'are welcome, come ye near:
I nothing blame you, but your king: 'tis he I know doth send
You for Briseis, she is his. Patroclus, honour'd friend,
Bring forth the damsel, and these men let lead her to their lord;
But, heralds, be you witnesses before the most ador'd,
Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king,
Of what I suffer: that if war ever hereafter bring
My aid in question, to avert any severest bane
It brings on others; I am 'scus'd to keep mine aid in wane,
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting mischief, raves;
Nor sees at once by present things the future: how like waves[a]
Ills follow ills; injustices being never so secure
In present times, but after-plagues even then are seen as sure:—
Which yet he sees not; and so soothes his present lust, which check'd,
Would check plagues future; and he might, in succouring right, protect
Such as fight for his right at fleet; they still in safety fight
That fight still justly. This speech us'd, Patroclus did the rite
His friend commanded, and brought forth Briseis from her tent,
Gave her the heralds, and away to th' Achive[b] ships they went:
She sad and scarce for grief could go; her love all friends forsook;
And wept for anger. To the shore of th' old sea, he, betook

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[a] *Like waves.*—Chapman has here lost a Homeric peculiarity noticed by all the critics, namely, that there is not a single simile in the first book either of the Iliad or Odyssey.

[b] *Achive.*—The Achæans were, next to the Argives, the most powerful race in Southern Greece; and Homer frequently applies their name to the whole Hellenic nation.

Himself alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea
His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven, advancing this sad plea
Made to his mother: Mother! since you brought me forth to breathe
So short a life, Olympius[a] had good right to bequeath
My short life, honour: yet that right he doth in no degree,
But lets Atrides do me shame, and force that prize from me
That all the Greeks gave. This with tears he utter'd, and she heard,
—Set with her old sire in his deeps,—and instantly appear'd
Up from the gray sea like a cloud; sate by his side, and said:
Why weeps my son? what grieves thee? speak; conceal not what hath laid
Such hard hand on thee; let both know. He, sighing like a storm,
Replied: Thou dost know; why should I things known again inform?
We march'd to Thebes, the sacred town of king Eëtion,
Sack'd it, and brought to fleet the spoil; which every valiant son
Of Greece indifferently shar'd. Atrides had for share
Fair-cheek'd Chryseis: after which, his priest, that shoots so far,
Chryses, the fair Chryseis' sire, arriv'd at th' Achive fleet
With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear imprison'd feet
Of his fair daughter. In his hands he held Apollo's crown
And golden sceptre; making suit to every Grecian son,
But most the sons of Atreus (the other's orderers),
Yet they least heard him; all the rest receiv'd with reverend ears
The motion: both the priest and gifts gracing, and holding worth
His wish'd acceptance.[b] Atreus' son, yet (vex'd) commanded forth
With rude terms Phœbus' reverend priest: who angry, made retreat,
And pray'd to Phœbus; in whose grace he standing passing great,
Got his petition. The God an ill shaft sent abroad,
That tumbled down the Greeks in heaps. The host had no abode
That was not visited. We ask'd a prophet that well knew
The cause of all, and from his lips Apollo's prophecies flew,
Telling his anger. First myself exhorted to appease
The anger'd God, which Atreus' son did at the heart displease;
And up he stood—us'd threats—perform'd. The black-ey'd Greeks sent home
Chryseis to her sire, and gave his God a hecatomb:

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[a] *Olympius*—Jupiter, the ruler of Olympus, which was supposed to be the favourite residence of the gods.

[b] *Acceptance*—used here in a passive sense, meaning "that which he wished to be accepted."

Then, for Briseis, to my tents Atrides' heralds came,
And took her that the Greeks gave all. If then thy powers can frame
Wreak[a] for thy son, afford it; scale Olympus, and implore
Jove, if by either word or fact, thou ever didst restore
Joy to his griev'd heart, now to help. I oft have heard thee vaunt
In court of Peleus, that alone thy hand was conversant
In rescue from a cruel spoil[b] the black-cloud-gathering Jove,
Whom other Godheads would have bound: (The power whose pace doth move
The round earth, heaven's great queen, and Pallas:) to whose bands
Thou cam'st with rescue; bringing up him with the hundred hands
To great Olympus whom the Gods call Briaræus, men
Ægæon; who his sire surpass'd, and was as strong again;



And in that grace sat glad by Jove: th' immortals stood dismay'd
At his ascension, and gave free passage to his aid.
Of all this tell Jove; kneel to him, embrace his knee, and pray,
If Troy's aid he will ever deign, that now their forces may
Beat home the Grecks to fleet and sea; embruing their retreat
In slaughter; their pains paying the wreak of their proud sovereign's heat;

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[a] *Wreak*—revenge. Thus Spenser:—

"Fortune, mine avowed foe,
Her wrathful wreaks themselves does now allay."

[b] *Spoil*—damage or injury.

And that far-ruling king may know from his poor soldier's harms
His own harm falls: his own and all in mine, his best in arms.
Her answer she pour'd out in tears: O me, my son, said she,
Why brought I up thy being at all, that brought thee forth to be
Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to heaven, that since
Thy fate is little, and not long; thou might'st without offence
And tears perform it! But to live thrall to so stern a fate
As grants thee least life, and that least so most unfortunate,
Grieves me t'have given thee any life. But what thou wishest now,
If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask: Olympus crown'd with snow
I'll climb: but sit thou fast at fleet; renounce all war, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreak; till which come, thou shalt need
A little patience: Jupiter went yesterday to feast
Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in th' ocean's deepen'd breast,
All gods attending him: the twelfth, high heaven again he sees,
And then his brass-pav'd court I'll scale, cling to his pow'rful knees,
And doubt not but to win thy wish. Thus, made she her remove,
And left wrath tyring[a] on her son, for his enforced love.
Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arriv'd at Chrysa's shore:
And when amidst the haven's deep mouth they came to use the oar,
They straight struck sail: then roll'd them up, and on the hatches threw.
The top-mast to the kelsine[b] then with halyards down they drew;
They brought the ship to port with oars; then forked anchor cast;
And 'gainst the violence of storm, for drifting made her fast.
All come ashore, they all expos'd the holy hecatomb
To angry Phœbus; and with it, Chryseis, welcom'd home:
Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did at th' altar stand,
For honour, led;[c] and, speaking thus, resign'd her to his hand:
Chryses, the mighty king of men, great Agamemnon, sends
Thy lov'd seed by my hands to thine; and to thy god commends
A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacrifice; and seek
Our much-sigh mix'd-woe, his recure,[d] invok'd by every Greek.
Thus he resign'd her, and her sire receiv'd her highly joy'd.
About the well-built altar, then they orderly employ'd

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[a] *Tyring*—preying upon. Thus Shakspere:—

"And like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

[b] *Kelsine*—kelson, the wood next the keel.

[c] The inversion here may cause some difficulty. The construction is, "Whom to her sire that did at the altar stand for honour, wise Ithacus led."

[d] *His recure*—recovery from the woe. *His* is here used as a sign of the possessive case, as in the common phrases, "John his book," &c.

The sacred offering: wash'd their hands, took salt cakes, and the priest,
With hands held up to heaven, thus pray'd: O thou that all things seest,
Fautour[a] of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth guardfully dispose
Celestial Cilla, governing in all power Tenedos:—
O hear thy priest! and as thy hand, in free grace to my prayers
Shot fervent plague-shafts through the Greeks, now hearten their affairs
With health renew'd; and quite remove th' infection from their blood.
He pray'd; and to his pray'rs again the god propitious stood.
All, after pray'r, cast on salt cakes; drew back, kill'd, flay'd the beeves,
Cut out and dubb'd[b] with fat their thighs, fair dress'd with doubled leaves;
And on them all the sweetbreads prick'd. The priest, with small sere wood
Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine; by whom the young men stood,
And turn'd, in five ranks, spits; on which (the legs enough) they eat
The inwards; then in giggots[c] cut the other fit for meat,
And put to fire; which roasted well they drew: the labour done,
They serv'd the feast in that fed all to satisfaction.
Desire of meat and wine thus quench'd, the youths crown'd cups of wine,
Drunk off, and fill'd again to all. That day was held divine,
And spent in pæans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight hid the clear,
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn:
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-finger'd Morn,
Rose from the hills; all fresh arose, and to the camp retir'd.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspir'd:
The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put;
The mizens strooted[d] with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly, that the parted waves against her ribs did roar;
Which coming to the camp, they drew aloft[e] the sandy shore:
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as before.
But Peleus' son, swift-foot Achilles, at his swift ships sate
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That make men honour'd; never trod the fierce embattled field;
But kept close, and his lov'd heart pin'd: what fight and cries could yield,
Thirsting at all parts to the host.[f] And now since first he told
His wrongs to Thetis, twelve fair morns their ensigns did unfold,

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[a] *Fautour*—patron, protector. Thus Ben Jonson:—
"I am neither authour nor fautour of any sect."

[b] *Dubb'd*—covered. The more common form is *dabbed*, from the French *dauber*.

[c] *Giggots*—quarters; from the French *gigot*, the hip-joint.

[d] *The mizens strooted*—the mizen sails swelled.

[e] *Aloft*—high up on.

[f] Eagerly desirous of what fight and cries could yield at all parts to the host. The Greek is more simple: "He ardently desired shout and war."

And then the ever-living gods mounted Olympus; Jove
First in ascension. Thetis then remember'd well to move
Achilles' motion: rose from the sea, and by the morn's first light,
The great heaven and Olympus climb'd; where in supremest height
Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the far-seen son
Of Saturn, set from all the rest, in his free seat alone:
Before whom (on her own knees fall'n) the knees of Jupiter
Her left hand held, her right his chin; and thus she did prefer
Her son's petition: Father Jove! If ever I have stood
Aidful to thee in word or work, with this implored good
Requite my aid,—renown[a] my son; since in so short a race
(Past others) thou confin'st his life: an insolent disgrace
Is done him by the king of men; he forc'd from him a prize
Won with his sword. But thou, O Jove, that art most strong, most wise,
Honour my son for my sake; add strength to the Trojans' side
By his side's weakness, in his want; and see Troy amplified
In conquest, so much, and so long, till Greece may give again
The glory reft him; and the more illustrate the free reign
Of his wrong'd honour. Jove at this sate silent, not a word
In long space pass'd him. Thetis still hung on his knee, implor'd
The second time his help, and said: Grant, or deny my suit,
Be free in what thou doest; I know thou canst not sit thus mute
For fear of any; speak, deny, that so I may be sure,
Of all heaven's goddesses, 'tis I that only must endure
Dishonour by thee. Jupiter, the great cloud-gatherer, griev'd
With thought of what a world of griefs this suit ask'd, being achiev'd,
Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd: Works of death thou urgest; O at this
Juno will storm, and all my powers inflame with contumelies.
Ever she wrangles, charging me in ear of all the gods
That I am partial still; that I add the displeasing odds
Of my aid to the Ilians. Begone then, lest she see:
Leave thy request to my care: yet, that trust may hearten thee
With thy desire's grant, and my power to give it act approve
How vain her strife is, to thy prayer my eminent head shall move;
Which is the great sign of my will with all th' immortal states;
Irrevocable; never fails; never without the rates[b]

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[a] *Renown.*—Shakspere also uses this word as a verb:—

"The things of fame
That do renown this city."

[b] *Rates*—used here in the sense of ratification, as in A:—

"Which is with gods the strongest rate of any fact I vow."

There is no authority for the passage in the original.

Of all powers else: when my head bows, all heads bow with it still
As their first mover, and gives power to any work I will.[a]
He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head
Th' ambrosian curls flow'd; great heaven shook, and both were severed,
Their counsels broken. To the depth of Neptune's kingdom, div'd
Thetis from heaven's height: Jove arose, and all the gods receiv'd
(All rising from their thrones) their sire; attending to his court:
None sate when he arose; none delay'd the furnishing his port[b]
Till he came near: all met with him, and brought him to his throne.
Nor sate great Juno ignorant, when she beheld alone
Old Nereus' silver-footed seed with Jove, that she had brought
Counsels to heaven; and straight her tongue had teeth in it, that wrought
This sharp invective: Who was that, (thou craftiest counsellor
Of all the gods,) that so apart some secret did implore?
Ever apart from me, thou lov'st to counsel and decree
Things of more close trust, than thou think'st are fit t'impart to me:
Whatever thou determin'st, I must ever be denied
The knowledge of it by thy will. To her speech thus replied
The father both of men and gods: Have never hope to know
My whole intentions, though my wife: it fits not, nor would show
Well to thine own thoughts: but what fits thy woman's ear to hear,
Woman, nor man, nor god shall know before it grace thine ear:
Yet what apart from men and gods I please to know, forbear
T' examine, or inquire of that. She with the cow's fair eyes,
Respected Juno, this return'd: Austere king of the skies,
What hast thou utter'd! when did I before this time inquire,
Or sift thy counsels? passing close you are still; your desire
Is serv'd with such care, that I fear you can scarce vouch the deed
That makes it public; being seduc'd by this old sea-god's seed,
That could so early use her knees, embracing thine. I doubt
The late act of thy bowed head, was for the working out
Of some boon she ask'd; that her son, thy partial hand would please
With plaguing others. Wretch! said he, thy subtle jealousies
Are still exploring: my designs can never 'scape thine eye,
Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy curiosity
Makes thee less car'd for at my hands, and horrible the end
Shall make thy humour. If it be what thy suspects intend,

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[a] When the sculptor Phidias was asked, whence he had derived the idea of his great work, the Olympian Jupiter, he replied by citing this passage.

[b] *Furnishing his port*—assuming a proper demeanour.

What then? 'tis my free will it should: to which let way be given
With silence; curb your tongue in time, lest all the gods in heaven
Too few be and too weak to help thy punish'd insolence,
When my inaccessible hands shall fall on thee. The sense
Of this high threat'ning made her fear, and silent she sate down,
Humbling her great heart. All the gods in court of Jove did frown
At this offence given: amongst whom heaven's famous artizan,
Ephaistus,[a] in his mother's care this comely speech began:
Believe it, these words will breed wounds beyond our powers to bear,
If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here
That spoils our banquet. Evermore worst matters put down best.
But, mother, though yourself be wise, yet let your son request
His wisdom's audience. Give good terms to our lov'd father Jove,
For fear he take offence again, and our kind banquet prove
A wrathful battle. If he will, the heavenly light'ner can
Take you and toss you from your throne; his power Olympian
Is so surpassing. Soften then with gentle speech his spleen,
And drink to him; I know his heart will quickly down again.
This said, arising from his throne, in his lov'd mother's hand
He put the double-handled cup,[b] and said: Come, do not stand
On these cross humours; suffer, bear, though your great bosom grieve,
And lest blows force you: all my aid not able to relieve
Your hard condition; though these eyes behold it, and this heart
Sorrow to think it; 'tis a task too dangerous to take part
Against Olympius. I myself the proof of this still feel:
When other gods would fain have help'd, he took me by the heel,
And hurl'd me out of heaven: all day I was in falling down;
At length in Lemnos I struck earth: the likewise falling sun
And I, together set: my life almost set too: yet there
The Sintii cheer'd and took me up. This did to laughter cheer
White-wristed Juno, who now took the cup of him, and smil'd.
The sweet peace-making draught went round, and lame Ephaistus fil'd
Nectar to all the other gods. A laughter never left,
Shook all the blessed deities, to see the lame so deft[c]
At that cup service. All that day even till the sun went down,
They banqueted; and had such cheer as did their wishes crown.

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[a] *Ephaistus*—"The god of fire," *i. e.* Vulcan.

[b] In A. "double-eared."—Neither is right; the original means a double cup, having a bottom in the middle common to each cup.

[c] *Deft*—dexterous.

Nor had they music less divine: Apollo there did touch
His most sweet harp; to which with voice, the Muses pleas'd as much.
But when the sun's fair light was set;—each godhead to his house
Address'd for sleep, where every one with art most curious,
By heaven's great both-foot-halting god a several roof had built;—
Even he to sleep went by whose hand heaven is with lightning gilt,
High Jove, where he had us'd to rest, when sweet sleep seiz'd his eyes;
By him the golden-thron'd queen slept, the queen of deities.



"Jove at this sate silent, not a word
In long space pass'd him. Thetis still hung on his knee, implor'd
The second time his help."

COMMENTARY ON BOOK I.

Since I dissent from all other translators and interpreters that ever assayed exposition of this miraculous poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity, in grammarians merely, and grammatical critics, and where the inward sense or soul of the sacred muse is only within eye-shot of a poetical spirit's inspection; (lest I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound by this brief comment, to show I understand how all other extants understand; my reasons why I reject them; and how I receive my author. In which labour, if, where all others find discords and dissonances, I prove him entirely harmonious and proportionate: if, where they often alter and flee his original, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it: if, where they mix their most pitiful castigations with his praises, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration (though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her): I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm her, that the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our Homer; he shall now gird his temples with the sun, and be confessed (against his good friend) *nunquam dormitare*. But how all translators, censors, or interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirm, nor of difficulty in you to believe: if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartial conference of their pains and mine be admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience, and persuasion, trouble yourselves but to know this: this never-enough glorified poet (to vary and quicken his eternal poem) hath inspired his chief persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters; which not understood, how are their speeches? being one by another as conveniently and necessarily known as the instrument by the sound. If a translator or interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiates the original, to make his speech grave, and him valiant: can the negligence and numbness of such an interpreter or translator be less than the sleep and death I am bold to sprinkle upon him? or could I do less than affirm and enforce this, being so happily discovered? This,

therefore (in his due place) approved and explained, let me hope my other assumptions will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second book I have wholly translated again; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books, deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since; and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthy veins of this holy ground so amply discovered in my first twelve labours as my last; not having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this silver bow of our Phœbus; the clear scope and contexture of his work; the full and most beautiful figures of his persons. To those last twelve, then, I must refer you, for all the chief worth of my clear discoveries. And in the mean space I entreat your acceptance of some few new touches in the first. Not perplexing you in first or last with anything handled in any other interpreter, further than I must conscionably make congression with such as have diminished, mangled, and maimed, my most worthily most tendered author.

Ἄϊδι προϊαψεν. ἄϊδης (being compounded *ex a privativa*, and εἰδὼ, *video*) signifies *locus tenebricosus*, or, according to Virgil, *sine luce domus;* and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.

Κυνέσσιν, οἰωνοῖσι τε πασὶ (Διὸς, &c.) is the vulgar reading, which I read, κυνέσσιν οιωνοισιτε (πασὶ Διὸς δὲ τελειέτο βωλὴ), because πασὶ referred to κυνέσσιν, &c., is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by Jove's counsel, grave, and sententious.

Ἐξ ὲ δὴ τὰ πρώτα, &c., *ex quo quidem primum:* Ἐξ ὲ δὴ τὰ πρώτα, &c., *ex quo.* Here our common readers would have *tempore* understood; because βωλὴ (to which they think the poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But Homer understands Jove; as in Ταν, verse 273, he expounds himself in these words:—ἀλλὰ πόθι Ζεὺς, &c., which Pindarus Thebanus, in his epitome of these Iliads, rightly observes in these verses:—

> "Conficiebat enim summi sententia Regis,
> Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas.
> Sceptriger Atrides, et bello clarus Achilles."

Ἐπευφημῆσαν Ἀχαῖοι, *comprobárunt Græci*, all others turn it; but since ἐπευφημέω signifies properly, *fausta acclamatione, do significationem approbationis*, I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greeks by word, which was not so, but only by inarticulate acclamations or shouts.

Ἀμφιβεβήκας· ἀμφιβεβαῶ signifies properly *circumambulo*, and only *metaphoricè, protego*, or *tueor*, as it is always in this place translated, which suffers alteration with me, since our usual phrase of walking the round in towns of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the original.

Πρὸ γὰρ ἧκε θέα λευκωλένος Ἥρη. *Præmiserat enim Dea alba ulnis Juno?* Why Juno should send Pallas is a thing not noted by any; I therefore answer, because Juno is goddess of state. The allegory, therefore, in the prosopopœia both of Juno and Pallas is, that Achilles for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraint of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is represented, Juno procures it; as in the eighteenth book, for the state of Patroclus's fetching off, Juno commands the sun to go down before his time, &c.

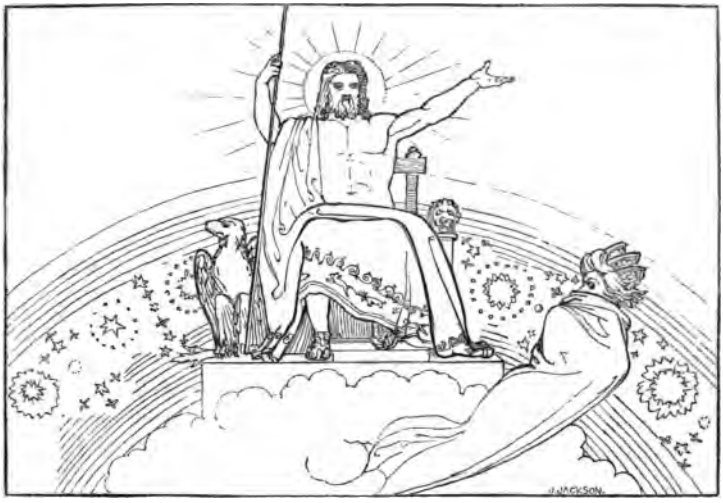
Ὣς φάτο δακρυχεῶν: *sic dixit lachrymans*, &c. These tears are called by our commentators, unworthy, and fitter for children or women than such a hero as Achilles; and therefore Plato is cited in iii. de Repub. where he saith, Ὀρθῶς ἄρα, &c. *Meritò igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus*, &c. To answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest and most renowned men (omitting examples of Virgil's Æneas, Alexander the Great, &c.,) I oppose against Plato, only one precedent of great and most perfect humanity (to whom infinitely above all other we must prostrate our imitations) that shed tears, viz., our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This, then, leaving the fitness of great men's tears generally, utterly unanswerable: these particular tears of unvented anger in Achilles are in him most natural; tears being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits; either when their abilities cannot perform to their wills, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations; as now the consideration of the state and gravity of the counsel and public good of the army-curbed Achilles. Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for curst heart, when Apollo struck his scourge from him, and hindered his horse-race, having been warned by Pallas before, not to resist the deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge for the wrong he received then. So when not-enough-vented anger was not to be expressed enough by that tear-starting affection in courageous and fierce men, our most accomplished expresser helps the illustration in a simile of his fervour, in most fervent-spirited fowls, resembling the wrathful fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two vultures fighting, and crying on a rock; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted:—

> "Down jump'd he from his chariot; down leap'd his foe as light;
> And as on some far-seeing rock, a cast of vultures fight,
> Fly on each other, strike, and truss; part, meet, and then stick by;
> Tug both with crooked beaks and seres; cry, fight, and fight, and cry.
> So fiercely fought these angry kings, &c."

Wherein you see that crying in these eagerly-fought fowls (which is like tears in angry men) is so far from softness or faintness, that to the super-

lative of hardiness and courage it expresseth both. Nor must we be so gross to imagine that Homer made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob, &c., but in the very point and sting of their unvented anger, shed a few violent and seething-over tears. What ass-like impudence is it then for any merely vain-glorious and self-loving puff, that everywhere may read these inimitable touches of our Homer's mastery, anywhere to oppose his arrogant and ignorant castigations? when he should rather (with his much better understander Spondanus) submit where he oversees him faulty, and say thus: "Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacrosanctæ tuæ authoritati per me nihil detrahetur."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



"Go to the Achive fleet,
Pernicious dream."

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a vision up from Somnus' den,
To bid Atrides muster up his men.
The King—to Greeks dissembling his desire—
Persuades them to their country to retire.
By Pallas' will, Ulysses stays their flight;
And wise old Nestor heartens them to fight.
They take their meat: which done, to arms they go:
And march in good array against the foe.
So those of Troy: when Iris from the sky,
Of Saturn's son performs the embassy.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta the dream and synod cites;
And catalogues the naval knights.

The other gods, and knights at arms, all night slept; only Jove
Sweet slumber seiz'd not: he discours'd how best he might approve
His vow made for Achilles' grace; and make the Grecians find
His miss[a] in much death. All ways cast, this counsel serv'd his mind
With most allowance:[b] to dispatch a harmful dream to greet
The king of men; and gave this charge: Go to the Achive fleet,
Pernicious dream, and being arriv'd in Agamemnon's tent,
Deliver truly all this charge: command him to convent[c]
His whole host arm'd before these towers; for now Troy's broad-way'd town
He shall take in:[d] the heaven-hous'd gods are now indifferent grown;
Juno's request hath won them: Troy now under imminent ills[e]
At all parts labours. This charge heard the vision straight fulfils;
The ships reach'd, and Atrides' tent in which he found him laid;
Divine sleep pour'd about[f] his powers. He stood above his head
Like Nestor,[g] (grac'd of old men most,) and this did intimate:
Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse son? a counsellor of state
Must not the whole night spend in sleep: to whom the people are
For guard committed; and whose life stands bound to so much care.
Now hear me then, (Jove's messenger,) who though far off from thee,
Is near thee yet in ruth[h] and care; and gives command by me,
To arm thy whole host. Thy strong hand the broad-way'd town of Troy
Shall now take in: no more the gods dissentiously employ
Their high-hous'd powers: Juno's suit hath won them all to her;
And ill fates overhang these towers, address'd by Jupiter.
Fix in thy mind this; nor forget to give it action, when
Sweet sleep shall leave thee. Thus, he fled; and left the king of men

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[a] *Miss*—absence or loss. Shakspere also uses the word as a noun—

"Poor Jack, farewell;
I could have better spar'd a better man;
O I should have a heavy *misse* of thee
Were I too much in love with vanity."

Henry IV., P. I.

[b] *Allowance*—approbation. The word is here used in the classical sense of *adlaudatio*, from which it is derived through the French.

[c] *Convent*—assemble. The verb is rarely used transitively.

[d] *Take in*—"reduce under his power."

[e] *Troy now under imminent ills*, &c.—Chapman alone of translators has preserved the Homeric force of this passage: it is literally, "Ills have been bound upon the Trojans."

[f] *Sleep pour'd about his powers.*—Verbs signifying "to pour on" or "around" are frequently applied to *sleep* by Homer, to denote its complete possession of the mind.

[g] *Like Nestor.*—The visionary messenger took the form of Nestor.

[h] *Ruth*—"tender consideration." Thus in Wiclif's Translation of the New Testament, Christ says, "I have ruthe on the people."

Repeating in discourse[a] his dream; and dreaming still, awake,
Of power, not ready yet for act. O fool! he thought to take
In that next day old Priam's town: not knowing what affairs
Jove had in purpose; who prepar'd, by strong fight, sighs and cares
For Greeks and Trojans. The dream gone, his voice still murmured
About the king's ears: who sate up, put on him in his bed
His silken inner weed;[b] fair, new, and then in haste arose;
Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his soft feet fair shoes;
His silver-hilted sword he hung about his shoulders, took
His father's sceptre[c] never stain'd; which then abroad he shook,
And went to fleet. And now great heaven goddess Aurora scal'd,
To Jove and all gods bringing light. When Agamemnon call'd
His heralds, charging them aloud to call to instant court
The thick-hair'd[d] Greeks. The heralds call'd, the Greeks made quick resort.
The council chiefly he compos'd of old great minded men,
At Nestor's ships, the Pylian king: all there assembled, then
Thus Atreus' son began the court:[e] Hear, friends: a dream divine
Amidst the calm night in my sleep did through my shut eyes shine,
Within my fantasy:[f] his form did passing naturally
Resemble Nestor: such attire, a stature just as high,
He stood above my head, and words thus fashion'd did relate:
Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse son? a counsellor of state
Must not the whole night spend in sleep: to whom the people are
For guard committed; and whose life stands bound to so much care.
Now hear me then, (Jove's messenger,) who though far off from thee,
Is near thee yet in love and care; and gives command by me,
To arm thy whole host. Thy strong hand the broad-way'd town of Troy
Shall now take in: no more the gods dissentiously employ
Their high-hous'd powers: Saturnia's suit hath won them all to her;
And ill fates over-hang these towers, address'd by Jupiter.

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[a] *Discourse*—used here in its logical sense, to signify "meditative reasoning."

[b] *Weed*—"a garment." It is generally applied to a mourning or pilgrim dress; but it is used by Spenser with the same latitude as Chapman:—

"To spoil the dead of weed
Is sacrilege and doth all sins exceed."

Fairy Queen, Book II.

[c] *Sceptre*—a simple staff, the ensign of dignity in the heroic ages.

[d] *Thick-hair'd*—rather "long-hair'd." The history of Sampson shows the importance attached to the hair by ancient warriors.

[e] *Began the court*—"opened the business to the assembly." We still use the phrase "opening the court."

[f] *Fantasy*—fancy.

Fix in thy mind this. This express'd, he took wing, and away ;[a]
And sweet sleep left me : let us then by all our means assay
To arm our army ; I will first (as far as fits our right)
Try their addictions,[b] and command with full sail'd ships our flight :
Which if they yield to, oppose you. He sate, and up arose
Nestor, of sandy Pylos, king : who, willing to dispose
Their counsel to the public good, propos'd this to the state :
Princes and councillors of Greece, if any should relate
This vision but the king himself, it might be held a tale,
And move the rather our retreat : but since our general
Affirms he saw it, hold it true ; and all our best means make
To arm our army. This speech us'd, he first the council brake :
The other sceptre-bearing states[c] arose too, and obey'd
The people's rector.[d] Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
With flockers to them that came forth : as when of frequent[e] bees
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees[f]
Of their egression endlessly ; with ever rising new
From forth their sweet nest ; as their store, still as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring,
They still crowd out so ; this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers : so from the ships and tents the army's store
Troop'd to these princes, and the court,[g] along th' unmeasur'd[h] shore :
Amongst whom Jove's ambassadress, Fame in her virtue shin'd,[i]
Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble thus inclin'd,
Hurried together ; uproar seiz'd the high court ; earth did groan
Beneath the settling multitude : tumult was there alone.

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[a] *Away.*—This brevity happily expresses, by an English idiom, the rapidity described in the original.

[b] *Addictions*—inclinations. Shakspere says of Henry V. :—
"His addiction was to courses vain."

[c] *States*—rulers.

[d] *Rector.*—In the original "shepherd."

[e] *Frequent*—numerous. The original Greek epithet implies not only crowding but pleasure : *frequent* seems similarly to have combined both ideas ; for we find in Shakspere's sonnet :—
"I have *frequent* been with unknown minds
And giv'n to time your own dear purchas'd right."

[f] *Repairing the degrees*—"filling up the ranks." The original has "always coming fresh :" it is thus rendered in A :—
"In endless companies
Some gone, some other fresh arise, and all in clusters flie
On sweet spring flowers."

[g] *Court*—used here in the old sense of "an assembly."

[h] *Unmeasur'd*—commonly used by Chapman for "immense."

[i] *Fame in her virtue shin'd*—Fame in her peculiar efficacy was conspicuous. In the original, "Rumour blazed."

Thrice three vociferous heralds rose to check the rout, and get
Ear to their Jove-kept governors, and instantly was set [a]
The huge confusion: every man set fast, the clamour ceas'd.
Then stood divine Atrides up, and in his hand compress'd
His sceptre, th' elaborate work of fiery Mulciber:
Who gave it to Saturnian Jove; Jove to his messenger;
His messenger, Argicides,[b] to Pelops, skill'd in horse;
Pelops to Atreus, chief of men; he dying, gave it course [c]
To prince Thyestes, rich in herds; Thyestes to the hand
Of Agamemnon render'd it, and with it the command
Of many isles, and Argos all. On this he leaning, said:
O friends, great sons of Danaus, servants of Mars, Jove laid
A heavy curse on me, to vow, and bind it with the bent [d]
Of his high forehead, that (this Troy of all her people spent)
I should return; yet now to mock our hopes built on his vow;
And charge ingloriously my flight: when such an overthrow
Of brave friends I have author'd.[e] But to his mightiest will
We must submit us; that hath raz'd and will be razing still
Men's footsteps from so many towns: because his power is most,
He will destroy most. But how vile, such and so great an host
Will show to future times; that match'd with lesser numbers far,
We fly; not putting on the crown [f] of our so long-held war:
Of which there yet appears no end. Yet should our foes and we
Strike truce, and number both our powers, Troy taking all that be
Her arm'd inhabitants, and we in tens should all sit down
At our truce banquet, every ten allow'd one of the town
To fill his feast-cup, many tens would their attendant want:
So much I must affirm our power exceeds th' inhabitant.[g]
But their auxiliary bands, those brandishers of spears,
(From many cities drawn,) are they that are our hinderers,
Not suffering well-rais'd Troy to fall. Nine years are ended now
Since Jove our conquest vow'd, and now our vessels rotten grow,

---

[a] *Set*—put in order.
[b] *Argicides*—"the slayer of Argus," *i. e.* Mercury.
[c] *Gave it course*—"passed it in succession."
[d] *Bent*—"nod," the sign of ratification to the decrees of Jove.
[e] *Author'd*—"been the author or cause of." Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher:—
"O execrable slaughter!
What hand hath authored it?"
[f] *Putting on the crown*—"bringing to a conclusion."
[g] *Inhabitant*—used here as a noun of multitude.

Our tackling fails; our wives, young sons, sit in their doors and long
For our arrival: yet the work that should have wreak'd our wrong,
And made us welcome, lies unwrought. Come then, as I bid all
Obey, and fly to our lov'd home: for now, nor ever, shall
Our utmost take in broad-way'd Troy. This said, the multitude
Was all for home; and all men else, that what this would conclude
Had not discover'd. All the crowd was shov'd about the shore;
In sway, like rude and raging waves rous'd with the fervent blore [a]
Of th' east and south winds, when they break from Jove's clouds, and are borne
On rough backs of th' Icarian seas: or like a field of corn
High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts [b] bring easily underneath,
And make the stiff up-bristled ears do homage to his breath:
For even so easily, with the breath Atrides us'd, was sway'd
The violent multitude. To fleet with shouts, and disarray'd,
All rush'd; and with a fog of dust their rude feet dimm'd the day;
Each cried to other, Cleanse our ships; come, launch, aboard, away.
The clamour of the runners home reach'd heaven; and then past fate,
The Greeks had left Troy, had not then the goddess of estate [c]
Thus spoke to Pallas: O foul shame! thou untam'd seed of Jove,
Shall thus the sea's broad back be charg'd with these our friends remove,
Thus leaving Argive Helen here? thus Priam grac'd? thus Troy?
In whose fields, far from their lov'd own, for Helen's sake, the joy
And life of so much Grecian birth is vanish'd! Take thy way
T' our brass-arm'd people, speak them fair, let not a man obey
The charge now given, nor launch one ship. She said, and Pallas did
As she commanded: from the tops of heaven's steep hill she slid,
And straight the Greeks' swift ships she reach'd: Ulysses (like to Jove
In gifts of counsel) she found out; who to that base remove
Stirr'd not a foot, nor touch'd a ship; but griev'd at heart to see
That fault in others. To him close, the blue-eyed deity

---

[a] *Blore*—"a raging gale." We find the word in the "Mirror for Magistrates:"—

"Here five at once round set with raging waters,
Stick fast in quicksands sinking more and more:
There five again the furious billow batters,
Being hurried headlong with the south-west blore
In thousand pieces 'gainst great Albion's shore."

[b] *Zephyr's vehement gusts.*—The character here given to the zephyr, or west wind, is at variance with the mildness attributed to it by other ancient poets; but this circumstance helps us in some degree to determine the poet's native land. The west wind is very severe in Ionia, because it blows from the Thracian mountains over the Ægean sea: and the most current traditions of antiquity described Homer as an Ionian.

[c] *Goddess of estate*—Juno, the queen of Olympus.

Made way, and said: Thou wisest Greek, divine Laertes' son,
Thus fly ye homewards to your ships? shall all thus headlong run?
Glory to Priam thus ye leave; glory to all his friends;
If thus ye leave her here, for whom so many violent ends
Have clos'd your Greek eyes;[a] and so far from their so loved home.
Go to these people, use no stay; with fair terms overcome
Their foul endeavour: not a man, a flying sail let hoice.[b]
Thus spake she, and Ulysses knew 'twas Pallas by her voice:
Ran to the runners; cast from him his mantle, which his man
And herald, grave Eurybates, the Ithacensian
That follow'd him, took up. Himself to Agamemnon went,
His incorrupted sceptre took, his sceptre of descent,
And with it went about the fleet.[c] What prince, or man of name,
He found flight-given, he would restrain with words of gentlest blame:
Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or fare as one afraid;
You should not only stay yourself, but see the people stayed.
You know not clearly—though you heard the king's words—yet his mind:
He only tries men's spirits now, and whom his trials find
Apt to this course, he will chastise. Nor you, nor I, heard all
He spake in council; nor durst press too near our general,
Lest we incens'd him to our hurt. The anger of a king
Is mighty: he is kept of Jove, and from Jove likewise spring
His honours; which out of the love of wise Jove, he enjoys.
Thus he the best sort us'd: the worst, whose spirits brake out in noise,[d]
He cudgell'd with his sceptre, chid, and said: Stay, wretch; be still,
And hear thy betters; thou art base, and both in power and skill
Poor and unworthy; without name in counsel or in war.
We must not all be kings: the rule is most irregular
Where many rule: one lord, one king, propose to thee; and he
To whom wise Saturn's son hath given both law and empery,[e]

---

[a] *Clos'd your Greek eyes.*—The passage is thus rendered in A:—

"In leaving Argive Helen here, the price of so much blood
Suck'd from the woeful breasts of Greece, robb'd of her dearest brood."

[b] *Let hoice*—"cause to be hoisted."

[c] Ulysses took the sceptre of Agamemnon as a sign that he had his authority in restoring order to the army.

[d] This passage is rendered more literally and clearly in A:—

"But if the common soldier his observation took
With base exclaims for thirsted flight; him with his mace he struck,
And us'd these speeches of reproach.

[e] *Empery*—empire, dominion.

To rule the public, is that king. Thus ruling, he restrain'd
The host from flight: and then again the council was maintain'd [a]
With such a concourse, that the shore rang with the tumult made:
As when the far-resounding sea doth in his rage invade
His sandy confines, whose sides groan with his involved wave,
And make his own breast echo sighs.[b] All sate, and audience gave;
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out; of which his mind held more
Than it could manage: any thing with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings: t'oppose their states becomes not jesters' parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-ey'd, and lame of either foot;
So crook-back'd, that he had no breast; sharp headed, where did shoot
(Here and there 'spers'd)[c] thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide:
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein;
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing thus:
Atrides, why complain'st thou now? what would'st thou more of us?
Thy tents are full of brass, and dames;[d] the choice of all are thine;
With whom we must present thee first, when any towns resign [e]
To our invasion. Want'st thou then, besides all this, more gold
From Troy's knights to redeem their sons, whom to be dearly sold,
I or some other Greek must take? or would'st thou yet again
Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts that reign
In thy encroaching appetite? It fits no prince to be
A prince of ill, and govern us: or lead our progeny
By rape [f] to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
And ills eternal! Greekish girls, not Greeks ye are: Come, flee

---

[a] *Maintain'd*—"continued"—for the rush of the army to the ships was an interruption rather than a dissolution.

[b] In A, this passage is rendered with stricter attention to the onomatopeia (or sounds echoing sense) of the original:—

"With such a blustering as against the Pontic shore rebounds
A storm-driv'n billow, with whose rage the sea itself resounds."

[c] *'Spers'd*—"sprinkled."

[d] In A:—

"Thy thrifty tents are full of coin, and thou hast women store;"

a comment rather than a translation, which Chapman has happily corrected in the present version.

[e] *Resign*—"submit."

[f] *Rape*—"plunder with violence," thus the "Rape of the Lock."

me with our ships; leave this man here to perish with his preys,[a]
nd try if we help'd him or not: he wrong'd a man that weighs
ar more than he himself in worth; he forc'd from Thetis' son
And keeps his prize still: nor think I, that mighty man hath won
The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss,
Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of injuries.
Thus he the people's pastor chid: but straight stood up to him
Divine Ulysses; who with looks exceeding grave and grim,
This bitter check gave: Cease, vain fool, to vent thy railing vein
On kings thus, though it serve thee well: nor think thou canst restrain,
With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree;
For not a worse of all this host, came with our king than thee,
To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth of thine
The names of kings; much less revile the dignities that shine
In their supreme states: wresting thus, this motion for our home,
To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not what will come
Of these designments: if it be our good to stay, or go:
Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revil'st our general so,
Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,
But our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me vow,
(Which shall be curiously[b] observ'd,) if ever I shall hear
This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear
This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleet from council; send with sharp stripes weeping hence,
This glory thou affect'st—to rail. This said, his insolence
He settled with his sceptre; struck his back and shoulders so,
That bloody wales rose; he shrunk round;[c] and from his eyes did flow
Moist tears, and looking filthily, he sate, fear'd, smarted; dried
His blubber'd cheeks; and all the press, though griev'd to be denied
Their wish'd retreat for home, yet laugh'd delightsomely, and spake
Either to other: O ye Gods, how infinitely take
Ulysses' virtues in our good! author of counsels, great
In ordering armies, how most well this act became his heat,

---

[a] *Preys*—"booty."

[b] *Curiously*—"carefully." Thus Chaucer:—

"And craft of mannes hand so curiously
Arrayed had this garden trewely,
That never was ther garden of swiche pris,
But if it wer the very paradis."

[c] *He shrunk round*—more literally, "he bent back his head," as those do who receive a severe blow on the back.

To beat from council this rude fool. I think his saucy spirit
Hereafter, will not let his tongue abuse the sovereign merit,
Exempt from such base tongues as his. Thus spake the people: then
The city-razer[a] Ithacus stood up to speak again,
Holding his sceptre. Close to him gray-eyed Minerva stood;
And like a herald, silence caus'd, that all the Achive brood
(From first to last) might hear and know the counsel; when (inclin'd
To all their good) Ulysses said: Atrides, now I find
These men would render thee the shame of all men; nor would pay
Their own vows to thee, when they took their free and honour'd way
From Argos hither, that till Troy were by their brave hands rac'd,[b]
They would not turn home: yet like babes, and widows, now they haste
To that base refuge. 'Tis a spite[c] to see men melted so
In womanish changes. Though 'tis true, that if a man do go
Only a month to sea, and leave his wife far off, and he
Tortur'd with winter's storms, and toss'd with a tumultuous sea,
Grows heavy, and would home; us then, to whom the thrice three year
Hath fill'd his revoluble[d] orb, since our arrival here,
I blame not to wish home much more: yet all this time to stay,
Out of our judgments,[e] for our end, and now to take our way
Without it, were absurd and vile. Sustain then, friends; abide
The time set[f] to our object: try if Calchas prophesied
True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witness well,
(Whom these late death-conferring fates have fail'd to send to hell,)[g]
That when in Aulis, all our fleet assembled with a freight
Of ills to Ilion and her friends, beneath the fair grown height,
A platane[h] bore, about a fount, whence crystal water flow'd,
And near our holy altar, we, upon the gods bestowed
Accomplish'd[i] hecatombs; and there, appear'd a huge portent,
A dragon with a bloody scale, horrid to sight, and sent

[a] *The city-razer.*—This epithet is given to Ulysses, because his eloquence and wisdom were more efficacious than valour in conquering cities. Some commentators have asserted that it was given to him exclusively, but we find it occasionally applied to Achilles.

[b] *Rac'd*—"razed."

[c] *Spite*—metaphorical for "a cause of spite."

[d] *Revoluble*—"revolving."

[e] *Out of our judgments*—"contrary to our inclinations." The Greek verb signifies "to grieve or lament bitterly" for the delay.

[f] *Set*—"fixed or appointed" by the prophet.

[g] *Hell*—not the place of torment, but of departed spirits. The English word comes from the Saxon *hela*, "to conceal," and is therefore the same as the Hebrew *Sheol* and the Greek *Hades*.

[h] *A platane*—"A platanus or plane-tree."

[i] *Accomplish'd*—"perfect." Thus Shakspere:—

"And from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights
With busy hammers closing rivets up
[illegible]ful notes of preparation."

To light by great Olympius; which crawling from beneath
The altar, to the platane climb'd; and ruthless crash'd [a] to death
A sparrow's young, in number eight, that in a top-bough lay
Hid under leaves: the dam the ninth, that hover'd every way,
Mourning her lov'd birth; [b] till at length, the serpent watching her,
Her wing caught, and devour'd her too. This dragon, Jupiter
(That brought him forth) turn'd to a stone; and made a powerful mean
To stir our zeals up, that admir'd,[c] when of a fact so clean
Of all ill as our sacrifice, so fearful an ostent [d]
Should be the issue. Calchas then, thus prophesied th' event:
Why are ye dumb-struck, fair-hair'd Greeks? wise Jove is he hath shown
This strange ostent to us. 'Twas late, and passing lately done,
But that grace it foregoes to us,[e] for suffering all the state
Of his appearance, (being so slow,) nor time shall end, nor fate.
As these eight sparrows, and the dam, (that made the ninth,) were eat
By this stern serpent; so nine years, we are t' endure the heat
Of ravenous war, and in the tenth, take in this broad-way'd town.
Thus he interpreted this sign; and all things have their crown [f]
As he interpreted, till now. The rest then, to succeed,
Believe as certain: stay we all, till that most glorious deed
Of taking this rich town, our hands are honour'd with. This said,
The Greeks gave an unmeasur'd shout; which back the ships repaid
With terrible echoes, in applause of that persuasion
Divine Ulysses us'd; which yet, held no comparison
With Nestor's next speech, which was this: O shameful thing! ye talk
Like children all, that know not war. In what air's region walk
Our oaths, and covenants? Now I see, the fit respects of men
Are vanish'd quite; our right hands given, our faiths, our counsels vain;
Our sacrifice with wine; all fled, in that prophaned flame
We made to bind all: for thus still, we vain persuasions frame,
And strive to work our end with words; not joining stratagemes
And hands together; though thus long, the power of our extremes [g]

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[a] *Crash'd.*—In the original the onomatopeia imitates the chirping of the birds.

[b] *Birth*—metaphorical for "off-pring." The word is used in a similar sense by a modern anonymous poet:—

"Mother Earth
Mourn'd her lost, gigantic birth."—*Classic Imitations.*

[c] *Admir'd*—"wondered."

[d] *Ostent*—"prodigy;" literally "any thing exhibited to excite awe;" from the Latin *ostendere*.

[e] *That grace it foregoes to us*—the favour thus fore-shadowed by the omen.

[f] *Crown*—"consummation."

[g] *The power of our extremes*—"the force of necessity."

Hath urg'd us to them. Atreus' sons firm as at first hour stand:
Make good thy purpose; talk no more in councils, but command
In active field. Let two or three,[a] that by themselves advise,
Faint in their crowning;[b] they are such, as are not truly wise.
They will for Argos, ere they know, if that which Jove hath said
Be false or true. I tell them all, that high Jove bow'd his head
As first we went aboard our fleet, for sign we should confer
These Trojans, their due fate and death; almighty Jupiter
All that day darting forth his flames, in an unmeasur'd light,
On our right hands; let therefore none once dream of coward flight,
Till (for his own) some wife of Troy, he sleeps withal; the rape
Of Helen wreaking,[c] and our sighs, enforc'd for her escape.
If any yet dare dote on home, let his dishonour'd haste
His black and well-built bark but touch, that (as he first disgrac'd
His country's spirit) fate, and death, may first his spirit[d] let go.
But be thou wise, (king,) do not trust thyself, but others. Know
I will not use an abject word:[e] see all thy men array'd
In tribes and nations; that tribes, tribes; nations may nations aid:
Which doing, thou shalt know, what chiefs, what soldiers play the men;
And what the cowards: for they all will fight in several[f] then,
Easy for note. And then shalt thou, if thou destroy'st not Troy,
Know if the prophecies defect, or men thou dost employ
In their approv'd arts, want in war: or lack of that brave heat
Fit for the vent'rous spirits of Greece, was cause to thy defeat.

To this the king of men replied: O father, all the sons
Of Greece thou conquer'st in the strife of consultations.
I would to Jove, Athenia, and Phœbus, I could make
(Of all) but ten such counsellors; then instantly would shake
King Priam's city; by our hands, laid hold on, and laid waste.
But Jove hath order'd I should grieve, and to that end hath cast
My life into debates past end. Myself, and Thetis' son,
(Like girls) in words fought for a girl, and I th' offence begun:
But if we ever talk as friends, Troy's thus deferred fall
Shall never vex us more one hour. Come then, to victuals all,

---

[a] *Two or three*—an indirect sarcasm at Thersites and Achilles.
[b] *Crowning*—"accomplishing their promises."
[c] *Wreaking*—"avenging."
[d] *Spirit.*—This quibble is not in the original.
[e] *Abject word*—"a word deserving of rejection."
[f] *In several*—"in separate divisions."

That strong Mars all may bring to field; each man his lance's steel
See sharpen'd well; his shield well lin'd,[a] his horses meated well,
His chariot carefully made strong; that these affairs of death
We all day may hold fiercely out: no man must rest, or breath.
The bosoms of our targeters[b] must all be steep'd in sweat.
The lancer's arm must fall dissolv'd; our chariot-horse with heat
Must seem to melt. But if I find, one soldier take the chace,
Or stir from fight, or fight not still, fix'd in his enemy's face;
Or hid a shipboard: all the world, for force, nor price, shall save
His hated life; but fowls and dogs be his abhorred grave.
He said, and such a murmur rose, as on a lofty shore
The waves make when the south wind comes, and tumbles them before
Against a rock, grown near the strand, which diversly beset
Is never free; but here and there, with varied uproars beat.
All rose then, rushing to the fleet, perfum'd[c] their tents, and eat:
Each off'ring to th' immortal gods, and praying to 'scape th' heat
Of war and death. The king of men, an ox of five years' spring[d]
T' almighty Jove slew: call'd the peers, first Nestor, then the king
Idomenæus: after them, th' Ajaces, and the son
Of Tydeus; Ithacus the sixth, in counsel paragon[e]
To Jove himself. All these he bad,[f] but at-a-martial-cry
Good[g] Menelaus, since he saw his brother busily
Employ'd at that time, would not stand on invitation,
But of himself came. All about the off'ring overthrown
Stood round, took salt-cakes, and the king himself thus pray'd for all:
O Jove, most great, most glorious, that in that starry hall,
Sitt'st drawing dark clouds up to air; let not the sun go down,
Darkness supplying it,[h] till my hands the palace and the town
Of Priam overthrow and burn; the arms on Hector's breast
Dividing; spoiling with my sword thousands, (in interest[i]
Of his bad quarrel,) laid by him in dust, and eating earth.
He pray'd, Jove heard him not, but made more plentiful the birth

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[a] *Well lin'd*—"held in the proper line of direction."
[b] *Targeters*—"heavy armed infantry" protected with targets or shields.
[c] *Perfum'd*—"raised a smoke through." The verb is here used in the old classic sense, as derived from *per* and *fumus*.
[d] *Spring*—"growth."
[e] *Paragon*—"a rival; an equal." Thus Spenser:—
"Whose prowess paragon saw never living wight."
[f] *Bad*—invited.
[g] "Good in shouting" is the distinctive epithet given by Homer to Menelaus.
[h] *Supplying it*—"taking its place."
[i] *In interest*—"on account of."

Of his sad toils; yet took his gifts. Prayers past, cakes on they threw:
The ox then, to the altar drawn, they kill'd, and from him drew
His hide; then cut him up: his thighs (in two hewn) dubb'd with fat;
Prick'd on the sweetbreads; and with wood, leaveless, and kindled at
Apposed [a] fire, they burn the thighs; which done, the inwards, slit,
They broil'd on coals and eat. The rest in giggots [b] cut, they spit,
Roast cunningly,[c] draw, sit, and feast: nought lack'd to leave allay'd
Each temperate appetite; which serv'd, Nestor began and said:
Atrides, most grac'd king of men, now no more words allow,
Nor more defer the deed Jove vows. Let heralds summon now
The brazen-coated Greeks; and us range everywhere the host,
To stir a strong war quickly up. This speech no syllable lost;
The high-voic'd heralds instantly he charg'd to call to arms
The curl'd-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks straight answer'd their alarms.
The Jove-kept kings about the king all gather'd, with their aid
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyed maid
Great Ægis (Jove's bright shield) sustain'd, that can be never old;
Never corrupted; fring'd about with serpents forg'd of gold,
As many as sufficed to make an hundred fringes, worth
An hundred oxen; every snake all sprawling, all set forth
With wondrous spirit. Through the host with this the goddess ran
In fury, casting round her eyes; and furnish'd every man
With strength; exciting all to arms, and fight incessant. None
Now liked their lov'd homes like the wars. And as a fire upon
A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that far off hurls his light,
So the divine brass shin'd on these, thus thrusting on for fight:
Their splendour through the air reach'd heaven: and as about the flood
Caïster, in an Asian [d] mead, flocks of the airy brood,
Cranes, geese, or long-neck'd swans, here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
And in their falls [e] lay out such throats, that with their spiritful cry
The meadow shrieks again; so here, these many nation'd men,
Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from tents and ships: the din

---

[a] *Apposed*—"placed near." Thus our author in the Odyssey:—
"Then he appos'd to them his last left roste
And in a wicker basket bread engroste."

[b] *Giggots.*—See Book I. p. 40, note [c].

[c] *Cunningly*—"skilfully."

[d] *Asian.*—The Asian plains near the Caïster, so called from Asius, a king of Lydia, to whom they belonged.

[e] *In their falls*—"when they light on the ground."

Was dreadful, that the feet of men and horse beat out of earth.
And in the flourishing mead they stood, thick as the odorous birth
Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring; or thick as swarms of flies
Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each swarm his erring[a] wing applies
To milk 'dew'd[b] on the milk-maid's pails: all eagerly dispos'd
To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude heaps clos'd,
Though huge goatherds are at their food, the goatherds easily yet
Sort into sundry herds; so here the chiefs in battle set,
Here, tribes; here, nations: ordering all. Amongst whom shin'd the king,
With eyes like lightning-loving Jove; his forehead answering,[c]
In breast like Neptune; Mars in waist:[d] and as a goodly bull
Most eminent of all a herd, most strong, most masterful,
So Agamemnon, Jove that day made overheighten clear[e]
That heaven-bright army; and preferr'd[f] to all th' heroes there.
Now tell me, Muses, you that dwell in heavenly roofs, (for you
Are goddesses; are present here, are wise, and all things know;
We only trust the voice of fame, know nothing,) who they were
That here were captains of the Greeks. Commanding princes here,
The multitude exceed my song; though fitted to my choice
Ten tongues were, harden'd palates ten, a breast of brass, a voice
Infract[g] and trump-like: that great work, unless the seed of Jove
(The deathless Muses) undertake, maintains a pitch above
All mortal powers. The princes then, and navy that did bring
Those so inenarrable[h] troops, and all their soils, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE GRECIAN SHIPS AND CAPTAINS.

Peneleus, and Leitus, all that Bœotia bred;
Arcesilaus, Clonius, and Prothoænor, led;—
Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stony Aulida,
Schæne, Schole, the hilly Eteon, and holy Thespia;
Of Græa, and great Micalesse, that hath the ample plain;
Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remain

---

[a] *Erring*—"wandering." Wiclif uses the verb in a similar sense. "If thir weren to a man an hundrid scheep, and one of them hath errid," &c.

[b] *'Dew'd*—"sprinkled like dew." In A:—

"Nourishing milk bedews the sprinkled pails."

[c] *Answering*—"corresponding."

[d] *Waist*—used here for the girdle which surrounds the waist.

[e] *Clear*—"manifestly, completely."

[f] *Preferr'd*—"raised above."

[g] *Infract*—"that cannot be broken."

[h] *Inenarrable*—"not to be told or related." Holland, in his translation of Pliny, speaks of "the inenarrable force of the tides."

In Erith, and in Eleon; in Hylen, Peteona,
In fair Ocalea, and the town well-builded Medeona;
Capas, Eutresis, Thisbe that for pigeons doth surpass;
Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store of grass;
All those that in Platea dwelt, that Glissa did possess;
And Hypothebs, whose well-built walls are rare and fellowless;
In rich Onchestus' famous wood to watery Neptune vow'd;
And Arne, where the vine-trees are, with vigorous bunches bow'd;
With them that dwelt in Mydea, and Nissa most divine;
All those whom utmost Anthedon did wealthily confine.
From all these coasts in general full fifty sail were sent;
And six score strong Bœotian youths, in every burthen went.
But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and Mynian Orchomen,
God Mars's sons did lead (Ascalaphus and Ialmen):
Who in Azidon Actor's house did of Astioche come;
The bashful maid, as she went up into the higher room,
The war-god secretly compress'd: in safe conduct of these,
Did thirty hollow-bottom'd barks divide the wavy seas.

Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phocian captains were,
(Naubolida, Iphitus' sons) all proof 'gainst any fear;
With them the Cyparisians went, and bold Pythonians,
Men of religious Chrysa's soil, and fat Daulidians,
Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyampolists;
And those that dwell where Cephisus casts up his silken mists;
The men that fair Lylea held near the Cephisian spring:
All which did forty sable barks to that designment[a] bring.
About th' entoil'd[b] Phocensian fleet had these their sail assign'd;
And near to the sinister[c] wing the arm'd Bœotians shin'd.

Ajax the less, Oïleus' son, the Locrians led to war;
Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man by far:
Little he was, and ever wore a breastplate made of lin;[d]
But for the manage of his lance he general praise did win.
The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoën,
The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias, lovely men;
Of Tarphis, and of Thronius, near flood Boagrius' fall:[e]
Twice twenty martial barks of these, less Ajax sail'd withal.

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[a] *Designment*—"expedition."
[b] *Entoil'd*—"enclosed as in a toil or net:" from the French *toile*.
[c] *Sinister*—"left."
[d] *Lin*—"linen," or rather "matted flax."
[e] The falls of the Boagrius.

Who near Eubœa's blessed soil their habitations had,
Strength-breathing Abants, who their seats in sweet Eubœa made:
The Astiæans rich in grapes, the men of Chalcida,
The Cerinths bordering on the sea; of rich Eretria,
Of Dyon's highly-seated town, Charistus, and of Styre;
All these the Duke[a] Alphenor led, (a flame of Mars's sire,)[b]
Surnam'd Chalcodontiades, the mighty Abants' guide;
Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backs their trailing hair did hide;
Well seen in fight, and soon could pierce with far extended darts
The breastplates of their enemies, and reach their dearest hearts.
Forty black men of war did sail in this Alphenor's charge.
The soldiers that in Athens dwelt—a city builded large—
The people[c] of Erecthius; whom Jove-sprung Pallas fed,
And plenteous-feeding Tellus brought out of her flow'ry bed:
Him Pallas placed in her rich fane, and every ended year,
Of bulls and lambs, th' Athenian youths please him with off'rings there.
Mighty Menestheus, Peteus' son, had their divided care:
For horsemen and for targeters, none could with him compare,
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend,
But Nestor: (for he elder was,—with him did sole contend:)
With him came fifty sable sail. And out of Salamine
Great Ajax brought twelve sail that with th' Athenians did combine.
Who did in fruitful Argos dwell, or strong Hyrintha keep,
Hermion, or in Asinen whose bosom is so deep;
Trazena, Elion, Epidaure where Bacchus crowns his head,
Egina, and Mazeta's soil, did follow Diomed;
And Sthenelus, the dear lov'd son of famous Capaneus;
Together with Eurialus, heir of Mecistæus,
The king of Talæonides; past whom in deeds of war,
The famous soldier Diomed of all was held by far;
Four score black ships did follow these. The men fair Mycene held:—
The wealthy Corinth, Cleon that for beauteous sight excell'd,
Aræthirea's lovely seat, and in Ornia's plain,
And Sicyona where at first did king Adrastus reign;
High-seated Genoëssa's towers, and Hyperisius;
That dwelt in fruitful Pellenen, and in divine Ægius;

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a *Duke*—"general:" from the Latin *dux*.

b "*A flame of Mars's sire*"—in the original "a branch of Mars"

c *The people*.—It has been remarked that the Athenians alone of the Greeks are called a people (*demus*) by Homer, and hence it is inferred that even in the heroic age they had a popular constitution.

With all the sea-side borderers, and wide Helice's friends;
To Agamemnon every town her native birth commends,[a]
In double fifty sable barks. With him a world of men
Most strong and full of valour went: and he in triumph then
Put on his most resplendent arms; since he did overshine
The whole heroic host of Greece, in power of that design.[b]
Who did in Lacedæmon's rule th' unmeasur'd concave[c] hold:
High Phare's, Sparta's, Messe's towers, for doves so much extoll'd;
Bryseia's and Augia's grounds, strong Laa, Oetylon,
Amyclas, Helo's harbour-town that Neptune beats upon:
All these did Menelaus lead, (his brother,[d] that in cries
Of war was famous;) sixty ships convey'd these enemies
To Troy in chief; because their king was chiefly injur'd there,
In Helen's rape; and did his best to make them buy it dear.
Who dwelt in Pylos' sandy soil, and Arene the fair,
In Thryon near Alphæus' flood, and Aepy full of air;
In Cyparisseus, Amphygen, and little Peteleon;
The town where all the Illiots dwelt, and famous Doreon,
Where all the Muses—opposite[e] in strife of poesy,
To ancient Thamyris of Thrace—did use him cruelly;
(He coming from Eurytus' court the wise Œchalian king;)
Because he proudly durst affirm he could more sweetly sing
Than that Pierean race of Jove; who, angry with his vaunt,
Bereft his eyesight, and his song that did the ear enchant;
And of his skill to touch his harp disfurnished[f] his hand:
All these in ninety hollow keels grave Nestor did command.
The richly blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land
Below Cyllene's mount (that by Epyrus' tomb did stand)
Where dwelt the bold near-fighting men: who did in Phæneus live,
And Orchomen where flocks of sheep the shepherds clust'ring drive—
In Rypé and in Stratié the fair Mantinean town,
And strong Enispe that for height is ever weather-blown;
Tegea, and in Stymphalus, Parrhasia strongly wall'd;
All these Alcæus' son to field (king Agapenor) call'd,

[a] *Commends*—"commits," or "entrusts."
[b] *In power of that design*—"who commanded on that expedition."
[c] *Unmeasur'd concave*—alluding to the situation of Lacedæmon in the valley between mount Taygetus and Parthenius.
[d] *His brother*—viz., "Agamemnon's."
[e] *Opposite*—"opposed to."
[f] *Disfurnished*—"deprived." Thus Massinger:—
"I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd
Of all merit."

In sixty barks he brought them on, and every bark well mann'd
With fierce Arcadians, skill'd to use the utmost of a band.
King Agamemnon on these men did well-built ships bestow,
To pass the gulfy purple sea, that did no sea rites know.[a]
They who in Hermin, Buphrasis, and Elis did remain;
What Olen's cliffs, Alisius, and Myrsin did contain,
Were led to war by twice two dukes; and each ten ships did bring,
Which many venturous Epians did serve for burthening;
Beneath Alphimacus's charge, and valiant Talphius;
(Son of Euritus Actor one, the next of Cteatus;)
Diores Amarincides the third ships did employ;
The fourth divine Polixenus (Agasthenis's joy).
The king of fair Angeiades, who from Dulichius came,
And from Euchinaus' sweet isles which hold their holy frame
By ample Elis region—Meges Phelides led:
Whom Duke Phyleus, Jove's belov'd, begat; and whilome fled
To large Dulichius, for the wrath that fir'd his father's breast.
Twice twenty ships with ebon sails[b] were in his charge address'd.
The warlike men of Cephale, and those of Ithaca,
Woody Neritus, and the men of wet Crocilia;
Sharp Ægilipha, Samos' isle, Zacynthus (sea-inclos'd)—
Epyrus, and the men that hold the continent oppos'd;
All these did wise Ulysses lead, in counsel peer[c] to Jove:
Twelve ships he brought, which in their course vermilion sterns did move.
Thoas, Andremon's well-spoke son, did guide th' Ætolians well;
Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell;
Great Calcis that by sea-side stands, and stony Calydon;
(For now no more of Œneus' sons surviv'd; they all were gone:
No more his royal self did live, no more his noble son
The golden Meleager now, their glasses all were run.)[d]
All things were left to him in charge; the Ætolians' chief he was;
And forty ships to Trojan wars the seas with him did pass.

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[a] The Arcadians, being an inland people, were furnished with ships by Agamemnon. Thucydides declares that Agamemnon's superiority over the rest of the princes was owing to his fleets, which rendered him master of the sea.

[b] *Ebon-sails*—in the original "black ships."

[c] *Peer*—"equal:" from the Latin *par*.

[d] This short glance at the death of Meleager and the unhappy catastrophe of the family of Œneus is characterised by the pathetic simplicity for which Homer is remarkable. Chapman has preserved the pathos of the original, which Pope has quite lost; he thus renders the passage:—

"For now the sons of Œneus were no more,
The glories of the mighty race were fled,
Œneus himself and Meleager dead."

The royal soldier Idomen did lead the Cretans stout:
The men of Gnossus, and the town Cortima wall'd about,
Of Lictus, and Myletus' towers, of white Lycastus' state,
Of Phestus and of Rhistias the cities fortunate;
And all the rest inhabiting the hundred towns of Crete;
Whom warlike Idomen did lead, co-partner in the fleet,
With kill-man [a] Merion: eighty ships with them did Troy invade.
Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,
Brought nine tall ships of war from Rhodes, which haughty Rhodians mann'd;
Who dwelt in three dissever'd parts of that most pleasant land,
Which Lyndus, and Jalissus were, and bright Camyrus, call'd.
Tlepolemus commanded these, in battle unappall'd:
Whom fair Astioche brought forth, by force of Hercules;
Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from river Selleës,
When many towns of princely youths he levell'd with the ground.
Tlepolem in his father's house (for building much renown'd)
Brought up to headstrong state of youth, his mother's brother slew,
The flower of arms, Lycymnius, that somewhat aged grew:
Then straight he gather'd him a fleet, assembling bands of men,
And fled by sea; to shun the threats that were denounced then,
By other sons and nephews of th' Alciden fortitude; [b]
He in his exile came to Rhodes, driven in with tempests rude.
The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with Jove did stand,
The king of men and gods, who gave much treasure to their land.
Nireus out of Syma's haven three well-built barks did bring:
Nireus, fair Aglaia's son, and Charopes, the king:
Nireus was the fairest man that to fair Ilion came
Of all the Greeks, save Peleus' son, who passed for general frame.[c]
But weak this[d] was, not fit for war, and therefore few did guide.
Who did in Cassus, Nisyrus, and Crapathus abide,

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[a] *Kill-man.*—This epithet scarcely conveys the force of the original, "equal to the man-destroying Mars." Pope has—

"And Merion dreadful as the god of war."

[b] *Alciden fortitude.*—Literally "Heraclean force." The family and dependents of Hercules were so distinguished because they formed a gallant community, banded together for the recovery of their inheritance.

[c] *Frame*—"perfect order." Here applied to personal proportions. The word is somewhat similarly used by Tubervile:—

"Their ensign-bearer is so stout,
Ycleped hope by name;
And if they follow his advice
Each thing will be in frame."

[d] *This*—viz. "Nireus."

In Co, Euripilus's town, and in Calydna's soils;
Phydippus and bold Antiphus did guide to Trojan toils;
(The sons of crowned Thessalus, deriv'd from Hercules;)
Who went with thirty hollow ships well order'd to the seas.
Now will I sing the sackful troops Pelasgian Argos[a] held;
That in deep Alus, Alopé, and soft Trechina dwell'd;
In Pthya, and in Hellade where live the lovely dames,
The Myrmidons, Helenians, and Achives, rob'd of fames:—
All which the great Æacides in fifty ships did lead.—
For these forgot war's horrid voice, because they lack'd their head,
That would have brought them bravely forth; but now at fleet did lie,
That wind-like user of his feet, fair Thetis' progeny;
Wroth for bright-cheek'd Briseis' loss: whom from Lyrnessus' spoils,
(His own exploit) he brought away as trophy of his toils,
When that town was depopulate; he sunk the Theban towers;
Myneta, and Epistrophus, he sent to Pluto's bowers,
Who came of king Evenus' race, great Helepiades:
Yet now he idly lives enrag'd, but soon must leave his ease.
Of those that dwelt in Phylace, and flow'ry Pyrrason,
The wood of Ceres, and the soil that sheep are fed upon—
Iten, and Antron built by sea, and Pteleus full of grass;
Protesilaus while he liv'd the worthy captain was:
Whom now the sable earth detains. His tear-torn-faced spouse
He woful left in Phylace, and his half-finish'd house:
A fatal Dardan, first his life of all the Greeks, bereft,
As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men unleft
Without a chief, for though they wish'd to have no other man
But good Protesilay their guide, Podarces yet began
To govern them; (Iphitis' son, the son of Philacus;)
Most rich in sheep, and brother to short-liv'd Protesilaus:
Of younger birth, less and less strong; yet serv'd he to direct
The companies, that still did more their ancient duke affect.[b]
Twice twenty jetty sails with him the swelling stream did take.
But those that did in Pheres dwell at the Bæbreian lake
In Bæbe, and in Glaphira, Iaolcus builded fair;
In thrice six ships to Pergamus did through the seas repair,
With old Admetes' tender son, Eumelus, whom he bred
Of Alceste, Pelius' fairest child of all his female seed.

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[a] *Pelasgian Argos.*—So called to distinguish it from Achaian Argos in the Peloponnesus.
[b] *Affect*—"love."

The soldiers that before the siege Methone's vales did hold:
Thaumaciæ, flow'ry Melibæ, and Olison the cold,
Duke Philoctetes governed; (in darts, of finest sleight:[a])
Seven vessels in his charge convey'd their honourable freight,
By fifty rowers in a bark, most expert in the bow:
But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low,
By torment of an ulcer grown, with Hydra's poison'd blood;
Whose sting was such, Greece left him there in most impatient mood:
Yet thought they on him at his ship, and choos'd to lead his men,
Medon, Oïleus' bastard son, brought forth to him by Rhen.
From Thricce, bleak Ithomen's cliffs, and hapless Oechaly;—
(Euritus' city rul'd by him in wilful tyranny;)
In charge of Æsculapius' sons, (physician highly prais'd,)
Machaon, Podalirius, were thirty vessels rais'd.
Who near Hiperia's fountain dwelt, and in Ormenius,
The snowy tops of Titannus, and in Asterius,
Evemon's son, Euripilus, did lead into the field:
Whose towns did forty black-sail'd ships to that encounter yield.
Who Gyrton, and Argissa held, Orthen and Elon's seat,
And chalky Oloössine, were led by Polypete,
The issue of Perithous, the son of Jupiter.
Him the Athenian Theseus' friend, Hypodamy did bear;
When he the bristled savages[b] did give Ramnusia,[c]
And drove them out of Pelius, as far as Athica.
He came not single, but with him, Leonteus Coron's son,
An arm of Mars: and Coron's life, Ceneus' seed begun.
Twice twenty ships attended these.
Guneus next did bring
From Cyphus twenty sail and two; the Enians following;
And fierce Peræbi, that about Dodone's frozen mould
Did plant their houses; and the men that did the meadows hold,
Which Titoresius decks with flowers, and his sweet current leads
Into the bright Peneius, that hath the silver heads;
Yet with his admirable stream doth not his waves commix;
But glides aloft on it like oil: for 'tis the flood of Styx,
By which th' immortal Gods do swear. Teuthredon's honour'd birth,
Prothous, led the Magnets forth, who near the shady earth

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[a] *Of finest sleight*—"of greatest dexterity."
[b] *Bristled savages*—"the Centaurs."
[c] *Ramnusia.*—There is no authority for the mention of this place.

Of Pelius, and Peneion, dwelt; forty revengeful sail
Did follow him. These were the dukes and princes of avail [a]
That came from Greece. But now the man that overshin'd them all,
Sing, Muse! and their most famous steeds to my recital call,
That both th' Atrides followed; fair Pheretiedes
The bravest mares did bring by much; Eumelius manag'd these:
Swift of their feet as birds of wings, both of one hair did shine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as measur'd by a line:
Whom silver-bow'd Apollo bred in the Pierean mead;
Both slick [b] and dainty, yet were both in war of wondrous dread.[c]
Great Ajax Telamon for strength past all the peers of war,
While vex'd Achilles was away; but he surpass'd him far.
The horse that bore that faultless [d] man were likewise past compare:
Yet lay he at the crook'd-stern'd ships, and fury was his fare,[e]
For Atreus' son's ungracious deed: his men yet pleas'd their hearts
With throwing of the holed stone; with hurling of their darts,
And shooting fairly on the shore. Their horse at chariots fed
On greatest parsley, and on sedge that in the fens is bred.
His princes' tents their chariots held, that richly cover'd were.
His princes, amorous [f] of their chief, walk'd storming here and there
About the host, and scorn'd to fight: their breaths as they did pass
Before them flew as if a fire fed on the trembling grass:
Earth under-groan'd [g] their high-rais'd feet, as when offended Jove,
In Arime, Typhœius with rattling thunder drove
Beneath the earth: (in Arime, men say the grave is still,
Where thunder tomb'd [h] Typhœius; and is a monstrous hill:)
And as that thunder made earth groan, so groan'd it as they past,
They trod with such hard-set-down steps, and so exceeding fast.
To Troy, the rainbow-girded dame [i] right heavy news relates
From Jove, as all to council drew in Priam's palace-gates,

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[a] *Avail*—"influence or power." Sir T. More has:—"You defend your own right for your temporal availe."

[b] *Slick*—"sleek."

[c] *Dread*—used here in the active sense of causing terror; so also in Hudibras:—

"And when
We shall our shining blades again
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll strait resume their wonted dreads."

[d] *Faultless man*—viz. "Achilles," the epithet applies only to his physical qualities.

[e] *Fare*—"food." In the original, "permanently enraged."

[f] *Amorous*—"ardently desirous."

[g] *Under-groan'd*—"groaned under."

[h] *Tomb'd*—"sent to the tomb."

[i] *Rainbow-girded dame*—Iris, the messenger of the gods.

Resembling Priam's son in voice, Polytes, swift of feet:
(In trust whereof as sentinel, to see when from the fleet
The Grecians sallied, he was set upon the lofty brow
Of aged Esietes' tomb:) and this did Iris show:
O Priam, thou art always pleas'd with indiscreet advice;
And fram'st thy life to times of peace, when such a war doth rise
As threats inevitable spoil; I never did behold
Such and so mighty troops of men; who trample on the mould
In number like Autumnus' leaves, or like the marine sand:
All ready round about the walls, to use a ruining hand.
Hector, I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake:
A multitude remain in Troy will fight for Priam's sake,
Of other lands and languages; let every leader then
Bring forth well arm'd into the field his several bands of men.
Strong Hector knew a deity gave charge to this assay:
Dismiss'd the council straight; like waves, clusters to arms do sway;[a]
The ports are all wide open set: out rush'd the troops in swarms,
Both horse and foot; the city rung with sudden-cried alarms.
A column stands without the town, that high his head doth raise,
A little distant, in a plain trod down with divers ways;
Which men do Batieia call; but the immortals name
Myrinne's famous sepulchre;[b] (the wondrous active dame:)
Here were th' auxiliary bands that came in Troy's defence,
Distinguish'd under several guides[c] of special excellence.
The duke of all the Trojan power great helm-deck'd Hector was:
Which stood[d] of many mighty men, well skill'd in darts of brass.
Æneas of commixed seed, (a goddess with a man—
Anchises with the queen of love,) the troops Dardanian
Led to the field; (his lovely sire in Ida's lower shade
Begat him of sweet Cypridis;) he solely was not made
Chief leader of the Dardan powers; Antenor's valiant sons,
Archilochus and Acamas, were join'd companions.
Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred foot of Ide,—
That drank of black Æsepus' stream, and wealth made full of pride,—

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[a] *Sway*—"advance confusedly." Both the poet and his translator represent the discipline of the Trojans as inferior to that of the Greeks.

[b] *Immortals name*, &c.—When two names are given for a place, Homer ascribes the more ancient to the language of the gods.

[c] *Guides*—"leaders." Dryden calls Sweden, on the death of its sovereign, "a guideless kingdom."

[d] *Stood*—"consisted."

The Aphnii, Lycaon's son, whom Phœbus gave his bow,
Prince Pandarus, did lead to field.
Who Adrestinus owe,[a]
Apesus' city, Pitæi, and mount Tereiës,
Adrestus and stout Amphius led; who did their sire displease,
(Merops Percosius,) that excell'd all Troy in heavenly skill
Of future searching prophecy: for much against his will,
His sons were agents in those arms: whom since they disobey'd,
The fates, in letting slip their threads, their hasty valours stay'd.
Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisba, did abide,
Who Sestus and Abydus bred, Hyrtacides did guide:
Prince Asius Hyrtacides; that through great Selees' force,
Brought from Arisba to that fight the great and fiery horse.
Pyleus, and Hypothous, the stout Pelasgians led,
Of them Larissa's fruitful soil before had nourished:
These were Pelasgian Pithus' sons, son of Teutamidas.
The Thracian guides were Pyrous, and valiant Acamas,
Of all that the impetuous flood of Hellespont enclos'd.
Euphemus, the Ciconian troops, in his command, dispos'd:
Who from Trezenius Ceades right nobly did descend.
Pyrechmes did the Peons rule that crooked bows do bend:
From Axius out of Amidon, he had them in command;
From Axius, whose most beauteous stream still overflows the land.
Pylemen with the well arm'd heart[b] the Paphlagonians led,
From Enes, where the race of mules fit for the plough is bred;
The men that broad Cytorus' bounds, and Sesamus enfold,
About Parthenius' lofty flood, (in houses much extoll'd,)
From Cromna and Ægialus, the men that arms did bear,
And Eurithymus situate high, Pylemen's soldiers were.
Epistrophus and Dius did the Halizonians guide,
Far-fetch'd from Alybe; where first the silver mines were tried.
Chronius, and Augur Eunomus, the Mysians did command;
Who could not with his auguries the strength of death withstand:
But suffer'd it beneath the stroke of great Æacides,
In Xanthus: where he made more souls dive to the Stygian seas.
Phorcys, and fair Ascanius, the Phrygians brought to war;
Well train'd for battle, and were come out of Ascania far.

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[a] *Owe*—"own."

[b] *Well arm'd heart.*—Chapman has carefully preserved the distinctive epithets by which Homer identifies his heroes: they are for the most part omitted by Pope.

With Methles, and with Antiphus (Pylemen's sons) did fight
The men of Mezon, whom the fen Gygæa brought to light;
And those Mæonians that beneath the mountain Tmolus sprung.
The rude unletter'd Caribæ, that barbarous were of tongue,
Did under Naustes' colours march, and young Amphimachus;
(Nomyon's famous sons;) to whom—the mountain Phthirorus,
That with the famous wood is crown'd, (Miletus,) Micales
That hath so many lofty marks for men that love the seas,
The crooked arms Meander bow'd with his so snaky flood,—
Resign'd for conduct the choice youth of all their martial brood.
The fool Amphimachus, to field, brought gold to be his wrack,[a]
Proud-girl-like that doth ever bear her dower upon her back,
Which wise Achilles mark'd, slew him, and took his gold, in strife
At Xanthus' flood; so little Death did fear his golden life.
Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus unreprov'd,[b]
From Lycia, and the gulfy flood of Xanthus far remov'd.

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[a] *Wrack*—"ruin."

[b] *Unreprov'd*—"irreproachable." Chapman frequently uses the past participle for the habitual adjective, in imitation of the Greek idiom.

COMMENTARY ON BOOK II.

Ἥντε ἔθνεα, &c. *Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium*, &c. In this simile, Virgil (using the like in imitation) is preferred to Homer; with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different— Homer intending to express the infinite multitude of soldiers every where dispersing; Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgil's simile is this:—

"Qualis apes æstate nova, per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant; et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut agmine facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent:
Fervent opus; redolent thymo fragrantia mella."
ÆNEID I.

Now compare this with Homer's, but in my translation; and judge if to both their ends, there be any such betterness in Virgil's: but that the reverence of the scholar, due to the master, (even in these his maligners,) might well have contained their lame censures of the poetical fury from these unmannerly and hateful comparisons. Especially, since Virgil hath nothing of his own, but only elocution, his invention, matter and form, being all Homer's: which laid by a man, that which he addeth is only the work of a woman, to netify and polish. Nor do I, alas, but the foremost rank of the most ancient and best learned that ever were, come to the field for Homer, hiding all other poets under his ensign: hate not me then, but them; to whom, before my book I refer you. But much the rather I insist on the former simile; for the word ἴλαδον, *catervatim*, or *confertim*, which is noted by Spondanus to contain all the ἀπόδοσις, reddition, or application of the comparison; and is nothing so. For though it be all the reddition Homer expresseth, yet he intends two special parts in the application more, which he leaves to his judicial reader's understanding, as he doth in all his other similes: since a man may pervially (or as he passeth) discern all that is to be understood. And here, besides their throngs of soldiers, expressed in the swarms of bees, he intimates the infinite number in those throngs or companies, issuing from fleet so cease-

lessly, that there appeared almost no end of their issue: and thirdly, the every where dispersing themselves. But Spondanus would excuse Homer for expressing no more of his application, with affirming it impossible; that the thing compared, and the comparison, should answer in all parts; and therefore alleges the vulgar understanding of a simile, which is as gross as it is vulgar; that a similitude must *uno pede semper claudicare.* His reason for it is as absurd as the rest: which is this: *si ea inter se omnino responderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem;* as though the general application of the compared and the comparison would make them any thing near the same, or all one; more than the swarms of bees and the throng of soldiers are all one or the same; for answering most aptly. But that a simile must needs halt of one foot still, showeth how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of poesy. For who at first sight will not conceive it absurd to make a simile, which serves to the illustration and ornament of a poem, lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable similes, being expressed in his place, will abundantly prove the stupidity of this tradition: and how injuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him, in his strait and deep places, when in his open and fair passages they halt and hang back so.

Τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς, &c., *hunc quidem clarum* (or *illustrem*) *fecit Deus*, as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word ἀρίζηλος; beginning here, and continuing wheresoever it is found in these Iliads. It is by the transition of ζ into δ in derivation, according to the Doric: for which cause our interpreters will needs have Homer intend ἀριδηλος, which is *clarus* or *illustris*, when he himself saith, ἀριζηλος; which is a compound of ἀρι, which is *valde*, and ζηλος, and signifies *quem valde æmulamur*, or *valde æmulandus*, according to Scapula. But because ζηλος is most authentically expounded, *impetus mentis ad cultum divinum*, that exposition I follow in this place, and expound τον μεν ἀριζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς, *hunc quidem magnum impulsum ad cultum divinum fecit Deus;* because he turned so suddenly and miraculously the dragon to a stone. To make it ἀριδηλον, and say *clarum* or *illustrem fecit Deus qui ostendit*, or *ostenderat*, (which follows in the verse,) and saith thus much in our tongue: God that showed this, made it clear; is very little more, than God that showed this, showed it. One way it observes the word, (betwixt which, and the other, you see what great difference,) and is fair, full, grave; the other alters the original, and is ugly, empty, idle.

Αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος, &c. *Spontaneus autem ei venit, voce bonus* Menelaus; and some say *bello strenuus* Menelaus: which is far estranged from the mind of our Homer, βοη signifying *vociferatio*, or *clamor*, though some will have it *pugna, ex consequenti;* because fights are often made with clamour. But *in bello strenuus* (unless it be ironically

taken) is here strained beyond sufferance, and is to be expounded *vociferatione bonus* Menelaus: which agreeth with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of utterance or voice, which is μαλὰ λιγέως, *valde stridulè*, or *arguto cum stridore;* λιγέως being commonly and most properly taken in the worse part, and signifieth shrilly, or noisefully, squeaking: howsoever in the vulgar conversion it is in that place most grossly abused. To the consideration whereof, being of much importance, I refer you in his place. And in the mean time show you, that in this first and next verse, Homer (speaking scoptically) breaks open the fountain of his ridiculous humour following: never by any interpreter understood, or touched at, being yet the most ingenious conceited person that any man can show in any heroical poem, or in any comic poet. And that you may something perceive him before you read to him in his several places, I will, as I can in haste, give you him here together as Homer at all parts presents him; viz. simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small, and shrill voice; (not sweet, or eloquent, as some most against the hair would have him;) short spoken after his country the Laconical manner: yet speaking thick and fast, industrious in the field, and willing to be employed. And (being *mollis bellator* himself) set still to call to every hard service, the hardiest. Even by the wit of Ajax played upon, about whom he would still be diligent: and what he wanted of the martial fury and faculty himself, that he would be bold to supply out of Ajax: Ajax and he, to any for blows: Antilochus and he for wit: (Antilochus old Nestor's son, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellently formed person.)

Sometimes valiant, or daring, (as what coward is not?) sometimes falling upon sentence and good matter in his speeches (as what meanest capacity doth not?) Nor useth our most inimitable imitator of nature, this cross and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and avoid too broad a taxation of so eminent a person, than to follow the true life of nature, being often, or always, expressed so disparent in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poor critics have stood upon, to make fools always foolish, cowards at all times cowardly, &c., is far from the variant order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions must needs contain the like opposition.

But now to the first; αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε, &c., *spontaneus autem ei venit*, &c., about which, a passing great piece of work is picked out by our greatest philosophers, touching the unhidden coming of Menelaus to supper or council, which some commend, others condemn in him: but the reason why he staid not the invitement, rendered immediately by Homer, none of them will understand, viz. Ἤδεε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν, &c., *sciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat:* of which verse his interpreters cry out for the expunction, only because it was never entered in

their apprehension; which more then admire (for the easiness of it) so freely offering itself to their entertainment; and yet using the hoof of Pegasus, only with a touch breaking open (as above said) the fountain of his humour. For thus I expound it, (laying all again together, to make it plain enough for you:) Agamemnon, inviting all the chief commanders to supper, left out his brother; but he, seeing how much his brother was troubled about the dream, and busied, would not stand upon invitement, but came of himself. And this being spoken *scopticè*, or by way of irrision, argueth what manner of man he made of him. *Ineptus enim* (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, 1. Symp. and second question) *fuit* Menelaus, *et locum dedit proverbio qui ad consilium dandum accessisset, non vocatus.* And to this place he had reference, because a council of war was to be held at this supper. And here, I say, Homer opened the vein of his simplicity, not so much in his going unbidden to supper, and council, as in the reason for it ironically rendered, that he knew his brother was busy, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very sense of our poet is not safe, our interpreters would have rased.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



"Like her, love's Empress came,
Pull'd Helen by the heaveuly veil."

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, betwixt the hosts, to single fight,
Of all the Greeks, dares the most hardy knight:
King Menelaus doth accept his brave,[a]
Conditioning that he again should have
Fair Helena, with all she brought to Troy,
If he subdu'd; else Paris should enjoy
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conquest doth grant
Her dear wreath to the Grecian combatant:
But Venus, to her champion's life, doth yield
Safe rescue, and conveys him from the field

a *Brave*—"braggart challenge;" thus Marlow:—

"Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves?"

Into his chamber, and for Helen sends;
Whom much her lover's foul disgrace offends.
Yet Venus still for him makes good her charms,
And ends the second combat in his arms.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Gamma the single fight doth sing
'Twixt Paris and the Spartan king.

When every least commander's will, best soldiers had obey'd,
And both the hosts were rang'd for fight, the Trojans would have fray'd[a]
The Greeks with noises; crying out, in coming rudely on
At all parts, like the cranes that fill with harsh confusion
Of brutish clangour all the air; and in ridiculous war,
(Eschewing the unsuffer'd[b] storms shot from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the pigmy soldiers' death.
The Greeks charg'd silent, and like men, bestow'd their thrifty breath
In strength of far-resounding blows; still entertaining care
Of either's[c] rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare.
And as upon a hill's steep top, the south wind pours a cloud,
To shepherds thankless,[d] but by thieves that love the night, allow'd;[e]
A darkness letting down, that blinds a stone's cast off men's eyes:[f]
Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet (made all of dust) did rise.
But ere stern conflict mix'd both strengths, fair Paris stept before
The Trojan host: athwart his back a panther's hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and sword, and shook two brazen-headed darts,
With which well arm'd, his tongue provok'd the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd most
Of all the Greeks, so gloriously saw stalk before the host;
As when a lion is rejoic'd, (with hunger half forlorn,)[g]
That finds some sweet prey, (as a hart, whose grace lies in his horn,
Or sylvan goat,) which he devours, though never so pursu'd
With dogs and men; so Sparta's king exulted when he view'd

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[a] *Fray'd*—"frightened."
[b] *Unsuffer'd*—"insufferable."
[c] *Either's*—"each other's."
[d] *Thankless*—"disagreeable."
[e] *Allow'd*—"desired."
[f] *Off men's eyes*—literally, "a man can see no farther than he can throw a stone."
[g] *Forlorn*—"destitute."

The fair-faced Paris so expos'd to his so thirsted wreak;—[a]
(Whereof his good cause made him sure)—the Grecian front did break,
And forth he rush'd, at all parts arm'd; leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepar'd for charge. Which seen, cold terror shot
The heart of Paris, who retir'd as headlong from the king,
As in him he had shunn'd his death; and as a hilly spring
Presents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feet,
Her blue neck, swoln with poison, rais'd, and her sting out, to greet
His heedless entry; suddenly his walk he altereth,
Starts back amaz'd, is shook with fear, and looks as pale as death:
So Menelaus Paris scar'd; so that divine-fac'd foe
Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld by Hector, he let go
This bitter check[b] at him. Accurs'd! made but in beauty's scorn,
Impostor, woman's man! O heaven, that thou hadst ne'er been born!
Or, being so manless, never liv'd to bear man's noblest state,
The nuptial honour; which I wish, because it were a fate
Much better for thee than this shame; this spectacle doth make
A man a monster.[c] Hark! how loud the Greeks laugh, who did take
Thy fair form for a continent[d] of parts as fair; a rape
Thou mad'st of nature, like their queen. No soul; an empty shape
Takes up thy being: yet how spite to every shade of good
Fills it with ill: for as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood
Of others like thee, and far hence fetch'd ill enough to us;
Even to thy father: all these friends make those foes mock them thus,
In thee; for whose ridiculous sake, so seriously they lay
All Greece, and fate upon their necks. O wretch! not dare to stay[e]
Weak Menelaus! But 'twas well; for in him thou hadst tried
What strength lost beauty can infuse; and with the more grief died,
To feel thou robb'st a worthier man; to wrong a soldier's right.
Your harp's sweet touch, curl'd locks, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,

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[a] *Wreak*—"vengeance."

[b] *Check*—"reproach:" thus Bishop Hall says that his wife's treachery to Sampson "was worthy of a check, not a desertion."

[c] *Monster*—used here in its primitive sense, "a thing to be gazed at." Chaucer has employed the word similarly:—

> "For certes Nature had such lest
> To make that fair, that truly she
> Chief patron of beautie,
> And chief ensample of all her werke
> And monster."

[d] *Continent*—literally "that which contains," and hence "a possessor." In the translation of the Odyssey Chapman calls a ship "a continent of spirits."

[e] *To stay*—used in the active sense for "to stop."

Given thee by Venus, would have done your fine dames little good,
When blood and dust had ruffled them; and had as little stood
Thyself in stead; but what thy care of all these in thee flies,
We should inflict on thee ourselves; infectious cowardice
In thee hath terrified our host; for which thou well deserv'st
A coat of tombstone,[a] not of steel, in which for form thou serv'st.
To this thus Paris spake, (for form, that might inhabit heaven,)—
Hector, because thy sharp reproof is out of justice given,
I take it well: but though thy heart, inur'd to these affrights,
Cuts through them as an axe through oak; that more us'd more excites
The workman's faculty, whose art can make the edge go far;
Yet I, less practis'd than thyself in these extremes of war,
May well be pardon'd, though less bold: in these your worth exceeds,
In others, mine: nor is my mind of less force to the deeds
Requir'd in war, because my form more flows[b] in gifts of peace.
Reproach not therefore the kind gifts of golden Cyprides;
All heaven's gifts have their worthy price; as little to be scorn'd,
As to be won with strength, wealth, state; with which,[c] to be adorn'd,
Some men would change state, wealth, or strength. But if your martial heart
Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
Of shame[d] to give it over thus, cause all the rest—to rest;
And 'twixt both hosts, let Sparta's king and me perform our best
For Helen and the wealth she brought: and he that overcomes,
Or proves superior any way, in all your equal dooms,[e]
Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keep her, or take her home;
The rest strike[f] leagues of endless date, and hearty friends become:
You dwelling safe in gleby[g] Troy, the Greeks retire their force
T'Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and Argos, fairest horse.
He said, and his amendful[h] words did Hector highly please,
Who rush'd betwixt the fighting hosts, and made the Trojans cease,
By holding up in midst his lance: the Grecians noted not
The signal he for parley used, but at him fiercely shot,

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[a] *A coat of tombstone.*—"To put on a coat of stone" was a Greek phrase for being stoned, which was the ancient mode of punishing adultery.
[b] *More flows*—"is more naturally directed to."
[c] *Which*—viz., "gifts."
[d] *Such a part of shame*—"an action so worthy of shame."
[e] *Equal dooms*—"impartial judgments."
[f] *Strike*—alluding to the sacrifice by which leagues were confirmed.
[g] *Gleby*—"fertile;" from *glebe*, arable ground.
[h] *Amendful*—"atoning."

Hurl'd stones, and still were levelling darts. At last the king of men,
Great Agamemnon, cried aloud: Argives! for shame, contain;
Youths of Achaia, shoot no more: the fair-helm'd Hector shows
As he desir'd to treat with us. This said, all ceas'd from blows,
And Hector spake to both the hosts: Trojans, and hardy Greeks;
Hear now what he that stirr'd these wars for their cessation seeks;
He bids us all, and you, disarm, that he alone may fight
With Menelaus, for us all; for Helen and her right,
With all the dow'r she brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,
Or is in all the art of arms superior any way;
The queen, and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy;
The rest strike truce, and let love seal firm leagues 'twixt Greece and Troy.
The Greek host wonder'd at this brave;[a] silence flew everywhere;
At last spake Sparta's warlike king: Now also give me ear,
Whom grief gives most cause of reply; I now have hope to free
The Greeks and Trojans of all ills they have sustain'd for me
And Alexander,[b] that was cause I stretch'd my spleen so far:
Of both then, which is nearest fate, let his death end the war;
The rest immediately retire, and greet all homes in peace.
Go then (to bless your champion, and give his powers success)
Fetch for the earth, and for the sun, (the gods on whom ye call,)
Two lambs, a black one and a white; a female and a male;
And we, another for ourselves will fetch, and kill to Jove:
To sign which rites bring Priam's force,[c] because we well approve
His son's perfidious, envious, (and out of practis'd bane[d]
To faith, when she believes in them,) Jove's high truce may profane;
All young men's hearts are still unstaid;[e] but in those well-weigh'd deeds,
An old man will consent to pass things past, and what succeeds
He looks into; that he may know how best to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact;—and will the worst obey.[f]
This granted, a delightful hope both Greeks and Trojans fed
Of long'd-for rest, from those long toils, their tedious war had bred.

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[a] *Brave*—see p. 79.

[b] *Alexander*—another name for Paris.

[c] *Priam's force*—a Greek idiom for Priam himself.

[d] *Bane*—"destruction."

[e] *Unstaid*—"unsteady."

[f] *Will the worst obey.*—Homer says, "provide that the best should prevail for both;" Chapman's addition is, "that he will also submit to adverse fortune." This is inconsistent with heroic usage, for the ancients believed it ominous to make any reference to reverses.

Their horses then in rank they set, drawn from their chariots round;
Descend themselves, took off their arms, and plac'd them on the ground,
Near one another; for the space 'twixt both the hosts was small.
Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they from thence might call
King Priam; and to bring the lambs, to rate[a] the truce they swore.
But Agamemnon to the fleet Talthibius sent before,
To fetch their lamb, who nothing slackt[b] the royal charge was given.
Iris, the rainbow, then came down, ambassadress from heaven,
To white-arm'd Helen: she assum'd at every part the grace
Of Helen's last love's sister's shape, who had the highest place
In Helen's love; and had to name, Laodice, most fair
Of all the daughters Priam had; and made the nuptial pair,
With Helicaon, royal sprout of old Antenor's seed.
She found queen Helena at home, at work about a weed,[c]
Wov'n for herself: it shin'd like fire, was rich, and full—of size;
The work of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise
The many labours warlike Troy and brass-arm'd Greece endur'd
For her fair sake, by cruel Mars and his stern friends procur'd.
Iris came in in joyful haste, and said, O come with me,
Lov'd nymph, and an admired sight of Greeks and Trojans see,
Who first on one another brought a war so full of tears:
Even thirsty of contentious war—now every man forbears,
And friendly by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;
Their long and shining lances pitch'd fast by them in the field.
Paris, and Sparta's king, alone must take up all the strife;
And he that conquers only call fair Helena his wife.
Thus spake the thousand-colour'd dame; and to her mind commends
The joy to see her first espous'd, her native tow'rs and friends,
Which stirr'd a sweet desire in her, to serve the which she hied:
Shadow'd her graces with white veils, and (though she took a pride
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see in her clear beauty's flood,
What choice of glory swam to her), yet tender womanhood
Season'd with tears her joys—to see, more joys the more offence;
And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellence.[d]

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[a] *Rate*—"ratify."

[b] *Nothing slackt*—"did not delay in executing."

[c] *A weed.*—See Book II., p. 51.

[d] *Earthly excellence.*—There is no authority for the four preceding lines in the original. It is one of the few additions to Homeric simplicity made by Chapman in his first version which he had not afterwards the fortitude to omit.

Thus went she forth, and took with her her women most of name,
Æthra, (Pitthæus' lovely birth,) and Clymene, whom fame
Hath for her fair eyes memoris'd. They reach'd the Scæan tow'rs,
Where Priam sat to see the fight, with all his counsellors;
Panthous, Lampus, Clitius, and stout Hycetaon,
Thimætes, wise Antenor, and profound Ucalegon:
All grave old men; and soldiers they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And as in well grown woods, on trees, cold spiny [a] grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pierce our ears
For softness, and their weak faint sounds; so talking on the tow'r,
These seniors of the people sat: who when they saw the pow'r
Of beauty, in the queen ascend, even those cold-spirited peers,
Those wise, and almost wither'd men, found this heat in their years,
That they were forc'd (though whispering) to say: What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admir'd a dame,
So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine
Looks like the goddesses: and yet, (though never so divine,)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prize,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labour and ruin, let her go: the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty. Thus, though these could bear so fit a hand
On their affections; yet when all their gravest powers were us'd,
They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they accus'd
The gods than beauty; for thus spake the most fam'd king of Troy:
Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy joy
Of thy first husband's sight, old friends and princes near allied;
And name me some of these brave Greeks, so manly beautified.
Come: do not think I lay the wars endur'd by us on thee;—
The gods have sent them, and the tears in which they swam to me.
Sit then, and name this goodly Greek, so tall, and broadly spread,
Who than the rest, that stand by him, is higher by the head;
The bravest man I ever saw, and most majestical:
His only presence [b] makes me think him king amongst them all.
The fairest of her sex replied: Most reverend father-in-law,
Most lov'd, most fear'd; would some ill death had seiz'd me, when I saw

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[a] *Spiny.*—This epithet (which is added by Chapman) forcibly describes the projecting limbs and shrivelled appearance of the grasshopper.

[b] *Only presence*—"mere appearance."

The first mean,[a] why I wrong'd you thus; that I had never lost
The sight of these my ancient friends; of him that lov'd me most,
Of my sole daughter, brothers both; with all those kindly mates,
Of one soil, one age borne with me, though under different fates:
But these boons envious stars deny; the memory of these
In sorrow pines[b] those beauties now, that then did too much please;
Nor satisfy they your demand, to which I thus reply:
That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great in empery;
A king, whom double royalty doth crown, being great and good;
And one that was my brother-in-law, when I contain'd my blood,[c]
And was more worthy; if at all I might be said to be,
My being being lost so soon, in all that honour'd me?
The good old king admir'd, and said: O Atreus' blessed son!
Born unto joyful destinies, that hast the empire won
Of such a world of Grecian youths as I discover here.
I once march'd into Phrygia, that many vines doth bear,
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skill'd in use of horse,
That of the two men, like two gods, were the commanded force;—
Otrœus, and great Migdonus;—who on Sangarius' sands
Set down their tents, with whom myself, for my assistant bands,
Was number'd as a man in chief; the cause of war was then
Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts[d] affected to be men.
In all, there was a mighty pow'r; which yet did never rise
To equal these Achaian youths, that have the sable eyes.
Then (seeing Ulysses next) he said: Lov'd daughter, what is he,
That lower than great Atreus' son, seems by the head to me?
Yet in his shoulders and big breast, presents a broader show;
His armour lies upon the earth; he up and down doth go,
To see his soldiers keep their ranks, and ready have their arms,
If, in this truce, they should be tried by any false alarms:
Much like a well-grown bell-wether[e] or feltred[f] ram, he shows,
That walks before a wealthy flock of fair white-fleeced ewes.

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[a] *Mean*—"means," or cause, viz., Paris.
[b] *Pines*—used actively for "causes to pine or fade."
[c] *Contain'd my blood*—"restrained my passions."
[d] *Facts*—"deeds."
[e] *Bell-wether*—the *belled wether* that guides the flock.
[f] *Feltred*—"covered with thick wool." Fairfax applies the word to matted hair:—
"His feltred locks, that on his bosom fell
On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble."

High Jove and Leda's fairest seed to Priam thus replies:
This is the old Laertes' son, Ulysses, call'd the wise;
Who, though unfruitful Ithaca was made his nursing seat,
Yet knows he every sort of sleight;[a] and is in counsels great.
The wise Antenor answer'd her: 'Tis true, renowned dame;
For some times past wise Ithacus to Troy a legate came,
With Menelaus, for your cause: to whom I gave receipt[b]
As guests; and welcom'd to my house, with all the love I might.
I learn'd the wisdoms of their souls, and humours of their blood:[c]
For when the Trojan council met, and these together stood,
By height of his broad shoulders had Atrides eminence;
Yet set,[d] Ulysses did exceed, and bred more reverence.
And when their counsels and their words they wove in one, the speech
Of Atreus' son was passing loud, small, fast, yet did not reach
To much;[e] being naturally born Laconical: nor would
His humour lie for anything, or was (like th' other) old,[f]
But when the prudent Ithacus did to his counsels rise,
He stood a little still, and fix'd upon the earth his eyes;
His sceptre moving neither way; but held it formally,[g]
Like one that vainly doth affect.[h] Of wrathful quality,
And frantic, (rashly judging him,) you would have said he was;
But when out of his ample breast he gave his great voice pass,[i]
And words that flew about our ears like drifts of winter's snow;
None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admir'd for show.
The third man, aged Priam mark'd, was Ajax Telamon:
Of whom he ask'd: What lord is that so large of limb and bone;
So rais'd in height, that to his breast I see there reacheth none?

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a *Sleight*—"wise device."
b *Receipt*—"a reception."
c *Blood*—"natural disposition."
d *Set*—"sitting."
e *Did not reach to much.*—Homer simply says, "he was not digressive."
f *His humour lie for anything, or was (like th' other) old.*—"His wit was not so universally applicable nor so matured as that of Ulysses." In this passage Chapman has failed to preserve the force of Homer's distinction between the two kinds of eloquence, the brief energy of a plain warrior and the persuasive oratory of a skilful statesman. In the original, each is represented as perfect in its kind; Chapman throws a censure on Menelaus.
g *Formally*—"fixedly."
h *Vainly doth affect*—"makes vain attempts to speak."
i *Pass*—"passage." The use of the verb instead of the verbal noun was common with writers of Chapman's age.

To him the goddess of her sex, the large veil'd Helen, said:
That first is Ajax Telamon, a bulwark in their aid.
On t'other side stands Idomen, in Crete of most command,
And round about us royal sides his Cretan captains stand.
Oft hath the warlike Spartan king, given hospitable due
To him within our Lacene[a] court, and all his retinue.
And now the other Achive dukes I generally discern;
All which I know, and all their names could make thee quickly learn.
Two princes of the people yet I nowhere can behold:
Castor, the skilful knight on horse, and Pollux, uncontroll'd,
For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred;[b]
My natural[c] brothers: either here they have not followed
From lovely Sparta, or—arriv'd—within the sea-born fleet:
In fear of infamy for me in broad field shame to meet.
Nor so, for holy Tellus' womb inclos'd those worthy men,
In Sparta their beloved soil. The voiceful heralds then
The firm agreement of the gods through all the city ring:
Two lambs, and spirit-refreshing wine, (the fruit of earth,) they bring,
Within a goat-skin bottle clos'd: Idæus also brought
A massy glittering bowl, and cups, that all of gold were wrought;
Which bearing to the king, they cried: Son of Laomedon,
Rise, for the well-rode peers of Troy, and brass-arm'd Greeks in one,
Send to thee to descend the field, that they firm vows may make;
For Paris, and the Spartan king, must fight for Helen's sake,
With long arm'd lances; and the man that proves victorious,
The woman, and the wealth she brought, shall follow to his house;
The rest knit friendship, and firm leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell;
In Argos and Achaia they, that do in dames excel.
He said, and Priam's aged joints with chilled fear did shake;
Yet instantly he bad his men his chariot ready make.
Which soon they did, and he ascends: he takes the reins, and guide
Antenor calls, who instantly mounts to his royal side;
And through the Scæan ports to field, the swift-foot horse they drive.
And when at them of Troy and Greece[d] the aged lords arrive,

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[a] *Lacene*—"Lacedæmonian."

[b] *Both at a burthen bred*—"twins." Chaucer also uses "burthen" in the sense of offspring:—
"His wife bare him a burthen, a ful strong,
Men might her routing heren a furlong."

[c] *Natural*—"sprung from the same father and mother."

[d] *At them of Troy and Greece*—"at the place where the Trojans and Greeks stood."

From horse, on Troy's well-feeding soil, 'twixt both the hosts they go.
When straight up rose the king of men, up rose Ulysses too;
The heralds in their richest coats repeat (as was the guise)
The true vows of the gods; (term'd theirs, since made before their eyes ;)[a]
Then in a cup of gold they mix the wine that each side brings;
And next pour water on the hands of both the kings of kings.
Which done, Atrides drew his knife, that evermore he put
Within the large sheath of his sword, with which away he cut
The wool from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in use
Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce) [b]
The heralds of both hosts did give the peers of both. And then
With hands and voice advanc'd to heav'n, thus pray'd the king of men:
O Jove, that Ida dost protect, and hast the titles won,
Most glorious, most invincible; and thou all-seeing Sun,
All-hearing, all-recomforting; floods; earth; and powers beneath;
That all the perjuries of men chastise even after death;
Be witnesses, and see perform'd the hearty vows we make;
If Alexander [c] shall the life of Menelaus take,
He shall-from henceforth Helena, with all her wealth, retain;
And we will to our household gods, hoist sail, and home again.
If by my honour'd brother's hand be Alexander slain,
The Trojans, then shall his forc'd [d] queen with all her wealth restore,
And pay convenient [e] fine to us, and ours for evermore.
If Priam and his sons deny to pay this, thus agreed,
When Alexander shall be slain; for that perfidious deed,
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearly they repay,
By death and ruin, the amends that falsehood keeps away.
This said, the throats of both the lambs cut with his royal knife,
He laid them panting on the earth, till (quite depriv'd of life)
The steel had robb'd them of their strength. Then golden cups they crown'd,
With wine out of a cistern drawn; which pour'd upon the ground,

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[a] The parenthesis is not in the original.
[b] Another explanatory addition.
[c] *Alexander*– "Paris."
[d] *Forc'd.*—Chapman alone of the translators preserves the Homeric delicacy of representing Helen as compelled by force to abandon her husband and children.
[e] *Convenient*—"suited to the offence." We find "convenient" and "convenable" frequently used in the sense of "suitable" by old writers: thus in the Golden Boke, "Regard what thinge is most convenable for my sonne."

They fell upon their humble knees to all the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hosts that might do sacrifice:
O Jupiter, most high, most great; and all the deathless powers;
Who first shall dare to violate the late sworn oaths of ours,
So let the bloods and brains of them, and all they shall produce,
Flow on the stain'd face of the earth, as now this sacred juice:
And let their wives with bastardise brand all their future race.—
Thus pray'd they: but with wish'd effects their pray'rs Jove did not grace.
When Priam said: Lords of both hosts, I can no longer stay
To see my lov'd son try his life; and so must take my way
To wind-exposed Ilion: Jove yet and heaven's high states
Know only, which of these must now pay tribute to the Fates.
Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts and reins his horse,
Antenor to him; and to Troy both take their speedy course.
Then Hector, Priam's martial son, stepp'd forth, and met[a] the ground,
With wise Ulysses, where the blows of combat must resound.
Which done, into a helm they put two lots, to let them know
Which of the combatants should first his brass-pil'd[b] javelin throw.
When all the people standing by, with hands held up to heaven,
Pray'd Jove, the conquest might not be by force or fortune given;
But that the man, who was in right the author of most wrong,
Might feel his justice, and no more these tedious wars prolong;
But sinking to the house of death, leave them, (as long before,)
Link'd fast in leagues of amity, that might dissolve no more.
Then Hector shook the helm that held the equal dooms of chance,
Look'd back, and drew;[c] and Paris first had lot to hurl his lance.
The soldiers all sat down enrank'd, each by his arms and horse,
That then lay down, and cool'd their hoofs. And now th' allotted course
Bids fair-hair'd Helen's husband arm: who first makes fast his greaves
With silver buckles to his legs; then on his breast receives
The cúrets[d] that Lycaon wore, (his brother,) but made fit
For his fair body; next his sword he took, and fasten'd it

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[a] *Met*—"measured;" from the old verb "to mete."
[b] *Brass pil'd*—"pointed with brass."
[c] *Look'd back, and drew*—to show that he was acting fairly.
[d] *Curets*—"cuirass." Chapman appears anxious to have kept near the sound of the Italian *corazzia*; in the seventh book he uses "curace."

(All damask'd)[a] underneath his arm; his shield then grave[b] and great
His shoulders wore; and on his head his glorious helm he set;
Topp'd with a plume of horse's hair, that horribly did dance,
And seem'd to threaten as he mov'd. At last he takes his lance,
Exceeding big, and full of weight, which he with ease could use.
In like sort, Sparta's warlike king, himself with arms indues.
Thus arm'd at either army both, they both stood bravely in,
Possessing both hosts with amaze: they came so chin to chin,
And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.
A fair large field was made for them: where wraths—for hugeness—mute,
And mutual, made them mutually at either shake their darts
Before they threw: then Paris first with his long javelin parts;
It smote Atrides' orby targe, but ran not through the brass:
For in it, (arming well, the shield,) the head reflected[c] was.
Then did the second combatant apply him to his spear:
Where ere he threw, he thus besought almighty Jupiter:
O Jove! vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemy,
For doing wrong so undeserv'd, may pay deservedly
The pains he forfeited;[d] and let these hands inflict those pains,
By conquering, ay, by conquering dead, him on whom life complains:
That any now, or any one of all the brood of men
To live hereafter, may with fear from all offence abstain:
Much more from all such foul offence to him that was his host,
And entertain'd him, as the man whom he affected most.
This said, he shook, and threw his lance; which struck through Paris' shield,
And with the strength he gave to it, it made the curets[e] yield;
His coat of mail, his breast, and all; and drove his entrails in,
In that low region, where the guts in three small parts begin:
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented sable death.
This taint[f] he follow'd with his sword, drawn from a silver sheath:

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[a] *Damask'd*—in the original "silver-studded." In our old writers the verb "to damask" is frequently used for "to variegate." Thus Drayton:—

"There daisies damask every place."

[b] *Grave*—"weighty."

[c] *Reflected*—"turned back," the original meaning, from the Latin *re-flectere*.

[d] *Forfeited*—"incurred as a penalty."

[e] *Curets*—see p. 90.

[f] *Taint*—or "attaint," was a term in chivalry for a light blow or touch given to an adversary in tilting. Thus in Berners' translation of Froissart we read that "the knights tainted each other on the helmets and passed by." In a tournament, a knight who failed of "the attaint," that is, whose spear quite missed his adversary in the course, was held to be defeated.

Which lifting high, he struck his helm, full where his plume did stand,
On which it piecemeal brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.
At which he sighing stood, and star'd upon the ample sky;
And said: O Jove, there is no god given more illiberally
To those that serve thee than thyself; why have I pray'd in vain?
I hop'd my hand should have reveng'd the wrongs I still sustain
On him that did them; and still dares their foul defence pursue;—
And now my lance hath miss'd his end; my sword in shivers flew;
And he 'scapes all. With this again he rush'd upon his guest,
And caught him by the horse-hair plume that dangled on his crest,
With thought to drag him to the Greeks, which he had surely done,
And so besides the victory had wondrous glory won;
Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helm was tied
Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty throat implied,[a]
Had strangled him; but that in time, the Cyprian seed of Jove
Did break the string, with which was lin'd that which the needle wove,
And was the tough thong of a steer; and so the victor's palm
Was (for so full a man at arms) only an empty helm:
That then he swung about his head, and cast among his friends,
Who scrambled, and took 't up with shouts. Again then he intends
To force the life-blood of his foe, and ran on him amain,
With shaken javelin; when the queen, that lovers loves, again
Attended; and now ravish'd him from that encounter quite,
With ease, and wondrous suddenly; for she, (a goddess,) might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him known,
Till in his chamber, fresh and sweet, she gently set him down,
And went for Helen, whom she found in Scæa's utmost height:
To which whole swarms of city dames had climb'd to see the sight.
To give her errand good success, she took on her the shape
Of beldame[b] Græa, who was brought by Helen in her rape,[c]
From Lacedæmon, and had trust in all her secrets still,
Being old; and had (of all her maids) the main bent of her will;
And spun for her her finest wool: like her, love's empress came,
Pull'd Helen by the heavenly veil, and softly said: Madáme,
My lord calls for you, you must needs make all your kind haste home;
He's in your chamber, stays, and longs; sits by your bed; pray come,

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[a] *Implied*—"folded;" from the Latin *implicare*.
[b] *Beldame*—used here in the sense of "goody," or "fine old lady."
[c] *Rape*—"forcible abduction."

'Tis richly made, and sweet; but he, more sweet; and looks so clear,
So fresh, and movingly attir'd, that (seeing) you would swear
He came not from the dusty fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing.[a] This she made a charm for dalliance,
Whose virtue Helen felt, and knew, by her so radiant eyes,
White neck, and most enticing breasts, the deified disguise.
At which amaz'd, she answer'd her: Unhappy deity,
Why lov'st thou still in these deceits to wrap my phantasy?[b]
Or whither yet, (of all the towns given to their lust beside,
In Phrygia, or Mæonia.) com'st thou to be my guide?—
If there (of divers languag'd men) thou hast, as here in Troy,
Some other friend, to be my shame? since here thy latest joy,
By Menelaus now subdu'd; by him shall I be borne
Home to his court, and end my life in triumphs of his scorn.
And to this end, would thy deceits my wanton life allure?
Hence,—go thyself to Priam's son, and all the ways abjure
Of gods, or godlike minded dames, nor ever turn again
Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven; but for his sake sustain
Toils here; guard, grace him endlessly, till he requite thy grace
By giving thee my place with him; or take his servant's place,
If all dishonourable ways, your favours seek to serve
His never-pleas'd incontinence: I better will deserve,
Than serve his dotage[c] now. What shame were it for me to feed
This lust in him; all honour'd dames would hate me for the deed:
He leaves a woman's love so sham'd, and shows so base a mind;
To feel nor my shame nor his own; griefs of a greater kind
Wound me, than such as can admit such kind delights so soon.
The goddess, angry that (past shame)[d] her mere will was not done,
Replied: Incense me not, you wretch, lest (once incens'd) I leave
Thy curs'd life to as strange a hate, as yet it may receive
A love from me; and lest I spread through both hosts such despite,
For those plagues they have felt for thee, that both abjure thee quite;
And setting thee in midst of both, turn all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead:[e] that such a death may wreak thy wrong of me.

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[a] *Would to dancing*—"was disposed for dancing."
[b] *Phantasy*—"imagination."
[c] *Dotage*—"doting love."
[d] *(Past shame)*—"shame being passed or laid aside."
[e] *Dart thee dead*—'strike thee dead with their darts." Chapman has made the threat, which Venus in the original merely insinuates, too precise and definite.

This struck the fair dame with such fear, it took her speech away;
And (shadow'd in her snowy veil) she durst not but obey;
And yet, to shun the shame she fear'd, she vanish'd undescried
Of all the Trojan ladies there; for Venus was her guide.
Arriv'd at home, her women both fell to their work in haste;
When she that was of all her sex the most divinely grac'd
Ascended to a higher room, though much against her will,
Where lovely Alexander was, being led by Venus still.
The laughter-loving dame discern'd her mov'd mind, by her grace;
And for her mirth sake set a stool full before Paris' face,
Where she would needs have Helen sit; who, though she durst not choose
But sit, yet look'd away for all the goddess' pow'r could use;
And used her tongue too, and to chide whom [a] Venus sooth'd so much;
And chid, too, in this bitter kind. And was thy cowardice such,
(So conquer'd) to be seen alive? O would to God! thy life
Had perish'd by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife.
Before this, thou wouldst glorify [b] thy valour and thy lance;
And past my first love's boast them far: Go once more, and advance
Thy braves [c] against his single power: this foil might fall by chance.
Poor conquer'd man; 'twas such a chance, as I would not advise
Thy valour should provoke again: shun him, thou most unwise,
Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body be his prize.
He answer'd: Pray thee, woman, cease to chide and grieve me thus:
Disgraces will not ever last; look on their end; on us
Will other gods, at other times, let fall the victor's wreath,
As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our love sink beneath
The hate of fortune? In love's fire let all hates vanish. Come,
Love never so inflam'd my heart;—no, not when bringing home
Thy beauty's so delicious prize, on Cranaë's blest shore
I long'd for, and enjoy'd thee first. With this he went before,
She after, to th' odorous bed. While these to pleasure yield,
Perplex'd Atrides, savage-like, ran up and down the field,
And every thickest troop of Troy, and of their far-call'd aid,
Search'd for his foe; who could not be by any eye betray'd;
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceal his sight;
All hated him so like their deaths, and ow'd him such despite.

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[a] *Whom*—"him whom."
[b] *Glorify*—"boast of."
[c] *Braves*—"bravadoes, vauntings."

At last thus spake the king of men: Hear me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans and the rest, whose pow'rs you in their aids employ;
The conquest on my brother's part, ye all discern is clear:
Do you then Argive Helena, with all her treasure here,
Restore to us, and pay the mulct[a] that by your vows is due,
Yield us an honour'd recompense: and all that should accrue
To our posterities, confirm; that when you render it,
Our acts may here be memoris'd.[b] This all Greeks else thought fit.

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[a] *Mulct*—"fine," the Latin *mulcta*.

[b] *Memoris'd*—"recorded for remembrance." Thus Spenser:—

— "They living cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or covetise,
Who might their names for ever memorise."



"Ascended to a higher room, though much against her will,
Where lovely Alexander was, being led by Venus still."

COMMENTARY ON BOOK III.

Ἶρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένῃ, &c. *Iris autem Helene*, &c. Elegantly and most aptly (saith Spondanus) is Helen called by Homer to the spectacle of this single fight, as being the chief person in cause of all the action. The chief end of whose coming yet, enviously and most vainly, Scaliger's Criticus taxeth; which was her relation to Priam of the persons he noted there: jesting (with his French wit) at this Greek father, and fount of all wit, for making Priam to seek now of their names and knowledges, when nine years together they had lain there before. A great piece of necessity to make him therefore know them before, when there was no such urgent occasion before, to bring Priam to note them? nor so calm a convenience in their ordered and quiet distinction? But let this criticism in this be weighed with his other faults found in our master: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or rain, which the most ignorant upland peasant could teach him out of his observations. For which yet his Criticus hath the project impudence to tax Homer. Most falsely repeating his words too: saying, *ubi ningit*, when he saith, τευχὼν ἠ πολὺν ὄμβρον, &c. *Parans*, or *struens, vel multum imbrem, immensamve grandinem, vel nivem:* preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the air, not in present act with them. From this, immediately and most rabidly he ranges to Ulysses' reprehension, for killing the wooers with his bow, in the Odyssey. Then to his late vomit again in the Iliads the very next word, and envieth Achilles' horse for speaking (because himself would have all the tongue) when, in sacred writ, Balaam's ass could have taught him the like hath been heard of. Yet now to the Odyssey again with a breath, and challengeth Ulysses' ship for suffering Neptune to turn it to a rock. Here is strange laying out for a master so curiously methodical. Not with what Graces, with what Muses, we may ask, he was inspired, but with what Harpies? what Furies? putting the *putidum mendacium* upon Homer. *Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis* (being terms fitter for a scold or a bawd than a man softened by learning) he belcheth against him whom all the world hath reverenced, and admired, as the fountain of all wit, wisdom, and learning. What touch is it to me, then, to bear spots of depravations, when my great master is thus muddily dawbed with it? But whoever saw true learning, wisdom, or wit vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vain-glorious, and braggartly spirit, when their chief act and end is, to abandon and abhor it? Language, reading, habit of speaking, or

writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant; but in this poesy, redundant I affirm him, and rammish. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erasmus (*in calce Epinomidos*) which are these (as I convert it):—Great was his name, but had been futurely greater, would himself have been less: where now, bold with the greatness of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much less exactness; and so his confidence, set on by the renown of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c.

Ὀπαλειριόεσσαν ἰεῖσι. *Vocem suavem emittunt*, saith the interpreter (intending the grasshoppers, to whom he compareth the old counsellors); but it is here to be expounded, *vocem teneram*, not *suavem* (λειριόεις in this place signifying *tener*), for grasshoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly, wherein the weak and tender voice of the old counsellors is to admiration expressed. The similé Spondanus highly commends as most apt and expressive; but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it; and that is, to make the old men resemble grasshoppers for their cold and bloodless spininess, Tython being for age turned to a grasshopper. But where they were grave and wise counsellors, to make them garrulous, as grasshoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so. These being, Εσθλοι ἀγορηται, *boni, et periti concionatores*; the word εσθλος signifying *frugi* also, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and so, far from intimating any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our poet, by Spondanus or any other, understood in this simile.

Ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγορευε, *succinctè concionabatur Menelaus*; he speaks succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters; which is utterly otherwise, in the voice ἐπιτροχάδην, signifying *velociter*, properly, *modo eorum qui currunt*; he spake fast or thick.

παύρα μὲν, &c. few words yet, he used, ἀλλὰ μαλὰ λίγεως, *sed valde acutè*, they expound it, when it is *valde stridulè*, shrilly, smally, or aloud; λίγεως (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worse part: and accordingly expounded, maketh even with his simple character at all parts, his utterance being noiseful, small, or squeaking: an excellent pipe for a fool. Nor is the voice or manner of utterance in a man the least key that discovereth his wisdom or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Ulysses in the second book: that he knew Pallas by her voice.

ἐπεῖ ὁ πολύμυθος, *quoniam non garrulus*, or *loquax*; being born naturally Laconical, which agreeth not the less with his fast or thick speaking: for a man may have that kind of utterance, and yet few words.

Οὐ δ' ἀφαμαρτοέπης: *neque in verbis peccans*, say the commentors, as though a fool were perfectly spoken: when the word here hath another sense, and our Homer a far other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: *neque mendax erat*, he would not lie by any means, for that affectedly he stands upon hereafter. But to make a fool *non peccans verbis*,

will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancy or absurdity in men of mere language.

You see, then, to how extreme a difference and contrariety the word and sense lie subject: and that without first finding the true figures of persons in this kind presented, it is imposible for the best linguist living to express an author truly, especially any Greek author, the language being so differently significant, which not judicially fitted with the exposition, that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley and confused man a translator may present! As now they do all, of Menelaus, who, wheresoever he is called ἀρηίφιλος, is there untruly translated *bellicosus;* but *cui Mars est charus*, because he might love the war, and yet be no good warrior, as many love many exercises at which they will never be good; and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar epithets, as a vain-glorious affectation in him, rather than a solid affection.

And here haste makes me give end to these new annotations, deferring the like in the next nine books for more breath and encouragement. Since time (that hath ever oppressed me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my author entered and emboldened me. Where so many rich discoveries importune my poor expression, that I fear rather to betray them to the world than express them to their price. But howsoever envy and prejudice stand squirting their poison through the eyes of my readers, this shall appear to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the original with authentical expositions (according to the proper signification of the word in this place, though I differ therein utterly from others:) I have rendered all things of importance with answerable life and height to my author, though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthily translate any worthy poet. And since the translation itself, and my notes, (being impartially conferred,) amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my pains, how idly and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus to the last twelve books (leaving other horrible errors in his other interpreters unmoved) with those free feet that entered me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



——————"Amongst whom minister'd
Bless'd Hebe, nectar."

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council, at the last decree
That famous Ilion shall expugned[a] be.
And that their own continued faults may prove
The reasons that have so incensed Jove,
Minerva seeks, with more offences done
Against the lately injur'd Atreus' son,
—A ground that clearest would make seen their sin—
To have the Lycian Pandarus begin.
He ('gainst the truce with sacred covenants bound)
Gives Menelaus a dishonour'd[b] wound.
Machaon heals him. Agamemnon then
To mortal war incenseth all his men:
The battles join; and in the heat of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless night.

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[a] *Expugned*—"captured;" from the Latin *expugnare*.
[b] *Dishonour'd*—"dishonourable to the person by whom it was inflicted."

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Delta is the Gods' assize;[a]
The truce is broke; wars freshly rise.

WITHIN the fair-pav'd court of Jove, he and the gods conferr'd
About the sad events of Troy: amongst whom minister'd
Bless'd Hebe, nectar. As they sat and did Troy's tow'rs behold,
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full-crown'd cups of gold.
The mirth at whose feast was begun by great Saturnides,[b]
In urging a begun dislike amongst the goddesses:
But chiefly in his solemn queen, whose spleen he was dispos'd
To tempt yet further, knowing well what anger it inclos'd,
And how wives' angers should be used. On which (thus pleas'd) he play'd:
Two goddesses there are that still give Menelaus aid:
And one that Paris loves. The two that sit from us so far,
(Which Argive Juno is, and she that rules in deeds of war,)
No doubt are pleas'd to see how well the late-seen fight did frame:
And yet upon the adverse part, the laughter-loving dame
Made her power good too for her friend. For though he were so near
The stroke of death in th' others' hopes, she took him from them clear:
The conquest yet is questionless the martial Spartan king's;
We must consult then what events shall crown these future things.
If wars and combats we shall still with even successes strike;
Or as impartial friendship plant on both parts. If ye like
The last, and that it will as well delight as merely please
Your happy deities, still let stand old Priam's town in peace;
And let the Lacedæmon king again his queen enjoy.
As Pallas and heaven's queen sat close, complotting ill to Troy,
With silent murmurs they receiv'd this ill-lik'd choice from Jove:
'Gainst whom was Pallas much incens'd, because the queen of love
Could not without his leave, relieve in that late point of death
The son of Priam, whom she loath'd; her wrath yet fought beneath
Her supreme wisdom, and was curb'd: but Juno needs must ease
Her great heart with her ready tongue, and said: What words are these
Austere, and too much Saturn's son? why wouldst thou render still
My labours idle? and the sweat of my industrious will,

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[a] *Assize*—"council." The word was anciently applied to deliberative as well as judicial assemblies; thus the legislative consultations of the Crusaders are called the Assizes of Jerusalem.

[b] *Saturnides*—"son of Saturn," *i. e.* Jove.

Dishonour with so little power? My chariot horse are tir'd
With posting to and fro for Greece; and bringing banes desir'd
To people-must'ring Priamus, and his perfidious sons:
Yet thou protect'st, and join'st with them whom each just deity shuns.
Go on, but ever go resolv'd[a] all other gods have vow'd
To cross thy partial course for Troy, in all that makes it proud.[b]
At this, the cloud-compelling Jove a far-fetch'd sigh let fly;
And said: Thou fury! what offence of such impiety
Hath Priam or his sons done thee? that with so high a hate,
Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to raze and ruinate
So well a builded town as Troy? I think, hadst thou the pow'r,
Thou wouldst the ports and far-stretch'd walls fly over, and devour
Old Priam and his issue quick,[c] and make all Troy thy feast;
And then at length I hope thy wrath and tired spleen would rest:
To which run on thy chariot,[d] that nought be found in me
Of just cause to our future jars. In this yet strengthen thee,
And fix it in thy memory fast; that if I entertain
As peremptory a desire to level with the plain
A city where thy loved live, stand not betwixt my ire
And what it aims at; but give way; when thou hast thy desire:
Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will:[e]
For not beneath the ample sun, and heaven's star-bearing hill,
There is a town of earthly men so honour'd in my mind
As sacred Troy, nor of earth's kings as Priam and his kind;[f]
Who never let my altars lack rich feast of off'rings slain,
And their sweet savours: for which grace I honour them again.
Dread Juno, with the cow's fair eyes,[g] replied: Three towns there are
Of great and eminent respect, both in my love and care:—
Mycenæ, with the broad highways; and Argos, rich in horse;
And Sparta; all which three destroy, when thou envy'st their force:

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[a] *Resolv'd*—"thoroughly informed." Thus in Shakspere's Richard III.:—
"I will resolve your grace immediately."

[b] *Proud*—"self-confident."

[c] *Quick*—"alive." Thus in the Apostles' creed, "the quick and the dead."

[d] *Run on thy chariot*—"hasten." The metaphor is not in the original.

[e] *Willingly, although against my will*—willing to gratify Juno generally, though the particular instance was against his will. Chapman's version is literal.

[f] *Kind*—"family." Robert of Gloucester has:—
"He was of this kinge's kinde, that of this lond was."

[g] *With the cow's fair eyes.* Most of the commentators on Homer agree that this epithet should be translated "having large eyes," which was looked upon as a peculiar beauty among the ancients. The words signifying "horse and ox" are not unfrequently used as intensitives in Greek compounds, having reference merely to the size, not the form, of the animal. The name of the elephant is similarly used in several oriental languages.

I will not aid them, nor malign thy free and sovereign will;
For if I should be envious, and set against their ill,
I know my envy were in vain, since thou art mightier far:
But we must give each other leave, and wink at either's war.
I likewise must have power to crown my works with wished end:
Because I am a deity, and did from thence descend,
Whence thou thyself; and th' elder born: wise Saturn was our sire,
And thus there is a two-fold cause that pleads for my desire,
Being sister, and am call'd thy wife: and more, since thy command
Rules all gods else, I claim therein a like superior hand.
All wrath before then now remit, and mutually combine
In either's empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine.
So will the other gods agree: and we shall all be strong.
And first, (for this late plot,) with speed let Pallas go among
The Trojans; and some one of them entice to break the truce,
By offering in some treacherous wound—the honour'd Greeks—abuse.
The father both of men and gods agreed; and Pallas sent
With these wing'd words to both the hosts: Make all haste, and invent
Some mean by which the men of Troy, against the truce agreed,
May stir the glorious Greeks to arms, with some inglorious deed.
Thus charg'd he her with haste, that did before in haste abound;
Who cast herself from all the heights with which steep heaven is crown'd:
And as Jove brandishing a star, (which man a comet[a] calls,)
Hurls out his curled hair abroad, that from his brand[b] exhals
A thousand sparks; to fleets at sea, and every mighty host,
Of all presages and ill-haps a sign mistrusted most:
So Pallas fell 'twixt both the camps, and suddenly was lost;
When through the breasts of all that saw she struck a strong amaze,
With viewing in her whole descent her bright and ominous blaze.
When straight one to another turn'd, and said: Now thund'ring Jove
(Great arbiter of peace and arms) will either 'stablish love[c]
Amongst our nations, or renew such war as never was.
Thus either army did presage, when Pallas made her pass
Amongst the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace
Of brave Laodocus, the flow'r of old Antenor's race,

---

[a] *A comet.* Chapman is here mistaken; Homer's description is only applicable to a meteor or shooting star.

[b] *Brand*—"burning."

[c] *Either 'stablish love—or renew war.* Some commentators have ridiculed this alternative as a mere truism; but the meaning is that now there would be something certain which would definitely determine peace or war.

And sought for Lycian Pandarus: a man that being bred
Out of a faithless family,[a] she thought was fit to shed
The blood of any innocent, and break the covenant sworn.
He was Lycaon's son, whom Jove into a wolf did turn[b]
For sacrificing of a child, and yet in arms renown'd,
As one that was inculpable:[c] him Pallas standing found,
And round about him his strong troops that bore the shady shields:
He brought them from Æsepus flood, let through the Lycian fields.
Whom standing near, she whisper'd thus: Lycaon's warlike son,
Shall I despair at thy kind hands to have a favour done?
Nor dar'st thou let an arrow fly upon the Spartan king?
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing,
That every man would give his gift; but Alexander's hand
Would load thee with them, if he could discover from his stand
His foe's pride struck down with thy shaft, and he himself ascend
The flaming heap of funeral: Come, shoot him, princely friend.
But first invoke the god of light, that in thy land was born,
And is in archers' art the best that ever sheaf[d] hath worn;
To whom a hundred first-ew'd lambs vow thou in holy fire,
When safe to sacred Zelia's tow'rs, thy zealous steps retire.
With this, the mad-gift-greedy man, Minerva did persuade:
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most admirably made
Of th' antler of a jumping goat, bred in a steep up-land;
Which archer-like, (as long before, he took his hidden stand,
The evick[e] skipping from a rock,) into the breast he smote,
And headlong fell'd[f] him from his cliff. The forehead of the goat
Held out a wondrous goodly palm,[g] that sixteen branches brought:
Of all which, (join'd,) an useful bow a skilful bowyer wrought;
(Which pick'd[h] and polish'd,) both the ends he hid with horns of gold.
And this bow, bent, he close laid down, and bad his soldiers hold

[a] *Bred out of a faithless family.* This is a gloss of the commentators which Chapman has introduced into the text.

[b] *Whom Jove into a wolf did turn.* This metamorphosis is not mentioned by Homer, but is taken from the commentators.

[c] *Inculpable*—"never exposed to censure."

[d] *Sheaf*—"quiver," or "bundle of arrows." Piers Ploughman has:—
"half a schef of arwes."

[e] *Evick.* This word, we believe, is not to be found in any other writer: it probably means "the evicted;" that is "the doomed one," and thus it conveys the certainty of the aim of Pandarus which is intimated in the original.

[f] *Fell'd*—"caused to fall:" the word is frequently used in the same sense now; thus we speak of "felling" trees.

[g] *Palm*—"an antler like a palm-branch."

[h] *Picked*—"piked:" that is, wrought into a taper form. The phrase "to pike a staff" is still used in the neighbourhood of the New Forest.

Their shields before him; lest the Greeks, discerning him, should rise
In tumults ere the Spartan king could be his arrow's prize.
Mean space, with all his care he choos'd, and from his quiver drew,
An arrow; feather'd best for flight, and yet that never flew;[a]
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then took he up his bow,
And nock'd[b] his shaft, the ground whence all their future grief did grow.
When praying to his god the sun, that was in Lycia bred,
And king of archers, promising that he the blood would shed
Of full an hundred first fallen lambs, all offer'd to his name,
When to Zelia's sacred walls, from rescu'd Troy he came;—
He took his arrow by the nock,[c] and to his bended breast
The oxy sinew close he drew, even till the pile[d] did rest
Upon the bosom of the bow; and as that savage prise,[e]
His strength constrain'd into an orb—as if the wind did rise—
The coming of it made a noise, the sinew forged string
Did give a mighty twang; and forth the eager shaft did sing
(Affecting speediness of flight) amongst the Achive throng.
Nor were the blessed heavenly powr's unmindful of thy wrong,
O Menelaus; but in chief Jove's seed, the Pillager,[f]
Stood close before, and slack'd the force the arrow did confer,
With as much care and little hurt, as doth a mother use,
And keep off from her babe, when sleep doth through his pow'rs diffuse
His golden humour; and th' assaults of rude and busy flies,
She still checks with her careful hand: for so the shaft she plies,
That on the buttons made of gold which made his girdle fast,
And where his curets[g] double were, the fall of it she plac'd.
And thus much proof she put it to: the buckle made of gold:
The belt it fast'ned, bravely wrought; his curets' double fold;
And last, the charmed plate he wore which help'd him more than all:
And 'gainst all darts and shafts, bestow'd, was to his life a wall.

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[a] *That never flew*—"which never had been shot before." Chapman has faithfully preserved all the minute circumstances by which Homer brings before us the picture of this important event, which, unlike the flight of a common arrow, decided the destiny of nations. We have the history of the bow, the bending of it, the covering Pandarus with shields, the prayer and posture of the shooter, a notice of the arrow, the sound of the string, and the flight of the shaft.

[b] *Nock'd*—"fitted the nick of the arrow to the string."

[c] *The nock*—"that part of the arrow which was *nicked* or nocked to fit it to the string" Ascham, in his Toxophilus, says, "the nocke of the shaft is diversely made, for some be great and full, some handsome and little"

[d] *The pile*—"the barb of the arrow."

[e] *Savage prise*—"fierce grasp," from the French *pris*.

[f] *Pillager*—"the [illegible]"

[g] *Curets*—see pa[illegible]

So (through all these) the upper skin, the head did only race;[a]
Yet forth the blood flow'd, which did much his royal person grace;
And show'd upon his ivory skin, as doth a purple die
Laid (by a dame of Caria, or lovely Mæony)
On ivory: wrought in ornaments to deck the cheeks of horse;
Which in her marriage room must lie: whose beauties have such force,
That they are wish'd of many knights; but are such precious things,
That they are kept for horse that draw the chariots of kings:
Which horse, so deck'd, the charioteer esteems a grace to him:
Like these—in grace—the blood upon thy solid thighs did swim,
O Menelaus, down thy calves and ankles to the ground:
For nothing decks a soldier so, as doth an honour'd wound.[b]
Yet fearing he had far'd much worse, the hair stood up on end
On Agamemnon, when he saw so much black blood descend.
And stiff'ned[c] with the like dismay, was Menelaus too:
But seeing th' arrow's stale[d] without, and that the head did go
No further than it might be seen, he call'd his spirits again:
Which Agamemnon marking not, but thinking he was slain,
He grip'd his brother by the hand, and sigh'd as he would break:
Which sigh the whole host took from him, who thus at last did speak:
O dearest brother, is't for this—that thy death must be wrought—
Wrought I this truce? For this hast thou the single combat fought
For all the army of the Greeks? For this hath Ilion sworn,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worn
The right we challeng'd out of force; this cannot render vain
Our stricken right hands; sacred wine; nor all our off'rings slain:
For though Olympius be not quick in making good our ill,
He will be sure as he is slow; and sharplier prove his will.
Their own hands shall be ministers of those plagues they despise:
Which shall their wives and children reach, and all their progenies.
For both in mind and soul I know that there shall come a day
When Ilion—Priam—all his pow'r shall quite be worn away:
When heaven-inhabiting Jove shall shake his fiery shield at all,
For this one mischief. This I know, the world cannot recall.
But be all this, all my grief still for thee will be the same,
Dear brother, if thy life must here put out his royal flame:

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[a] *Race*—"raze, slightly scratch."
[b] There is no authority for this line in the original.
[c] *Stiff'ned*—"grew stiff."
[d] *Stale*—"exposed part." From the old French *estaler*.

I shall to sandy Argos turn with infamy my face;
And all the Greeks will call for home: old Priam and his race
Will flame in glory; Helena untouch'd be still their prey;
And thy bones in our enemies' earth our cursed fates shall lay;
Thy sepulchre be trodden down, the pride of Troy desire:—
(Insulting on it:) Thus, O thus, let Agamemnon's ire
In all his acts be expiate, as now he carries home
His idle army, empty ships, and leaves here overcome
Good Menelaus. When this brave[a] breaks in their hated breath,
Then let the broad earth swallow me, and take me quick to death.
Nor shall this ever chance, said he, and therefore be of cheer;
Lest all the army, led by you, your passions put in fear:
The arrow fell in no such place as death could enter at;
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my most trusted plate,
Objected[b] all 'twixt me and death; the shaft scarce piercing one.
Good brother, said the king, I wish it were no further gone;
For then our best in medicines skill'd shall ope and search the wound;
Applying balms to ease thy pains, and soon restore thee sound.
This said, divine Talthybius he call'd, and bad him haste
Machaon, (Æsculapius' son,) who most of men was grac'd
With physic's sovereign remedies, to come and lend his hand
To Menelaus, shot by one well skill'd in the command
Of bow and arrows; one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid;
Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much dismay'd.
He heard and hasted instantly, and cast his eyes about
The thickest squadrons of the Greeks, to find Machaon out.
He found him standing guarded well with well-arm'd men of Thrace;
With whom he quickly join'd, and said: Man of Apollo's race,
Haste,—for the king of men commands—to see a wound impress'd
In Menelaus, (great in arms,) by one instructed best
In th' art of archery, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands;
That them with much renown adorns, us with dishonour brands.
Machaon much was mov'd with this, who with the herald flew
From troop to troop alongst[c] the host, and soon they came in view
Of hurt Atrides; circled round with all the Grecian kings,
Who all gave way; and straight he draws the shaft: which forth he brings

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[a] *Brave*—"boast."

[b] *Objected*—"interposed ... sense of the Latin *objectus*.

[c] *Alongst*—"at l... ...ve of along. Perhaps no other word would so well express Homer's intimation ... traverse the whole extent of the Grecian army.

Without the forks;[a] the girdle then, plate, curets, off he plucks,
And views the wound; when first from it the clotter'd blood he sucks,
Then medicines, wondrously compos'd, the skilful leech applied;
Which loving Chiron taught his sire; he from his sire had tried.[b]
While these were thus employ'd to ease, the Atrean martialist,
The Trojans arm'd, and charg'd the Greeks; the Greeks arm and resist.
Then not asleep, nor maz'd[c] with fear, nor shifting off the blows,
You could behold the king of men,[d] but in full speed he goes
To set a glorious fight on foot: and he examples this,
With toiling, like the worst, on foot; who therefore did dismiss
His brass-arm'd chariot, and his steeds, with Ptolomeus' son,
(Son of Pyraides) their guide, the good Eurymedon;
Yet, said the king, attend with them, lest weariness should seize
My limbs, surcharg'd with ordering troops, so thick and vast as these.—
Eurymedon then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by;
The king a footman,—and so scow'rs[e] the squadrons orderly.
Those of his swiftly-mounted Greeks that in their arms were fit,[f]
Those he put on with cheerful words, and bad them not remit
The least spark of their forward spirits, because the Trojans durst
Take these abhorr'd advantages, but let them do their worst:
For they might be assur'd that Jove would patronise no lies,
And that who with the breach of truce would hurt their enemies,
With vultures should be torn themselves; that they should raze their town,
Their wives, and children at their breast, led vassals to their own.
But such as he beheld hang off from that increasing fight,
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite:
Base Argives, blush ye not to stand, as made for butts to darts?
Why are ye thus discomfited like hinds that have no hearts?
Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly emboss'd,[g]
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts is all their courage lost:

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[a] *Without the forks*—that is, the barbs of the arrow had not penetrated the wound. This was previously expressed in the original, but Chapman has included the barbs in the term "stale."

[b] *Tried*—"tested by experience."

[c] *Maz'd*—"perplexed." The word is still provincially used in the same sense.

[d] *King of men*—"Agamemnon." The remainder of the line, and the first clause of the following, stand thus in A:—

"but with those royal throes
Most ready to bring forth his fame."

An anti-Homeric conceit, which Chapman's better taste induced him to remove.

[e] *Scow'rs*—"goes through the whole extent (of the army)."

[f] *Fit*—"fitted."

[g] *Emboss'd*—"driven into the toils," an old hunting phrase, which is similarly used by Spenser:—

"Embossed with bale."

There is no authority for this clause in the Greek.

And so stand you struck with amaze, nor dare to strike a stroke.
Would ye the foe should nearer yet your dastard spleens provoke;
Even where on Neptune's foamy shore our navies lie in sight:—
To see if Jove will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?
Thus he (commanding) rang'd the host, and passing many a band,
He came to the Cretensian troops, where all did armed stand
About the martial Idomen; who bravely stood before
In vanguard of his troops, and match'd for strength a savage boar,
Meriones, his charioteer, the rearguard bringing on.
Which seen to Atreus' son, to him it was a sight alone;
And Idomen's confirmed mind with these kind words he seeks:
O Idomen! I ever lov'd thy self past all the Greeks,
In war, or any work of peace; at table, every where;
For when the best of Greece besides, mix ever at our cheer
My good old ardent wine with small, and our inferior mates
Drink even that mix'd wine measur'd too; thou drink'st without those rates[a]
Our old wine neat;[b] and evermore thy bowl stands full like mine;
To drink still when and what thou wilt. Then rouse that heart of thine,
And whatsoever heretofore thou hast assum'd to be,
This day be greater. To the king in this sort answer'd he:
Atrides, what I ever seem'd, the same at every part
This day shall show me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.
But thou should'st rather cheer the rest, and tell them they in right
Of all good war must offer blows, and should begin the fight;
(Since Troy first brake the holy truce:) and not indure these braves,
To take wrong first, and then be dar'd to the revenge it craves:
Assuring them that Troy in fate must have the worse at last;
Since first, and 'gainst a truce, they hurt, where they should have embrac'd.
This comfort and advice did fit Atrides' heart indeed;
Who still through new rais'd swarms of men held his laborious speed;
And came where both th' Ajaces stood; whom like the last he found
Arm'd, casqued, and ready for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground
A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a goatherd spies,
On some hill's top, out of the sea, a rainy vapour rise,
Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which though far off he rest,
Comes on as black as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast;
Whereat, he frighted, drives his herds apace into a den:
So dark'ning earth with darts and shields show'd these with all their men.

[a] *Rates*—"qualifications." [b] *Neat*—"pure, unmixed."

This sight with like joy fir'd the king, who thus let forth the flame,
In crying out to both the dukes :[a] O you of equal name,
I must not cheer,—nay, I disclaim all my command of you;
Yourselves command with such free minds, and make your soldiers show,
As you nor I led, but themselves. O would our father Jove,
Minerva, and the God of Light, would all our bodies move
With such brave spirits as breathe in you: then Priam's lofty town
Should soon be taken by our hands, for ever overthrown.
Then held he on to other troops; and Nestor next beheld,
The subtle Pylian orator, range up and down the field,
Embattelling his men at arms, and stirring all to blows;
Points every legion out his chief, and every chief he shows
The forms and discipline of war: yet his commanders were
All expert, and renowned men: Great Pelagon was there,
Alastor, manly Chromius, and Hemon worth a throne,
And Byas that could armies lead. With these he first put on
His horse troops with their chariots: his foot (of which he choos'd
Many, the best and ablest men, and which he ever us'd
As rampire[b] to his general power) he in the rear dispos'd.
The slothful, and the least in spirit, he in the midst inclos'd;
That such as wanted noble wills, base need might force to stand.
His horse troops, that the vanguard had, he strictly did command
To ride[c] their horses temperately; to keep their ranks, and shun
Confusion; lest their horsemanship and courage made them run
(Too much presum'd on) much too far; and (charging so alone)
Engage themselves in th' enemy's strength, where many fight with one.
Who his own chariot leaves to range, let him not freely go;
But straight unhorse him with a lance: for 'tis much better so.
And with this discipline, said he, this form, these minds, this trust;
Our ancestors have walls and towns laid level with the dust.
Thus prompt, and long inur'd to arms, this old man did exhort;
And this Atrides likewise took in wondrous cheerful sort;
And said: O father, would to heaven, that as thy mind remains
In wonted vigour, so thy knees could undergo our pains.
But age, that all men overcomes, hath made his prize on thee;
Yet still I wish that some young man, grown old in mind, might be

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[a] *Dukes*—"generals;" the Latin *duces*.
[b] *Rampire*—"rampart;" a line of support.
[c] *To ride*. It should be "to drive." The Greeks had chariots, but not cavalry, in the Trojan war.

Put in proportion with thy years; and thy mind, young in age,
Be fitly answer'd with his youth; that still where conflicts rage,
And young men us'd to thirst for fame, thy brave exampling hand
Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole command.
The old knight answer'd: I myself could wish, O Atreus' son,
I were as young as when I slew brave Ereuthalion;
But gods at all times give not all their gifts to mortal men.
If then I had the strength of youth, I miss'd the counsels then
That years now give me; and now years want that main strength of youth;
Yet still my mind retains her strength, (as you now said the sooth,[a])
And would be where that strength is us'd, affording counsels sage
To stir youth's minds up; 'tis the grace and office of our age;
Let younger sinews, men sprung up whole ages after me,
And such as have strength, use it; and as strong in honour be.
The king, all this while comforted, arriv'd next, where he found
Well-rode Menestheus (Peteus' son) stand still, environ'd around
With his well-train'd Athenian troops; and next to him he spied
The wise Ulysses, deedless[b] too, and all his bands beside
Of strong Cephalians; for as yet th' alarm had not been heard
In all their quarters, Greece and Troy were then so newly stirr'd;
And then first mov'd, as they conceiv'd; and they so look'd about
To see both hosts give proof of that they yet had cause to doubt.
Atrides seeing them stand so still, and spend their eyes at gaze,
Began to chide: And why, said he, dissolv'd thus in amaze,
Thou son of Peteus, Jove-nurs'd king, and thou in wicked sleight,
A cunning soldier, stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
Should be by other men begun? 'tis fit the foremost band
Should show you there; you first should front who first lifts up his hand.
First you can hear, when I invite the princes to a feast:
When first, most friendly, and at will ye eat and drink the best;
Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troops ye can behold
Take place before ye. Ithacus at this his brows did fold,[c]
And said: How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth[d]
To say that we are slack in fight? and to the field of death
Look others should enforce our way? when we were busied then,
—Even when thou speak'st—against the foe to cheer and lead our men.

[a] *Sooth*—"truth." The Anglo-Saxons used truth for a verity *trowed* or believed, and sooth for a verity *said* or spoken.
[b] *Deedless*—"idle."
[c] *Did fold*—a more expressive term than "knit," which is now generally used.
[d] *Set of teeth*—literally [illegible] of thy teeth." *Set* and *sept* are used by old writers in the sense of the Latin *septum*, "

But thy eyes shall be witnesses; if it content thy will;
And that (as thou pretend'st) these cares do so affect thee still:
The father of Telemachus, (whom I esteem so dear,
And to whom as a legacy I'll leave my deeds done here,)
Even with the foremost band of Troy, hath his encounter dar'd;
And therefore are thy speeches vain, and had been better spar'd.
He, smiling, since he saw him mov'd, recall'd his words, and said:
Most generous Laertes' son, most wise of all our aid,
I neither do accuse thy worth, more than thyself may hold
Fit; (that inferiors think not much—being slack—to be controll'd;)
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy mind
Knows how sweet gentle counsels are, and that thou stand'st inclin'd,
As I myself, for all our good. On then: if now we spake
What hath displeas'd, another time we full amends will make:
And gods grant that thy virtue here may prove so free and brave,
That my reproofs may still be vain, and thy deservings grave.[a]
Thus parted they; and forth he went, when he did leaning find,
Against his chariot, near his horse, him mith a mighty mind,
Great Diomedes, (Tydeus' son,) and Sthenelus, the seed
Of Capaneius, whom the king seeing likewise out of deed,
Thus cried he out on Diomed: O me! in what a fear
The wise great warrior, Tydeus' son, stands gazing everywhere
For others to begin the fight? It was not Tydeus' use
To be so daunted, whom his spirit would evermore produce
Before the foremost of his friends, in these affairs of fright,
As they report that have beheld him labour in a fight.
For me, I never knew the man, nor in his presence came:
But excellent above the rest, he was in general fame.
And one renown'd exploit of his, I am assur'd is true;
He came to the Mycenian court, without arms, and did sue
At godlike Polinices' hands, to have some worthy aid
To their designs, that 'gainst the walls of sacred Thebes were laid.
He was great Polinices' guest, and nobly entertain'd:
And of the kind Mycenian state what he requested gain'd,
In mere consent: but when they should the same in act approve,
By some sinister prodigies, held out to them by Jove,
They were discourag'd; thence he went, and safely had his pass
Back to Æsopus flood, renown'd for bulrushes and grass.

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[a] *Grave*—"weighty."

Yet, once more their ambassador the Grecian peers address,
Lord Tydeus to Eteocles; to whom being given access,
He found him feasting with a crew of Cadmeans[a] in his hall;
Amongst whom, though an enemy, and only one to all;
To all yet he his challenge made at every martial feat,
And eas'ly foil'd all, since with him Minerva was so great.
The rank-rode[b] Cadmeans, much incens'd with their so foul disgrace,
Lodg'd ambuscados for their foe, in some well-chosen place,
By which he was to make return. Twice five-and-twenty men,
And two of them great captains too, the ambush did contain.
The names of those two men of rule were Mæon, Hæmon's son,
And Lycophontes, Keep-field[c] call'd, the heir of Autophon,
By all men honour'd like the gods: yet these and all their friends
Were sent to hell by Tydeus' hand, and had untimely ends:
He trusting to the aid of gods, reveal'd by augury;
Obeying which one chief he sav'd, and did his life apply
To be the heavy messenger of all the others' deaths;
And that sad message, with his life, to Mæon he bequeaths.
So brave a knight was Tydeus: of whom a son is sprung,
Inferior far in martial deeds, though higher in his tongue.
All this Tydides silent heard, aw'd by the reverend king;
Which stung hot Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his sting:
Atrides, when thou know'st the truth, speak what thy knowledge is,
And do not lie so; for I know, and I will brag in this,
That we are far more able men than both our fathers were;
We took the seven-fold ported[d] Thebes, when yet we had not there
So great help as our fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
(Sacred to Mars,) by help of Jove, and trusting to the fall
Of happy signs from other gods; by whom we took the town,
Untouch'd; our fathers perishing there by follies of their own:
And therefore never more compare our fathers' worth with ours.
Tydides frown'd at this, and said: Suppress thine anger's pow'rs,
Good friend, and hear why I refrain'd: thou seest I am not mov'd
Against our general, since he did but what his place behov'd,
Admonishing all Greeks to fight; for if Troy prove our prize,
The honour and the joy is his: if here our ruin lies,

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[a] *Cadmeans*—"Thebans." Thebes was founded by Cadmus.

[b] *Rank-rode*—"who ride rankly or fiercely;" in the original "urgers of horses."

[c] *Keep-field*—in the original "persevering in war." This is one of the happiest of Chapman's translations of Homer's compound epithets.

[d] *Ported*—"gated;" from the Latin *porta*.

The shame and grief for that as much is his in greatest kinds;
As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dauntless minds.
Thus, from his chariot, amply arm'd, he jump'd down to the ground:
The armour of the angry king so horribly did sound,
It might have made his bravest foe let fear take down his braves.
And as when with the west wind flaws[a] the sea thrusts up her waves,
One after other, thick and high, upon the groaning shores;
First in herself loud, but oppos'd with banks and rocks, she roars,
And, all her back in bristles set, spits every way her foam;
So after Diomed instantly the field was overcome
With thick impressions of the Greeks, and all the noise that grew
(Ordering and cheering up their men) from only leaders flew.
The rest went silently away, you could not hear a voice,
Nor would have thought in all their breasts they had one in their choice;
Their silence uttering their awe[b] of them that them controll'd;
Which made each man keep bright his arms, march, fight still where he should.
The Trojans, like a sort[c] of ewes penn'd in a rich man's fold,
Close at his door, till all be milk'd, and never baaing hold,
Hearing the bleating of their lambs, did all their wide host fill
With shouts and clamours; nor observ'd one voice, one baaing still;
But show'd mix'd tongues from many a land—of men call'd to their aid.
Rude Mars had th' ordering of their spirits; of Greeks, the learned Maid.
But Terror follow'd both the hosts, and Flight, and furious Strife,
(The sister, and the mate of Mars,) that spoil of human life;
And never is her rage at rest; at first she is but small,
Yet after, but a little fed, she grows so vast and tall,
That while her feet move here in earth, her forehead is in heaven:[d]
And this was she that made even then both hosts so deadly given.
Through every troop she stalk'd, and stirr'd rough sighs up as she went:
But when in one field both the foes her fury did content,
And both came under reach of darts, then darts and shields oppos'd
To darts and shields; strength answer'd strength; then swords and targets clos'd

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[a] *Flaws*—"gusts." Sailors call the gusts which are succeeded by calms at short intervals "flaws;" they are deemed signs of an approaching storm.

[b] *Silence uttering their awe.* A beautiful catachresis, though not justified by the Greek.

[c] *Sort*—"flock." *Sort*, when used in this sense, implies contempt; thus Massinger has "a sort of rogues."

[d] Virgil has transferred the Homeric description of Discord to Fame.

With swords and targets; both with pikes; and then did tumult rise
Up to her height; then conquerors' boasts mix'd with the conquer'd's cries:
Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hills rain-waters headlong fall,
That all ways eat huge ruts, which, met in one bed, fill a vall[a]
With such a confluence of streams, that on the mountain grounds
Far off, in frighted shepherds' ears, the bustling noise rebounds:
So grew their conflicts, and so show'd their scuffling to the ear,
With flight and clamour still commix'd, and all effects of fear.
And first renown'd Antilochus slew (fighting in the face
Of all Achaia's foremost bands, with an undaunted grace)
Echepolus Thalysiades: he was an armed man,
Whom on his hair-plum'd helmet's crest the dart first smote, then ran
Into his forehead, and there stuck; the steel pile[b] making way
Quite through his skull; a hasty night shut up his latest day.
His fall was like a fight-rac'd[c] tow'r, like which lying there dispread,
King Elephenor, (who was son to Chalcodon, and led
The valiant Abants,) covetous that he might first possess
His arms, laid hands upon his feet, and hal'd him from the press
Of darts and javelins hurl'd at him. The action of the king
When great-in-heart Agenor saw, he made his javelin sing
To th' others' labour; and along as he the trunk did wrest,
His side (at which he bore his shield, in bowing of his breast)
Lay naked, and receiv'd the lance that made him lose his hold,
And life together; which in hope of that he lost, he sold.[d]
But for his sake the fight grew fierce, the Trojans and their foe,
Like wolves on one another rush'd; and man for man it goes.[e]
The next of name that serv'd[f] his fate great Ajax Telamon
Preferr'd so sadly; he was heir to old Anthemion,
And deck'd with all the flow'r of youth; the fruit of which yet fled,
Before the honour'd nuptial torch could light him to his bed;[g]
His name was Symoisius: for some few years before,
His mother walking down the hill of Ida, by the shore

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[a] *Vall*—"valley."
[b] *Pile*—"pointed head."
[c] *Fight-rac'd*—"fight-razed," *i. e.* destroyed in fight.
[d] *Which in hope of that he lost, he sold.* An unworthy conceit, for which there is no authority in Homer.
[e] *It goes*—that is, "the fight." This is one of the few instances in which Chapman has used trivialities below the dignity of heroic poetry.
[f] *Serv'd*—"yielded to."
[g] This line is an unauthorized addition to the original.

Of silver Symois, to see her parents' flocks; with them,
She feeling suddenly the pains of child-birth, by the stream
Of that bright river brought him forth; and so (of Symois)
They call'd him Symoisius. Sweet was that birth of his
To his kind parents; and his growth did all their care employ;
And yet those rites of piety, that should have been his joy
To pay their honour'd years again,[a] in as affectionate sort,
He could not graciously perform, his sweet life was so short:
Cut off with mighty Ajax' lance. For as his spirit put on,[b]
He struck him at his breast's right pap, quite through his shoulder-bone;
And in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitful soil
Of his friends' hopes; but where he sow'd he buried all his toil.[c]
And as a poplar shot aloft, set by a river side,
In moist edge of a mighty fen; his head in curls implied;[d]
But all his body plain and smooth: to which a wheelwright puts
The sharp edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts
From his innative[e] root, in hope to hew out of his bole
The fell'ffs,[f] or out-parts of a wheel, that compass in the whole,
To serve some goodly chariot; but being big and sad,[g]
And to be hal'd home through the bogs, the useful hope he had
Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace:
So lay by Jove-bred Ajax' hand, Anthemion's forward race:[h]
Nor could through that vast fen of toils be drawn to serve the ends
Intended by his body's pow'rs, nor cheer his aged friends.[i]

But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a son of Priam) threw
His lance at Ajax through the press, which went by him, and flew
On Leucus, wise Ulysses' friend; his groin it smote, as fain
He would have drawn into his spoil the carcass of the slain,
By which he fell, and that by him; it vex'd Ulysses' heart;
Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at every part,

---

[a] *To pay their honour'd years again.* Chapman has here amplified his text in order to explain the principle of duty incidentally inculcated. To neglect making provision for their parents was considered by the ancients a mark of the greatest impiety, and worthy of divine vengeance; many instances of its punishment are recorded by the earlier Greek poets.

[b] *Put on*—"urged him forwards." Another triviality unworthy of Chapman.

[c] *Where he sow'd he buried all his toil.* A conceit for which there is no warrant in the Greek.

[d] *His head in curls implied*—in the original "branches grow on the summit." Chapman's metaphor is scarcely applicable to the poplar. We have before observed that "implied" is used in the sense of the Latin *implicatus*.

[e] *Innative*—"natural;" the root from which the tree sprang.

[f] *Fell'ffs*—"fellies" or "fellows" of a wheel.

[g] *Sad*—"difficult;" the particulars here given are not found in the original.

[h] *Forward race*—"daring son."

[i] There is no authority in the original for the two concluding lines of this paragraph.

Came close, and look'd about to find an object worth his lance;
Which when the Trojans saw him shake, and he so near advance,
All shrunk, he threw, and forth it shin'd: nor fell but where it fell'd:[a]
His friend's grief gave it angry pow'r, and deadly way it held
Upon Democoon, who was sprung of Priam's wanton force;
Came from Abydus, and was made the master of his horse:
Through both his temples struck the dart, the wood of one side show'd,
The pile out of the other look'd, and so the earth he strew'd
With much sound of his weighty arms. Then back the foremost went,
Even Hector yielded; then the Greeks gave worthy clamours vent,
Effecting then their first dumb powers;[b] some drew the dead, and spoil'd;
Some follow'd, that in open flight, Troy might confess it foil'd.
Apollo, angry at the sight, from top of Ilion cried:
Turn head, ye well-rode peers of Troy, feed not the Grecians' pride;
They are not charm'd against your points; of steel, nor iron fram'd;
Nor fights the fair-hair'd Thetis' son, but sits at fleet inflam'd.
So spake the dreadful god from Troy. The Greeks, Jove's noblest seed
Encourag'd to keep on the chace: and where fit spirit did need,
She gave it, marching in the midst. Then flew the fatal hour,
Back on Diores, in return of Ilion's sun-burn'd pow'r;
Diores Amarincides, whose right leg's ankle-bone,
And both the sinews, with a sharp and handful-charging[c] stone,
Pirus Imbrasides did break, that led the Thracian bands,
And came from Ænos; down he fell, and up he held his hands
To his lov'd friends; his spirit wing'd to fly out of his breast;
With which not satisfied, again Imbrasides address'd
His javelin at him, and so ripp'd his navel, that the wound,
—As endlessly it shut his eyes—so—open'd—on the ground,
It pour'd his entrails. As his foe went then suffic'd away,
Thoas Ætolius threw a dart that did his pile convey
Above his nipple, through his lungs; when (quitting his stern part[d])
He clos'd with him; and from his breast first drawing out his dart,
His sword flew in, and by the midst it wip'd his belly out:
So took his life, but left his arms: his friends so flock'd about,

---

[a] *Nor fell but where it fell'd.* This conceit is Chapman's own.

[b] *Effecting then their first dumb powers*—"giving effect to powers which had hitherto been dumb." This is an unnecessary addition to the brevity of the original.

[c] *Handful-charging*—a literal translation of a Homeric epithet applied elsewhere to a stone: here the epithet is "merciless" in the Greek.

[d] *Stern part.* Chapman misled the Greek word στέρνον, which signifies "the breast;" and has thus misled h[illegible]

And thrust forth lances of such length, before their slaughter'd king;
Which, though their foe were big and strong, and often brake the ring,
Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforc'd) he left th' affected[a] prize;
The Thracian and Epeian dukes, laid close with closed eyes,
By either other, drown'd in dust; and round about the plain
All hid with slaughter'd carcasses, yet still did hotly reign
The martial planet; whose effects had any eye beheld,
Free and unwounded, (and were led by Pallas through the field,
To keep off javelins, and suggest the least fault could be found,)
He could not reprehend the fight—so many strew'd the ground.

[a] *Affected*—"desired."

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



"And to Mars they took their plaintive course."

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

KING Diomed (by Pallas' spirit inspir'd
With will and power) is for his acts admir'd:
Mere men, and men deriv'd from deities,
And deities themselves, he terrifies:
Adds wounds to terrors: his inflamed lance
Draws blood from Mars, and Venus: In a trance
He casts Æneas, with a weighty stone;
Apollo quickens him,[a] and gets him gone:
Mars is recur'd by Pæon; but by Jove
Rebuk'd, for authoring[b] breach of human love.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Epsilon, heaven's blood is shed,
By sacred rage of Diomed.

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[a] *Quickens him*—"restores him to life;" viz. "Æneas."
[b] [redacted]"being the author of."

Then Pallas breath'd in Tydeus' son: to render whom supreme
To all the Greeks, at all his parts, she cast a hotter beam
On his high mind; his body fill'd with much superior might;
And made his cómplete armour cast a far more cómplete light.
From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire:
Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp,[a] whose brightness men admire
Past all the other host of stars, when with his cheerful face,
Fresh wash'd in lofty ocean waves, he doth the skies enchase.[b]
To let whose glory lose no sight,[c] still Pallas made him turn
Where tumult most express'd his power, and where the fight did burn.
An honest and a wealthy man, inhabited in Troy;
Dares the priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enjoy,
Idæus, and bold Phegeus, well seen in every fight:
These (singled from their troops, and hors'd) assail'd Minerva's knight,
Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foot; all hasting mutual charge,
(And now drawn near,) first Phegeus threw a javelin swift and large;
Whose head the king's left shoulder took, but did no harm at all:
Then rush'd[d] he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall:
But in his breast stuck 'twixt the paps, and struck him from his horse.
Which stern sight when Idæus saw, (distrustful of his force
To save his slaughter'd brother's spoil,) it made him headlong leap
From his fair chariot, and leave all: yet had not 'scap'd the heap
Of heavy funeral, if the god, great president[e] of fire,
Had not in sudden clouds of smoke, (and pity of his sire,
To leave him utterly unheir'd,) given safe pass to his feet.
He gone, Tydides sent the horse and chariot to the fleet.
The Trojans seeing Dares' sons, one slain, the other fled,
Were struck-amaz'd: the blue-ey'd Maid (to grace her Diomed
In giving free way to his power) made this so ruthful[f] fact,
A fit advantage to remove the war-god out of act,
Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; she grip'd his hand and said:
Mars, Mars, thou ruiner of men, that in the dust hast laid
So many cities, and with blood thy godhead dost distain;
Now shall we cease to show our breasts, as passionate as men,

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[a] *Autumnus' golden lamp*—that is, Sirius, or the Dog Star, which was visible in Ionia early in the autumn.

[b] *Enchase*—"adorn;" literally, "enclose."

[c] *Lose no sight*—"not escape the observation of any."

[d] *Rush'd he out a lance.*—Chapman imitates Homer in occasionally using neuter verbs as transitives.

[e] *President*—"presiding deity."

[f] *Ruthful*—"lamentable."

And leave the mixture of our hands? resigning Jove his right
—As rector of the gods—to give the glory of the fight,
Where he affecteth?[a] lest he force what we should freely yield?
He held it fit, and went with her from the tumultuous field,
Who set him in an herby seat, on broad Scamander's shore.
He gone, all Troy was gone with him; the Greeks drave all before,
And every leader slew a man; but first the king of men
Deserv'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,
And slew a leader; one more huge, than any man he led;
Great Odius, duke of Halizons; quite from his chariot's head
He struck him with a lance to earth, as first he flight address'd;
It took his forward-turned back, and look'd out of his breast:
His huge trunk sounded, and his arms did echo the resound.
Idomenæus to the death did noble Phæstus wound,
The son of Mæon Borus, that from cloddy[b] Terna came:
Who—taking chariot—took his wound,[c] and tumbled with the same
From his attempted seat; the lance through his right shoulder strook,
And horrid darkness struck through him: the spoil his soldiers took.
Atrides-Menelaus slew (as he before him fled)
Scamandrius, son of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;
A skilful huntsman: for his skill Diana's self did teach;
And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach
All sorts of subtlest savages,[d] which many a woody hill
Bred for him; and he much preserv'd;—and all to show his skill.
Yet not the dart-delighting queen, taught him to shun this dart:
Nor all his hitting so far off: (the mast'ry of his art:)
His back receiv'd it, and he fell upon his breast withal:
His body's ruin, and his arms, so sounded in his fall,
That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him—like his life.
Meriones slew Phereclus, whom she that ne'er was wife,
Yet goddess of good housewives,[e] held in excellent respect,
For knowing all the witty[f] things that grace an architect;
And having pow'r to give it all the cunning use of hand:
Harmonides his sire, built ships, and made him understand

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[a] *Affecteth*—"prefers."
[b] *Cloddy*—in the original, "abounding in rich soil."
[c] *Taking chariot—took his wound.* The play upon words is Chapman's, not Homer's.
[d] *Savages*—"wild animals, game."
[e] *Goddess of good housewives*—"Minerva."
[f] *Witty*—"clever, skilful."

(With all the practice it requir'd) the frame[a] of all that skill.
He built all Alexander's ships, that author'd all the ill
Of all the Trojans and his own: because he did not know
The oracles, advising Troy, for fear of overthrow,
To meddle with no sea affair, but live by tilling land.
This man Meriones surpris'd, and drave his deadly hand
Through his right hip; the lance's head ran through the region
About the bladder, underneath th' in-muscles, and the bone;
He (sighing) bow'd his knees to death, and sacrific'd to earth.[b]
Phylides stay'd Pedæus' flight; Antenor's bastard birth:
Whom virtuous Theano his wife, to please her husband, kept
As tenderly as those she lov'd. Phylides near him stept,
And in the fountain of the nerves[c] did drench his fervent lance,
At his head's back-part; and so far the sharp head did advance,
It cleft the organ of his speech; and th' iron, cold as death,
He took betwixt his grinning teeth, and gave the air his breath.[d]
Eurypilus the much renown'd, and great Evemon's son,
Divine Hypsenor slew; (begot by stout Dolopion;)
And consecrate Scamander's priest; he had a god's regard
Amongst the people: his hard flight the Grecian follow'd hard;
Rush'd in so close, that with his sword he on his shoulder laid
A blow that his arm's brawn[e] cut off; nor there his vigour stay'd,
But drave down, and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,
That gush'd out blood, and down it dropp'd upon the blushing sand;
Death, with his purple finger, shut—and violent fate—his eyes.
Thus fought these, but distinguish'd well;—Tydides so implies[f]
His fury, that you could not know whose side had interest
In his free labours, Greece or Troy. But as a flood increas'd
By violent and sudden show'rs, let down from hills like hills
Melted in fury, swells and foams, and so he overfills
His natural channel; that besides both hedge and bridge resigns
To his rough confluence, far spread;—and lusty flourishing vines,

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[a] *Frame*—"substance." In old authors the outlines or essential elements of any art or science are called its "frame." See Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning.'

[b] *Sacrific'd to earth.* This metaphor is not in the original, nor is it Homeric.

[c] *Fountain of the nerves*—in the original "inion;" the place where the collar-bone is united to the skull.

[d] *Gave the air his breath.* This metaphor is Chapman's, not Homer's.

[e] *Brawn*—"the fleshy part." A statute of Henry VII. ordains that thieves should be branded on the brawn of the left arm.

[f] *Implies*—"intermingles;" from the Latin *implicare*.

Drown'd in his outrage;[a] Tydeus' son so overran the field;
Strew'd such as flourish'd in his way; and made whole squadrons yield.
When Pandarus, Lycaon's son, beheld his ruining hand,
With such resistless insolence, make lanes through every band;
He bent his gold-tipp'd bow of horn, and shot him (rushing in,)
At his right shoulder, where his arms were hollow;[b] forth did spin
The blood, and down his curets ran; then Pandarus cried out:
Rank-riding[c] Trojans, Now rush in: Now, now, I make no doubt
Our bravest foe is mark'd for death; he cannot long sustain
My violent shaft, if Jove's fair son did worthily constrain
My foot from Lycia. Thus he brav'd, and yet his violent shaft
Struck short with all his violence; Tydides' life was saft;[d]
Who yet withdrew himself behind his chariot and steeds,
And call'd to Sthenelus: Come, friend, my wounded shoulder needs
Thy hand to ease it of this shaft. He hasted from his seat
Before the coach, and drew the shaft: the purple wound did sweat,
And drown his shirt of mail in blood, and as it bled he pray'd:
Hear me, of Jove, Ægiochus,[e] thou most unconquer'd Maid,
If ever in the cruel field thou hast assistful stood,
Or to my father, or myself, now love, and do me good;
Give him into my lance's reach that thus hath given a wound
To him thou guard'st; preventing[f] me; and brags that never more,
I shall behold the cheerful sun: thus did the king implore.
The goddess heard, came near, and took the weariness of fight
From all his nerves and lineaments, and made them fresh and light,
And said: Be bold, O Diomed, in every combat shine,
The great shield-shaker Tydeus' strength, (that knight, that sire of thine,)
By my infusion breathes in thee. And from thy knowing mind,
I have remov'd those erring mists, that made it lately blind,

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[a] *Outrage*—"overflowing." Chapman takes the parts of the compound in their separate sense, *out rage*.

[b] *Arms were hollow*—in the original "in the gŭalon of the breastplate;" that is, the part cut out to allow free play to the arm.

[c] *Rank-riding*—"fierce riding."

[d] *Saft*—"saved."

[e] *Ægiochus*—bearing the ægis, or shield, fabled to have been covered with the skin of the goat that nursed Jupiter.

[f] *Preventing*—"anticipating, or going before me:" thus, in the Liturgy, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings."

That thou may'st difference[a] gods from men; and therefore use thy skill
Against the tempting[b] deities; if any have a will
To try if thou presum'st of that, as thine,—that flows from them,—
And so assum'st above thy right. Where thou discern'st a beam
Of any other heavenly power, than she that rules in love,
That calls thee to the change of blows, resist not, but remove;
But if that goddess be so bold, (since she first stirr'd this war,)
Assault and mark her from the rest, with some infâmous scar.
The blue-eyed goddess vanished, and he was seen again
Amongst the foremost; who before, though he were prompt and fain
To fight against the Trojans' powers, now, on his spirits were call'd
With thrice the vigour, lion-like,—that hath been lately gall'd[c]
By some bold shepherd in a field, where his curl'd flocks were laid,—
Who took him as he leap'd the fold;—not slain yet, but appay'd
With greater spirit,[d] comes again, and then the shepherd hides,
(The rather for the desolate place,) and in his coate[e] abides;
His flocks left guardless; which amaz'd, shake and shrink up in heaps;
He ruthless freely takes his prey, and out again he leaps:
So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great heroë flew
Upon the Trojans; and at once, he two commanders slew;
Hypenor and Astynous, in one his lance he fix'd
Full at the nipple of his breast; the other smote betwixt
The neck and shoulder with his sword; which was so well laid on,
It swept his arm and shoulder off. These left, he rush'd upon
Abbas and Polyëidus, of old Eurydamas
The hapless sons; who could by dreams tell what would come to pass:
Yet when his sons set forth to Troy, the old man could not read[f]
By their dreams what would chance to them; for both were stricken dead
By great Tydides. After these, he takes into his rage
Xanthus, and Thoön, Phenops' sons, born to him in his age;
The good old man even pin'd with years, and had not one son more
To heir his goods; yet Diomed took both, and left him store

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[a] *Difference*—"distinguish." Milton uses "difference" as a verb in his 'Tetrachordon;' so also Ben Jonson:—

"O bountie! so to difference the rates."

[b] *Tempting*—"attempting, venturing." Thus, Milton:—

"Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet,
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss."

[c] *Gall'd*—"slightly wounded, and therefore irritated."

[d] *Appay'd with greater spirit*—"compensated for his wound by the additional courage it infused." This circumstance is intimated rather than expressed in the original.

[e] *Coate*—"cottage."

[f] *Read*—"interpret." Thus the common phrase "read me my riddle."

Of tears and sorrows in their steads; since he could never see
His sons leave those hot wars alive: so this the end must be
Of all his labours; what he heap'd, to make his issue great,
Authority heir'd,[a] and with her seed fill'd his forgotten seat.
Then snatch'd he up two Priamists [b] that in one chariot stood;
Echemon, and fair Chromius; as feeding in a wood
Oxen or steers are, one of which a lion leaps upon,
Tears down, and wrings in two his neck; so, sternly Tydeus' son
Threw from their chariot both these hopes of old Dardanides:
Then took their arms, and sent their horse to those that ride the seas.[c]
Æneas, seeing the troops thus toss'd, broke through the heat of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight,
Lycaon's son: whom having found, he thus bespake the peer:
O Pandarus! where's now thy bow? thy deathful arrows, where?
In which no one in all our host but gives the palm to thee;
Nor in the sun-lov'd Lycian greens, that breed our archery,
Lives any that exceeds thyself. Come, lift thy hands to Jove,
And send an arrow at this man,—if but a man he prove,
That wins such god-like victories; and now affects our host
With so much sorrow: since so much of our best blood is lost
By his high valour, I have fear some god in him doth threat,
Incens'd for want of sacrifice; the wrath of God is great.
Lycaon's famous son replied: Great counsellor of Troy,
This man so excellent in arms, I think is Tydeus' joy;
I know him by his fiery shield, by his bright three-plum'd casque,
And by his horse; nor can I say, if or some god doth mask
In his appearance, or he be whom I nam'd Tydeus' son:
But without god the things he does for certain are not done.
Some great immortal, that conveys his shoulders in a cloud,
Goes by and puts by every dart at his bold breast bestow'd;
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I myself let fly
A shaft that shot him through his arms, but had as good gone by:
Yet which I gloriously [d] affirm'd, had driven him down to hell.
Some god is angry, and with me; for far hence, where I dwell,

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[a] *Authority heir d*—in the original, "the Cherostæ divided his property." Chapman appears to have taken the Cherostæ for public authorities; but they were the nearest relatives of the deceased.
[b] *Priamists*—"sons of Priam."
[c] *To those that ride* [illegible] *the original* "to the ships."
[d] *Gloriously*—[illegible]

My horse and chariots idle stand; with which some other way
I might repair this shameful miss: eleven fair chariots stay
In old Lycaon's court; new made, new trimm'd, to have been gone;
Curtain'd and arrast[a] under foot, two horse to every one,
That eat white barley and black oats, and do no good at all:
And these Lycaon, (that well knew how these affairs would fall,)
Charg'd, when I set down this design, I should command with here;
And gave me many lessons more, all which much better were
Than any I took forth myself. The reason I laid down
Was but the sparing of my horse; since in a sieged town
I thought our horse-meat would be scant; when they were us'd to have
Their manger full; so I left them, and like a lackey slave
Am come to Ilion, confident in nothing but my bow,
That nothing profits me; two shafts I vainly did bestow
At two great princes; but of both, my arrows neither slew;
Nor this, nor Atreus' younger son: a little blood I drew,
That serv'd but to incense them more. In an unhappy star,
I therefore from my armoury have drawn those tools of war:—
That day, when for great Hector's sake, to amiable Troy
I came to lead the Trojan bands. But if I ever joy[b]
(In safe return) my country's sight, my wives, my lofty tow'rs,
Let any stranger take this head, if to the fiery powers,
This bow, these shafts, in pieces burst, by these hands be not thrown;
Idle[c] companions that they are, to me and my renown.
Æneas said: Use no such words; for any other way
Than this, they shall not now be us'd: we first will both assay[d]
This man with horse and chariot. Come then, ascend to me,
That thou mayst try our Trojan horse, how skill'd in field they be;
And in pursuing those that fly, or flying being pursued,
How excellent they are of foot: and these, if Jove conclude
The 'scape of Tydeus again, and grace him with our flight,
Shall serve to bring us safely off. Come, I'll be first shall fight:
Take thou these fair reins and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou,
And leave the horses' care to me. He answer'd: I will now

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[a] *Curtain'd and arrast.* The coverings and carpets for the protection of the chariots are mentioned as an intimation of their great value. The whole speech is characteristic of the boasting, vain-glorious Lycian.

[b] *Joy*—"rejoice." We find *joy* used as a verb by Lord Bacon:—"The man that imparteth his joys to his friend, joyeth the more."

[c] *Idle*—"useless."

[d] *Assay*—"assault." Shakspere has:—

"I will assay thee; so defend thyself."

Descend to fight; keep thou the reins, and guide thyself thy horse;
Who with their wonted manager will better wield the force
Of the impulsive[a] chariot, if we be driven to fly,
Than with a stranger; under whom they will be much more shy,
And—fearing my voice, wishing thine—grow resty; nor go on
To bear us off: but leave engag'd,[b] mighty Tydeus' son,
Themselves and us. Then be thy part, thy one-hoof'd[c] horses' guide;
I'll make the fight; and with a dart receive his utmost pride.
With this the gorgeous chariot, both thus prepar'd ascend,
And make full way at Diomed; which noted by his friend:[d]
Mine own most loved mind,[e] said he, two mighty men of war
I see come with a purpos'd charge; one's he that hits so far
With bow and shaft, Lycaon's son; the other fames[f] the brood
Of great Anchises, and the queen that rules in amorous blood;
Æneas, excellent in arms: come up, and use your steeds,
And look not war so in the face, lest that desire that feeds
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger sting
The blood of Diomed, to see his friend,—that chid the king
Before the fight, and then preferr'd his ablenesse,[g] and his mind,
To all his ancestors in fight,—now come so far behind.
Whom thus he answer'd: Urge no flight, you cannot please me so:
Nor is it honest in my mind, to fear a coming foe;
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,
And scorn the help-tire[h] of a horse; I will not blow the fire[i]
Of their hot valours with my flight; but cast upon the blaze
This body borne upon my knees. I entertain amaze?—
Minerva will not see that shame; and since they have begun,
They shall not both elect their ends; and he that 'scapes shall run;
Or stay and take the other's fate: and this I leave for thee;—
If amply wise Athenia give both their lives to me,

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[a] *Impulsive*—"driven forward."

[b] *Engag'd*—"entangled."

[c] *One-hoof'd*—in the original "having an only hoof." Some commentators believe that the meaning of the epithet is that the hoofs were so solid as not to require shoes.

[d] *His friend*—*i. e.* Sthenelus.

[e] *Mine own most loved mind*—a specimen of euphuism not to be found in Homer.

[f] *Fames*—"has the character of being." Though "fame" is now obsolete as a verb, the participle "famed" is still in use.

[g] *Ablenesse*—in B "ablesse," which the metre requires: both are old forms of "ability."

[h] *Help-tire*—"relief from fatigue."

[i] *I will not blow the fire*, &c. For this clause, which savours too much of a conceit, there is no authority in the original.

Rein our horse to their chariot hard, and have a special heed
To seize upon Æneas' steeds; that we may change their breed.[a]
And make a Grecian race of them, that have been long of Troy;
For these are bred of those brave beasts, which for the lovely boy,
That waits now on the cup of Jove, Jove, that far-seeing god,
Gave Tros the king in recompense: the best that ever trod
The sounding centre, underneath the morning and the sun.
Anchises stole the breed of them; for where their sires did run,
He closely put his mares to them, and never made it known
To him that heir'd[b] them, who was then the king Laomedon.
Six horses had he of that race, of which himself kept four,
And gave the other two his son; and these are they that scour
The field so bravely towards us, expert in charge and flight:
If these we have the power to take, our prize is exquisite,
And our renown will far exceed. While these were talking thus,
The fir'd horse brought th' assailants near, and thus spake Pandarus:
Most suffering-minded[c] Tydeus' son, that hast of war the art:
My shaft that struck thee, slew thee not; I now will prove a dart:
This said, he shook, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large,
That in Tydides' curets stuck, quite driving through his targe;
Then bray'd[d] he out so wild a voice that all the field might hear;
Now have I reach'd thy root of life, and by thy death shall bear
Our praise's chief prize from the field. Tydides undismay'd
Replied: Thou err'st, I am not touch'd; but more charge will be laid
To both your lives before you part; at least the life of one
Shall satiate the throat of Mars: this said,—his lance was gone:
Minerva led it to his face, which at his eye ran in,
And as he stoop'd struck through his jaws, his tongue's root, and his chin.
Down from the chariot he fell, his gay arms shin'd and rung,
The swift horse trembled, and his soul for ever charm'd his tongue.[e]
Æneas with his shield and lance leapt swiftly to his friend,
Afraid the Greeks would force his trunk; and that he did defend,

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[a] *Change their breed.* The preceding note is applicable to this clause also.

[b] *Heir'd them*—"inherited them;" that is, Laomedon, the son of Tros, and brother of the ravished Ganymede.

[c] *Suffering-minded*—"possessing a mind capable of great endurance." In a similar sense, Hollinshed says that the Irish are "sufferable of infinite pains."

[d] *Bray'd*—"shouted." The word, though now usually confined to donkeys, anciently was applied to any loud noise. Gascoigne has:—

"Thus with a braying sigh this noble tongue he stay'd."

[e] *Charm'd his tongue*—"silenced it, as if by a spell." This conceit is not in the original.

Bold as a lion of his strength: he hid him with his shield,
Shook round his lance, and horribly did threaten all the field
With death, if any durst make in. Tydides rais'd a stone,
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and pour'd it mainly on
The hip of Anchisiades, wherein the joint doth move
The thigh, ('tis call'd the huckle-bone,) which all in sherds[a] it drove;
Brake both the nerves, and with the edge cut all the flesh away.
It stagger'd him upon his knees, and made th' heroë stay
His struck-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
And there this prince of men had died, if she that gave him birth
(Kiss'd by Anchises on the green, where his fair oxen fed,
Jove's loving daughter) instantly, had not about him spread
Her soft embraces, and convey'd within her heavenly veil
(Us'd as a rampire 'gainst all darts, that did so hot assail)
Her dear-lov'd issue from the field. Then Sthenelus in haste
(Remembering what his friend advis'd) from forth the press made fast
His own horse to their chariot, and presently laid hand
Upon the lovely-coated horse, Æneas did command.
Which bringing to the wond'ring Greeks, he did their guard commend
To his belov'd Deiphylus; (who was his inward friend,
And of his equals, one to whom he had most honour shown;)
That he might see them safe at fleet: then stept he to his own,
With which he cheerfully made in, to Tydeus' mighty race.
He, mad with his great enemy's rape,[b] was hot in desperate chace
Of her that made it: with his lance, arm'd less with steel than spite;
Well knowing her no deity that had to do in fight,
Minerva his great patroness, nor she that raceth[c] towns,
Bellona; but a goddess weak, and foe to men's renowns.
Her through a world of fight pursu'd, at last he overtook,
And thrusting up his ruthless lance, her heavenly veil he strook
(That even the Graces wrought themselves, at her divine command)
Quite through, and hurt the tender back of her delicious hand:
The rude point piercing through her palm, forth flow'd th' immortal blood;
(Blood, such as flows in blessed gods, that eat no human food,
Nor drink of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodless are,
And call'd immortals:) out she cried, and could no longer bear

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[a] *Sherds*—"shreds."
[b] *Rape*—here used in the sense of the Latin *raptus*—*i. e.* "his being carried off by Venus."
[c] *Raceth*—"razeth."

Her lov'd son, whom she cast from her; and in a sable cloud,
Phœbus, receiving, hid him close from all the Grecian crowd;
Lest some of them should find his death.[a] Away flew Venus then,
And after her cried Diomed: Away, thou spoil of men,
Though sprung from all-preserving Jove; these hot encounters leave:
Is't not enough that silly dames thy sorceries should deceive,
Unless thou thrust into the war, and rob a soldier's right?
I think a few of these assaults will make thee fear the fight,
Wherever thou shalt hear it nam'd. She, sighing, went her way
Extremely griev'd, and with her griefs her beauties did decay,
And black her ivory body grew. Then from a dewy mist
Brake swift-foot Iris to her aid, from all the darts that hiss'd
At her quick rapture;[b] and to Mars they took their plaintive course,
And found him on the fight's left hand; by him his speedy horse,
And huge lance, lying in a fog. The queen of all things fair,
Her loved brother on her knees besought with instant prayer,
His golden-riband-bound-man'd horse, to lend her up to heaven;
For she was much griev'd with a wound a mortal man had given;
Tydides: that 'gainst Jove himself durst now advance his arm.

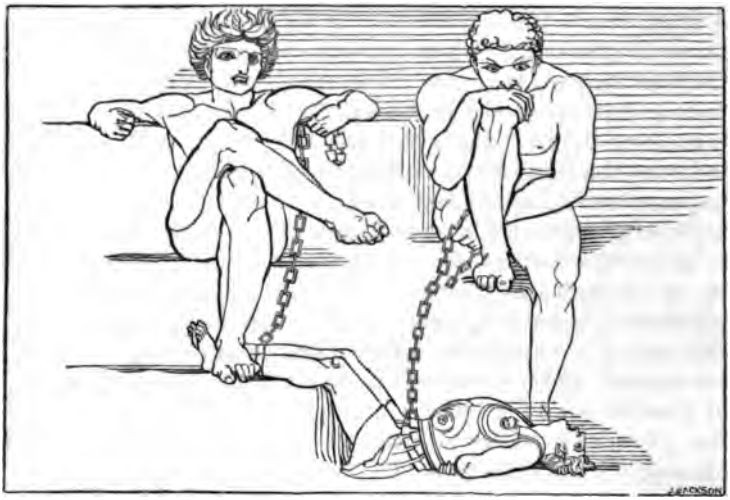
He granted, and his chariot (perplex'd with her late harm)
She mounted, and her waggoness was she that paints the air;[c]
The horse she rein'd and with a scourge importun'd[d] their repair,[e]
That of themselves out-flew the wind, and quickly they ascend
Olympus, high seat of the gods. Th' horse knew their journey's end,
Stood still, and from their chariot the windy-footed dame
Dissolv'd,[f] and gave them heavenly food; and to Dione came
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; she kindly bade her stand;
With sweet embraces help'd her up; strok'd her with her soft hand;
Call'd kindly by her name, and ask'd: What god hath been so rude,
Sweet daughter, to chastise thee thus? as if thou wert pursued,
Even to the act of some light sin, and deprehended[g] so:
For otherwise, each close escape is in the great let go.

She answer'd: Haughty Tydeus' son hath been so insolent;
Since he whom most my heart esteems of all my lov'd descent,

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[a] *Find his death*—"find the way to slaying him."
[b] *Rapture*—here used in the sense of the Latin *raptura*, "being carried off."
[c] *She that paints the air*—Iris, the goddess of the rainbow.
[d] *Importun'd*—"urged."
[e] *Repair*—"return." Hall has, "If he would abide and tarry his coming and repair."
[f] *Dissolv'd*—"set loose, unyoked;" from the Latin *dis-solvere*.
[g] *Deprehended*—"detected;" from the Latin *deprehendere*.

I rescu'd from his bloody hand: now battle is not given
To any Trojans by the Greeks, but by the Greeks to heaven.
She answer'd: Daughter, think not much, though much it grieve thee: use
The patience, whereof many gods examples may produce,
In many bitter ills receiv'd; as well that men sustain
By their inflictions, as by men repaid to them again.



Mars suffer'd much more than thyself, by Ephialtes' power,
And Otus,' Aloeus' sons, who in a brazen tower,
And in inextricable chains, cast that war-greedy god;
Where twice six months and one he liv'd; and there the period
Of his sad life perhaps had clos'd, if his kind stepdame's eye
(Fair Erebæa) had not seen, who told it Mercury;
And he by stealth enfranchis'd him: though he could scarce enjoy
The benefit of franchisement, the chains did so destroy
His vital forces with their weight. So Juno suffer'd more,
When with a three-fork'd arrow's head, Amphytrion's son[a] did gore
Her right breast, past all hope of cure. Pluto sustain'd no less
By that self man; and by a shaft of equal bitterness,
Shot through his shoulder at hell gates, and there, amongst the dead,
(Were he not deathless) he had died: but up to heaven he fled

[a] *Amphytrion's son*—*i. e.* Hercules.

(Extremely tortur'd) for recure,[a] which instantly he won
At Pæon's hand, with sovereign balm; and this did Jove's great son,
Unblest, great-high-deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
That with his bow durst wound the gods! But by Minerva's will,
Thy wound, the foolish Diomed was so profane to give:
Not knowing he that fights with heaven hath never long to live;
And for this deed, he never shall have child about his knee
To call him father, coming home. Besides, hear this from me,
Strength-trusting man, though thou be strong, and art in strength a tower;
Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a woman's power
Contains not that superior strength; and lest that woman be
Adrastus' daughter, and thy wife, the wise Ægiale;
When—from this hour not far—she wakes, even sighing with desire
To kindle our revenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
In choosing her some fresh young friend, and so drown all thy fame,
Won here in war, in her court-peace, and in an opener shame.[b]
This said, with both her hands she cleans'd the tender back and palm
Of all the sacred blood they lost; and, never using balm,
The pain ceas'd, and the wound was cur'd of this kind queen of love.
Juno and Pallas seeing this, assay'd to anger Jove,
And quit his late made mirth with them, about the loving dame,
With some sharp jest, in like sort built upon her present shame.
Gray-ey'd Athenia began, and ask'd the Thunderer,
If—nothing moving him to wrath—she boldly might prefer[c]
What she conceiv'd, to his conceit: and staying no reply,
She bade him view the Cyprian fruit he lov'd so tenderly;
Whom she thought hurt, and by this means:—intending to suborn
Some other lady of the Greeks (whom lovely veils adorn)
To gratify some other friend, of her much-loved Troy,
As she embrac'd and stirr'd her blood to the Venerean joy,
The golden clasp those Grecian dames upon their girdles wear,
Took hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it,—she had fear.
The Thunderer smil'd, and call'd to him love's golden Arbitress,
And told her those rough works of war were not for her access:[d]

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[a] *Recure*—"recovery."

[b] In the four preceding lines Chapman has completely misrepresented the original. Homer represents Ægiale as a faithful wife, terrified by a dream of her husband's death; a highly poetic form of intimating that he should die in battle. Chapman has followed not the poet, but his commentators, who record that Ægiale was an abandoned prostitute.

[c] *Might prefer*, &c.—Chapman has made Minerva's speech far more irreverent and jocular than the original warrants.

[d] *Access*—"approach."

She should be making marriages, embracings, kisses, charms;
Stern Mars and Pallas had the charge of those affairs in arms.
While these thus talk'd, Tydides' rage still thirsted to achieve
His prize[a] upon Anchises' son; though well he did perceive
The Sun himself protected him: but his desires (enflam'd
With that great Trojan prince's blood, and arms so highly fam'd)
Not that great god did reverence. Thrice rush'd he rudely on,
And thrice betwixt his darts and death, the Sun's bright target shone:
But when upon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,
The far-off working deity exceeding wrathful grew;
And ask'd him: What! Not yield to gods? thy equals learn to know:
The race of gods is far above men creeping here below.
This drave him to some small retreat: he would not tempt more near
The wrath of him that struck so far, whose power had now set clear
Æneas from the stormy field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his so sovereign grace,
A goodly temple was advanc'd, in whose large inmost part
He left him, and to his supply inclin'd his mother's heart
(Latona) and the dart-pleas'd queen,[b] who cur'd, and made him strong.
The silver-bow'd-fair god then threw in the tumultuous throng
An image, that in stature, look, and arms, he did create
Like Venus' son; for which the Greeks and Trojans made debate,[c]
Laid loud strokes on their ox-hide shields and bucklers easily born:
Which error Phœbus pleas'd to urge on Mars himself in scorn:
Mars, Mars, said he, thou plague of men, smear'd with the dust and blood
Of humans, and their ruin'd walls; yet thinks thy godhead good,
To fright this fury from the field? who next will fight with Jove.
First, in a bold approach he hurt the moist palm of thy love:
And next (as if he did affect to have a deity's power)
He held out his assault on me.
This said, the lofty tower
Of Pergamus he made his seat; and Mars did now excite
The Trojan forces, in the form of him that led to fight
The Thracian troops; swift Acamas. O Priam's sons, said he,
How long the slaughter of your men can ye sustain to see?
Even till they brave you at your gates? Ye suffer beaten down
Æneas, great Anchises' son; whose prowess we renown[d]

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[a] *Prize*—"capture."
[b] *Dart-pleas'd queen*—Diana.
[c] *Made debate*—"contended."
[d] *Renown*—"celebrate."

As much as Hector's: fetch him off from this contentious prease.
With this, the strength and spirits of all his courage did increase:
And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this particular taunt
Of noble Hector: Hector, where is thy unthankful vaunt,
And that huge strength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,
With all thy brothers, (without aid of us or our supplies,
And troubling not a citizen,) the city safe would hold?
In all which friends' and brothers' helps, I see not, nor am told,
Of any one of their exploits; but—all held in dismay
Of Diomed, like a sort of dogs that at a lion bay,
And entertain no spirit to pinch[a]—we, your assistants here,
Fight for the town as you help'd us[b] and I (an aiding peer,
No citizen) even out of care that doth become a man
For men and children's liberties, add all the aid I can:
Not out of my particular cause; far hence my profit grows;
For far hence Asian Lycia lies, where gulfy Xanthus flows;
And where my lov'd wife, infant son, and treasure nothing scant,
I left behind me, (which I see those men would have, that want:
And therefore they that have, would keep,) yet I—as I would lose
Their sure fruition—cheer my troops, and with their lives propose[c]
Mine own life; both to general fight, and to particular cope,[d]
With this great soldier: though I say I entertain no hope
To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor fear to lose like Troy.
Yet thou (even Hector) deedless stand'st, and car'st not to employ
Thy town-born friends, to bid them stand, to fight and save their wives;
Lest as a fowler casts his nets upon the silly lives
Of birds of all sorts, so the foe your walls and houses hales,
One with another, on all heads; or such as 'scape their falls,
Be made the prey and prize of them: (as willing overthrown,
That holp[e] not for you, with their force:) and so this brave-built town
Will prove a chaos. That deserves in thee so hot a care
As should consume thy days and nights, to hearten and prepare
Th' assistant princes: pray their minds to bear their far-brought toils;
To give them worth with worthy fight: in victories and foils

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[a] *To pinch*—"to come to close quarters."
[b] *As you help'd us*—"as if you helped us, and afforded us ready assistance."
[c] *Propose*—"set forward, expose."
[d] *Particular cope*—"an especial matching of myself." Homer represents all the Lycians as boasters.
[e] *Holp*—"help."

Still to be equal: and thyself, exampling them in all,
Need no reproofs nor spurs. All this in thy free choice should fall.
This stung great Hector's heart; and yet, as every generous mind
Should silent bear a just reproof, and show what good they find
In worthy counsels, by their ends put into present deeds;
Not stomach[a] nor be vainly sham'd; so Hector's spirit proceeds:
And from his chariot, wholly arm'd, he jump'd upon the sand:
On foot so toiling through the host, a dart in either hand;
And all hands turn'd against the Greeks; the Greeks despis'd their worst,
And, thick'ning their instructed powers, expected all they durst.
Then with the feet of horse and foot the dust in clouds did rise:
And as in sacred floors of barns, upon corn-winnowers flies
The chaff, driven with an opposite wind, when yellow Ceres dites,[b]
Which all the diters' feet, legs, arms, their heads and shoulders whites[c]—
So look'd the Grecians gray with dust, that struck the solid heaven,
Rais'd from returning chariots, and troops together driven.
Each side stood to their labours firm: fierce Mars flew through the air,
And gather'd darkness from the fight; and with his best affair,[d]
Obey'd the pleasure of the Sun, that wears the golden sword,
Who bade him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas ceas'd t' afford
Her helping office to the Greeks. And then his own hands wrought;
Which (from his phane's[e] rich chancel, cur'd) the true Æneas brought
And plac'd him by his peers in field, who did with joy admire
To see him both alive and safe, and all his powers entire:
Yet stood not sifting how it chanc'd: another sort of task,
Then stirring th' idle sieve of news,[f] did all their forces ask;
Inflam'd by Phœbus, harmful Mars, and Eris, eag'rer far.
The Greeks had none to hearten them; their hearts rose with the war;
But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th' Ajaces us'd
Stirring examples and good words: their own fames had infus'd
Spirit enough into their bloods, to make them neither fear
The Trojans' force, nor Fate itself; but still expecting were
When most was done, what would be more; their ground they still made good.
And in their silence, and set powers, like fair still clouds they stood,

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[a] *Stomach*—"be enraged at."
[b] *Dites*—"winnows;" from the old Saxon *dihtan*, "to set in order."
[c] *Whites*—"whitens."
[d] *Affair*—"endeavour." Shakspere has, "His affairs come to me on the wind."
[e] *Phane*—"fane, temple."
[f] *Stirring the idle sieve of news*—an addition to the original, which could well have been spared.

With which Jove crowns the tops of hills in any quiet day,
When Boreas and the ruder winds (that use to drive away
Air's dusky vapours, being loose, in many a whistling gale)
Are pleasingly bound up and calm, and not a breath exhale:
So firmly stood the Greeks, nor fled, for all the Ilions' aid.
Atrides yet coasts[a] through the troops, confirming men so staid:
O friends, said he, hold up your minds; strength is but strength of will;
Reverence each other's good in fight, and shame[b] at things done ill:
Where soldiers show an honest shame, and love of honour lives
That ranks men with the first in fight, death fewer liveries[c] gives
Than life; or than where Fame's neglect makes cowards fight at length:
Flight neither doth the body grace, nor shows the mind hath strength.
He said, and swiftly through the troops a mortal lance did send,
That reft a standard-bearer's life, renown'd Æneas' friend,
Deïcoön Pergasides, whom all the Trojans lov'd,
As he were one of Priam's sons; his mind was so approv'd
In always fighting with the first. The lance his target took,
Which could not interrupt the blow that through it clearly strook,
And in his belly's rim[d] was sheath'd, beneath his girdle-stead;[e]
He sounded, falling—and his arms with him resounded—dead.
Then fell two princes of the Greeks by great Æneas' ire,
Diocleus' sons, Orsilochus and Crethon, whose kind sire
In bravely-builded Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred blood;—
He was descended lineally from great Alphæus' flood,
That broadly flows through Pylos' fields: Alphæus did beget
Orsilochus, who in the rule of many men was set:
And that Orsilochus begat the rich Diocleus:
Diocleus sire to Crethon was, and this Orsilochus.
Both these, arriv'd at man's estate, with both th' Atrides went,
To honour them in th' Ilion wars; and both were one way sent,
To death as well as Troy;[f] for death hid both in one black hour.
As two young lions (with their dam sustain'd but to devour)
Bred on the tops of some steep hill, and in the gloomy deep
Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheep,

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[a] *Coasts*—"traverses."

[b] *Shame*—"be ashamed."

[c] *Liveries*—"deliverances." It was a punning proverb, "Death gives those he chooses fewer liveries than lives:" for the word *livery* may either signify deliverance or the allowance made to a servant. This clause is an unauthorised addition to the original.

[d] *Rim*—"extremity."

[e] *Girdle-stead*—"girdle-clasp."

[f] *Both were sent to death as well as Troy.* This conceit is not in Homer.

Steers, oxen; and destroy men's stalls so long that they come short,
And by the owners' steel are slain: in such unhappy sort,
Fell these beneath Æneas' power. When Menelaus view'd
Like two tall fir-trees these two fall, their timeless falls he rew'd;[a]
And to the first[b] fight, where they lay, a vengeful force he took;
His arms beat back the sun in flames;[c] a dreadful lance he shook:—
Mars put the fury in his mind; that by Æneas' hands
(Who was to make the slaughter good) he might have strew'd the sands.
Antilochus (old Nestor's son) observing he was bent
To urge a combat of such odds, and knowing—the event
Being ill on his part,—all their pains (alone sustain'd for him)
Err'd from their end; made after hard, and took them in the trim[d]
Of an encounter; both their hands and darts advanc'd, and shook,
And both pitch'd in full stand of charge; when suddenly the look
Of Anchisiades took note of Nestor's valiant son,
In full charge too; which two to one, made Venus' issue shun
The hot adventure, though he were a soldier well approv'd.
Then drew they off their slaughter'd friends; who given to their belov'd,
They turn'd where fight show'd deadliest hate; and there mix'd with the dead,
Pylemen; that the targetiers of Paphlagonia led,
A man like Mars; and with him fell good Mydon that did guide
His chariot, Atymnus' son. The prince Pylemen died
By Menelaus; Nestor's joy slew Mydon; one before,
The other in the chariot: Atrides' lance did gore
Pylemen's shoulder, in the blade: Antilochus did force
A mighty stone up from the earth, and, as he turn'd his horse,
Struck Mydon's elbow in the midst: the reins of ivory
Fell from his hands into the dust: Antilochus let fly
His sword withal, and rushing in a blow so deadly laid
Upon his temples, that he groan'd; tumbled to earth, and stay'd
A mighty while preposterously[e] (because the dust was deep)
Upon his neck and shoulders there, even till his foe took keep
Of his priz'd horse, and made them stir; and then he prostrate fell:
His horse Antilochus took home. When Hector had heard tell

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[a] *Rew'd*—"rued, grieved for."
[b] *First*—"foremost."
[c] *Beat back the sun in flames*—a paraphrase of Homer's epithet "dazzling."
[d] *Trim*—"order, or disposition." Beaumont and Fletcher speak of "the horrid trims of war."
[e] *Preposterously*—"with the part of his body down that should be up;" that is, "on his head"—as the poet goes on to explain.

(Amongst the uproar) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
And ran upon the Greeks: behind, came many men of choice;
Before him march'd great Mars himself, match'd with his female mate,
The dread Bellona: she brought on (to fight for mutual fate)
A tumult that was wild and mad: he shook a horrid lance,
And now led Hector, and anon, behind would make the chance. [a]

This sight when great Tydides saw, his hair stood up on end:
And him, whom all the skill and power of arms did late attend,
Now like a man in counsel poor, that, travelling, goes amiss,
And having pass'd a boundless plain, not knowing where he is,
Comes on the sudden where he sees a river rough; and raves,
With his own billows ravished [b] into the king of waves;
Murmurs with foam, and frights him back; so he, amaz'd, retir'd,
And thus would make good his amaze: O friends, we all admir'd
Great Hector—as one of himself well-darting, bold in war—
When some god guards him still from death, and makes him dare so far;
Now Mars himself, form'd like a man, is present in his rage;
And therefore, whatsoever cause importunes you to wage
War with these Trojans, never strive, but gently take your rod; [c]
Lest in your bosoms for a man ye ever find a god.

As Greece retir'd, the power of Troy did much more forward press;
And Hector, two brave men of war, sent to the fields of peace;
Menesthes, and Anchialus; one chariot bare them both.
Their fall made Ajax Telamon ruthful of heart, and wroth;
Who light'ned out a lance, that smote Amphius Selages,
That dwelt in Pædos; rich in lands, and did huge goods possess:
But Fate, to Priam and his sons, conducted his supply.
The javelin on his girdle struck, and pierced mortally
His belly's lower part; he fell; his arms had looks so trim,
That Ajax needs would prove their spoil; the Trojans pour'd on him
Whole storms of lances, large, and sharp; of which a number stuck
In his rough shield; yet from the slain he did his javelin pluck,
But could not from his shoulders force the arms he did affect;
The Trojans with such drifts of darts the body did protect:
And wisely Telamonius fear'd their valorous defence;
So many, and so strong of hand, stood in with such expense [d]

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[a] *Chance*—"uncertainty of warfare."
[b] *Ravished*—"hurried rapidly."
[c] *Take your rod*—"submit to your chastisement."
[d] *Expense*—"a giving forth."

Of deadly prowess; who repell'd (though big, strong, bold he were)
The famous Ajax; and their friend did from his rapture[a] bear.
Thus this place fill'd with strength of fight; in th' army's other press,
Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the son of Hercules,
A cruel destiny inspir'd, with strong desire to prove
Encounter with Sarpedon's strength, the son of cloudy Jove;
Who coming on to that stern end, had chosen him his foe:
Thus Jove's great nephew, and his son, 'gainst one another go.
Tlepolemus—to make his end more worth the will of fate—
Began as if he had her pow'r; and show'd the mortal state
Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous brave:
Sarpedon, what necessity or needless humour drave
Thy form to these wars? which in heart I know thou dost abhor;
A man not seen in deeds of arms, a Lycian counsellor.
They lie that call thee son to Jove, since Jove bred none so late;
The men of elder times were they, that his high power begat;
Such men as had Herculean force; my father Hercules
Was Jove's true issue; he was bold; his deeds did well express
They sprung out of a lion's heart. He whilome came to Troy
(For horse, that Jupiter gave Tros for Ganimed, his boy)
With six ships only, and few men, and tore the city down;
Left all her broad ways desolate, and make the horse his own:
For thee, thy mind is ill dispos'd, thy body's pow'rs are poor,
And therefore are thy troops so weak; the soldier evermore
Follows the temper of his chief; and thou pull'st down a side.[b]
But say thou art the son of Jove, and hast thy means supplied
With forces fitting his descent; the powers that I compel[c]
Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head run ope the gates of hell.
Jove's Lycian issue answer'd him: Tlepolemus, 'tis true—
Thy father, holy Ilion, in that sort overthrew;
Th' injustice of the king was cause; that where thy father had
Us'd good deservings to his state, he quitted him with bad.
Hesione, the joy and grace of king Laomedon,
Thy father rescu'd from a whale, and gave to Telamon
In honour'd nuptials; (Telamon, from whom your strongest Greek
Boasts to have issu'd;) and this grace might well expect the like:

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[a] *Rapture*—"efforts to take the body."
[b] *A side*—"a party:" the side thou hast undertaken to support.
[c] *Compel*—"collect [illegible]," in my own person.

Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept against his oath his horse.
And therefore both thy father's strength, and justice might enforce
The wreak[a] he took on Troy: but this and thy cause differ far;
Sons seldom heir their fathers' worths; thou canst not make his war:
What thou assum'st from him, is mine, to be on thee impos'd.
With this, he threw an ashen dart; and then Tlepolemus los'd[b]
Another from his glorious hand: both at one instant flew;
Both struck; both wounded; from his neck Sarpedon's javelin drew
The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the midst it fell;
And what he threaten'd, th' other gave;[c] that darkness, and that hell.
Sarpedon's left thigh took the lance; it pierc'd the solid bone;
And with his raging head ran through; but Jove preserv'd his son.
The dart yet vex'd him bitterly, which should have been pull'd out;
But none consider'd then so much; so thick came on the rout,
And fill'd each hand so full of cause, to ply[d] his own defence;
'Twas held enough (both fall'n) that both were nobly carried thence.
Ulysses knew th' events of both, and took it much to heart,
That his friend's enemy should 'scape; and in a twofold part
His thoughts contended; if he should pursue Sarpedon's life,
Or take his friend's wreak on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;
By whom 'twas otherwise decreed, than that Ulysses' steel
Should end Sarpedon. In this doubt Minerva took the wheel
From fickle Chance;[e] and made his mind resolve to right his friend
With that blood he could surest draw. Then did Revenge extend
Her full power on the multitude. Then did he never miss;
Alastor, Halius, Chromius, Noemon, Pritanis,
Alcander, and a number more, he slew, and more had slain,
If Hector had not understood; whose pow'r made in amain,
And struck fear through the Grecian troops; but to Sarpedon gave
Hope of full rescue; who thus cried: O Hector! help and save
My body from the spoil of Greece; that to your loved town,
My friends may see me borne: and then let earth possess her own,
In this soil, for whose sake I left my country's; for no day
Shall ever show me that again; nor to my wife display,

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[a] *Wreak*—"revenge."
[b] *Los'd*—"let fly."
[c] *What he (Tlepolemus) threaten'd, th' other gave*—an addition to the original, as unlike the style of Homer as possible.
[d] *Ply*—"attend diligently to."
[e] *Minerva took the wheel from fickle Chance.* The original is simply "turned his mind."

And young hope of my name, the joy of my much thirsted sight:
All which I left for Troy; for them, let Troy then do this right.
To all this Hector gives no word: but greedily he strives,
With all speed to repel the Greeks, and shed in floods their lives,
And left Sarpedon: but what face [a] soever he put on
Of following the common cause, he left this prince alone,
For his particular grudge; because, so late, he was so plain
In his reproof before the host, and that did he retain;
However, for example sake, he would not show it then,
And for his shame too, since 'twas just. But good Sarpedon's men
Ventur'd themselves, and forc'd him off, and set him underneath
The goodly beech of Jupiter, where now they did unsheath [b]
The ashen lance: strong Pelagon, his friend, most lov'd, most true,
Enforc'd it from his maimed thigh: with which his spirit flew,
And darkness over-flew his eyes; yet with a gentle gale,
That round about the dying prince cool Boreas did exhale,
He was revived, recomforted, that else had griev'd and died.
All this time flight drave to the fleet the Argives, who applied
No weapon 'gainst the proud pursuit, nor ever turn'd a head;
They knew so well that Mars pursu'd, and dreadful Hector led.
Then who was first, who last, whose lives the iron Mars did seize,
And Priam's Hector? Helenus, surnamed Œnopides;
Good Teuthras; and Orestes, skill'd in managing of horse;
Bold Œnomaus, and a man renown'd for martial force;
Trechus, the great Ætolian chief; Oresbius, that did wear
The gaudy mitre, studied wealth extremely, and dwelt near
Th' Athlantic lake Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose seat
The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great,
It flew to heaven: Saturnia discern'd it, and cried out
To Pallas: O unworthy sight, to see a field so fought!
And break our words to Sparta's king, that Ilion should be rac'd,
And he return reveng'd: when thus we see his Greeks disgrac'd,
And bear the harmful rage of Mars. Come, let us use our care,
That we dishonour not our powers. Minerva was as yare [c]
As she, at the despite of Troy. Her golden-bridled steeds
Then Saturn's daughter brought abroad; and Hebe, she proceeds

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[a] *What face soever he put on*—"whatever appearance he assumed" of not being indignant a Sarpedon's rebuke. There is no warrant whatever in Homer for the unworthy feelings which Chap man ascribes to Hector.

[b] *Unsheath*—"draw out from the [illegible]."

[c] *Yare*—"ready." The wo[illegible]ied to ships.

T' address[a] her chariot instantly; she gives it—either wheel
Beam'd with eight spokes of sounding brass; the axle-tree was steel,
The fell'ffs incorruptible gold, their upper bands of brass,
Their matter most unvalued,[b] their work of wondrous grace.
The naves in which the spokes were driven, were all with silver bound;
The chariot's seat, two hoops of gold and silver strength'ned round,
Edg'd with a gold and silver fringe; the beam that look'd before,[c]
Was massy silver; on whose top, geres[d] all of gold it wore,
And golden poitrils.[e] Juno mounts, and her hot horses rein'd,
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complain'd.
Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she wove,
With glorious colours, as she sate on th' azure floor of Jove;
And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearful field:
About her broad-spread shoulders hung his huge and horrid shield,[f]
Fring'd round with ever-fighting snakes; through it was drawn to life
The miseries and deaths of fight: in it frown'd bloody Strife;
In it shin'd sacred Fortitude; in it fell Púrsuit flew;
In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which held out to view
Were all the dire ostents[g] of Jove; on her big head she plac'd
His four-plum'd glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast,
It would an hundred garrisons of soldiers comprehend.
Then to her shining chariot her vigorous feet ascend;
And in her violent hand she takes his grave,[h] huge, solid lance,
With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to advance,
And overturn whole fields of men; to show she was the seed
Of him that thunders. Then heaven's queen, to urge her horses' speed,
Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly; the ample gates of heaven
Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given,
With all Olympus, and the sky, to the distinguish'd[i] Hours;
That clear or hide it all in clouds, or pour it down in showers.
This way their scourge-obeying horse made haste, and soon they won
The top of all the topful heavens, where aged Saturn's son

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a *Address*—"dress or harness."
b *Unvalued*—"invaluable."
c *The beam that look'd before*—"the pole of the chariot."
d *Geres*—"broad straps or breast-bands," which answered the purpose of a modern collar.
e *Poitrils*—"breast-pieces."
f *Jove's horrid shield*—the Ægis.
g *Ostents*—"portentous displays;" from the Latin *ostendere*.
h *Grave*—"heavy:" the Latin *gravis*.
i *Distinguish'd*—"between which there are manifest distinctions."

Sate sever'd from the other gods; then stay'd the white-arm'd queen
Her steeds; and ask'd of Jove, if Mars did not incense his spleen
With his foul deeds, in ruining so many and so great
In the command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heat.
At which, she said, Apollo laugh'd, and Venus; who still sue
To that mad god for violence, that never justice knew;
For whose impiety she ask'd,—if with his wished love
Herself might free the field of him? He bade her rather move
Athenia to the charge she sought, who us'd of old to be
The bane of Mars, and had as well the gift of spoil[a] as he.
This grace she slack'd not, but her horse scourg'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the cope of stars and earth: And how far at a view
A man into the purple sea may from a hill descry,
So far a high-neighing horse of heaven at every jump would fly.[b]
Arriv'd at Troy, where broke in curls,[c] the two floods mix their force,
Scamander and bright Simois, Saturnia stay'd her horse;
Took them from chariot; and a cloud of mighty depth diffus'd
About them; and the verdant banks of Simois produc'd
In nature what they eat in heaven.[d] Then both the goddesses
March'd like a pair of timorous doves,[e] in hasting their access
To th' Argive succour. Being arriv'd, where both the most and best
Were heap'd together, (showing all, like lions at a feast

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[a] *Gift of spoil*—"power of obtaining plunder."

[b] "How far a heavenly horse took at one reach or stroke in galloping or running; wherein Homer's mind is far from being expressed in his interpreters, all taking it for how far deities were borne from the earth: when instantly they came down to earth: τόσσον ἐφ' ἱππείῃσιν, &c.—tantum uno saltu conficiunt, vel, tantum subsultim progrediuntur deorum altizoni equi, &c. uno—being understood, and the horses swiftness highly expressed. The sense, otherwise, is senseless and contradictory."—C.

This passage, which Longinus quotes as an instance of the sublime, may be thus literally rendered:—"As much of the horizon as a man can take in with his eyes, sitting on an eminence, looking over the dark, so much do the loud-neighing horses of heaven clear at a bound." Pope is more than usually infelicitous in his translation of this passage:—

"Far as a shepherd from some rocky height
O'er the dark main extends his labouring sight,
So far the steeds divine, with thundering sound,
Spring through the air at each amazing bound."

Homer says simply, *a man*, not *a shepherd*—obviously meaning a sentinel placed on a *scopia*, eminence, or signal-station, whether natural or artificial. The epithet *labouring* is not in the original, and is a misrepresentation of Homer's meaning; *thundering sound* is a sad perversion of "loud-neighing;" and the epithet *amazing* is an impertinence.

[c] *Curls*—"curling waves."

[d] "Ἀμβροσίην is the original word, which Scaliger taxeth very learnedly, asking how the horse came by it on those banks, when the text tells him Symois produced it: being willing to express by hyperbole the delicacy of that soil. If not, I hope the deities could ever command it."

[e] *March'd like a pair of timorous doves.* This simile is intended to express the lightness and smoothness of the march of the goddesses. Milton finely calls this "smooth gliding without step."

Of new-slain carcasses; or boars, beyond encounter strong,)
There found they Diomed; and there, 'midst all th' admiring throng,
Saturnia put on Stentor's shape; that had a brazen voice,
And spake as loud as fifty men: like whom she made a noise,
And chid the Argives: O ye Greeks, in name and outward rite [a]
But princes only, not in act: what scandal, what despite
Use ye to honour! All the time the great Æacides
Was conversant in arms, your foes durst not a foot address
Without their ports; so much they fear'd his lance that all controll'd;
And now they out-ray [b] to your fleet. This did with shame make bold
The general spirit and power of Greece; when, with particular note
Of their disgrace, Athenia made Tydeus' issue hote.
She found him at his chariot, refreshing of his wound
Inflicted by slain Pandarus; his sweat did so abound,
It much annoy'd him underneath the broad belt of his shield;
With which—and tired with his toil—his soul could hardly yield
His body motion. With his hand he lifted up the belt,
And wip'd away that clotter'd blood the fervent [c] wound did melt.
Minerva lean'd against his horse, and near their withers laid
Her sacred hand; then spake to him: Believe me, Diomed,
Tydeus exampled not himself in thee his son; not great,[d]
But yet he was a soldier; a man of so much heat,
That in his embassy for Thebes, when I forbad his mind
To be too vent'rous, and when feasts his heart might have declin'd,
With which they welcom'd him, he made a challenge to the best,
And foil'd the best; I gave him aid, because the rust of rest
That would have seiz'd another mind he suffer'd not; but us'd
The trial I made like a man; and their soft feasts refus'd:
Yet when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort,
That—I abetting thee—thou shouldst be to the Greeks a fort,
And a dismay to Ilion; yet thou obey'st in nought:
Afraid, or slothful, or else both: henceforth renounce all thought
That ever thou wert Tydeus' son. He answer'd her: I know
Thou art Jove's daughter; and for that in all just duty owe
Thy speeches reverence; yet affirm ingenuously that fear
Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor sloth. I only bear

[a] *Rite*—"form."

[b] *Out-ray*—"rush out." Some think that *ray* in this compound is a corruption of *rage;* but it seems to be more probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon *rean*, "to flow."

[c] *Fervent*—"burning" with pain.

[d] *Not great.* The small stature of Tydeus is frequently noticed by the ancient poets, in contrast with his valorous deeds.

Thy charge in zealous memory, that I should never war
With any blessed deity, unless (exceeding far
The limits of her rule) the queen, that governs chamber sport,
Should press to field; and her, thy will enjoin'd my lance to hurt.
But he whose power hath right in arms, I knew in person here,
Besides the Cyprian deity, and therefore did forbear;
And here have gather'd in retreat these other Greeks you see;
With note and reverence of your charge. My dearest Mind,[a] said she,
What then was fit is chang'd: 'Tis true, Mars hath just rule in war,—
But just war; otherwise he raves, not fights; he's alter'd far;
He vow'd to Juno and myself that his aid should be us'd
Against the Trojans, whom it guards; and therein he abus'd
His rule in arms, infring'd his word, and made his war unjust:
He is inconstant, impious, mad. Resolve then; firmly trust
My aid of thee against his worst, or any deity:
Add scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perfidiously.
This said; as that brave king, her knight, with his horse-guiding friend
Were set before the chariot; for sign he should descend,
That she might serve for waggoness,[b] she pluck'd the wagg'ner back,
And up into his seat she mounts: the beechen tree did crack
Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it bore so large[c] a thing:
A goddess so replete with power, and such a puissant king.
She snatch'd the scourge up and the reins, and shut her heavenly look[d]
In Hell's vast helm,[e] from Mars's eyes; and full career she took
At him, who then had newly slain the mighty Periphas,
Renown'd son to Ochesius; and far the strongest was
Of all th' Ætolians; to whose spoil the bloody god was run:
But when this man-plague saw th' approach of god-like Tydeus' son,
He let his mighty Periphas lie, and in full charge he ran
At Diomed; and he at him; both near;—the god began,
And (thirsty of his blood) he throws a brazen lance, that bears
Full on the breast of Diomed, above the reins and gears;[f]

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[a] *Mind.*—See before, p. 126. Minerva's speech, as given here, is a paraphrase, rather than a translation.

[b] *Waggoness.* Waggon is applied by our old English writers to any four-wheeled vehicle. Spenser calls the chariot of the sun a waggon.—

"Phœbus pure
In western waves his waggon did recure."

[c] *Large*—in B "huge."

[d] *Look*—"countenance."

[e] *Hell's vast helm*—"in the helmet of Hades." Hell and Hades originally signified the same thing; viz. "the invisible world."

[f] *Gears*—"harness."

But Pallas took it on her hand, and struck the eager lance
Beneath the chariot. Then the knight of Pallas doth advance,
And cast a javelin off at Mars; Minerva sent it on,
That (where his arming girdle girt) his belly graz'd upon,
Just at the rim, and ranch'd[a] the flesh: the lance again he[b] got,
But left the wound; that stung him so, he laid out such a throat
As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd[c] out all their breaths
In one confusion; having felt as many sudden deaths.
The roar made both the hosts amaz'd. Up flew the god to heaven;
And with him was through all the air as black a tincture driven
To Diomed's eyes, as when the earth half chok'd with smoking heat
Of gloomy clouds, that stifle men; and pitchy tempests threat,
Usher'd with horrid gusts of wind: with such black vapours plum'd,[d]
Mars flew t' Olympus, and broad heaven; and there his place resum'd.
Sadly he went and sat by Jove, show'd his immortal blood,
That from a mortal-man-made wound pour'd such an impious flood;
And weeping pour'd out these complaints: O Father, storm'st thou not
To see us take these wrongs from men? Extreme griefs we have got
Even by our own deep counsels held, for gratifying them;
And thou, our council's president, conclud'st in this extreme
Of fighting ever: being rul'd by one that thou hast bred:
One never well, but doing ill; a girl so full of head,[e]
That though all other gods obey, her mad moods must command,
By thy indulgence: nor by word, nor any touch of hand,
Correcting her; thy reason is, she is a spark of thee;
And therefore she may kindle rage in men 'gainst gods; and she
May make men hurt gods; and those gods that are besides thy seed:—
First in the palm's height Cyprides;[f] then runs the impious deed
On my hurt person; and could life give way to death in me,
Or had my feet not fetch'd me off, heaps of mortality
Had kept me cónsort.[g]
Jupiter, with a contracted brow,
Thus answer'd Mars: Thou many minds, inconstant changeling thou;
Sit not complaining thus by me; whom most of all the gods
Inhabiting the starry hill I hate: no periods
Being set to thy contentions, brawls, fights, and pitching fields;
Just of thy mother Juno's moods; stiff-neck'd, and never yields,

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[a] *Ranch'd*—"wrenched, tortured." Dryden has:—
"He rauch'd his hips with one continued wound.'
[b] *He*—Diomede. [c] *Bray'd*.—See note [d], p. 127. [d] *Plum'd*—"covered."
[e] *So full of head*—"so headstrong." [f] *Cyprides*—Venus. [g] *Consort*—"company."

Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbear offence,
Though to her son; this wound I know tastes [a] of her insolence.
But I will prove more natural; [b] thou shalt be cur'd because
Thou com'st of me: but hadst thou been so cross [c] to sacred laws,
Being born to any other god, thou hadst been thrown from heaven
Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the giants driven.

This said, he gave his wound in charge to Pæon, who applied
Such sovereign medicines, that as soon the pain was qualified,[d]
And he recur'd: as nourishing milk, when runnet [e] is put in,
Runs all in heaps of tough thick curd, though in his nature thin;
Even so soon his wound's parted sides ran close in his recure;
For he—all deathless—could not long the parts [f] of death endure.
Then Hebe bath'd, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate
Exulting by his sire again, in top of all his state; [g]
So, having from the spoils of men, made his desir'd remove,
Juno and Pallas reascend the starry court of Jove.

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[a] *Tastes of her insolence*—"was produced by her instigations." Jupiter hints at the fact that Minerva had been urged by Juno.

[b] *More natural*—"more disposed to parental kindness" than thy mother.

[c] *Cross*—"disobedient."

[d] *Qualified*—"alleviated."

[e] *Runnet*—in the original "fig-juice," which the Greeks used instead of runnet.

[f] *Parts*—"symptoms."

[g] *In top of all his state*—in the original, "exulting in his glory." Most commentators praise this characteristic of Mars, whose wound is no sooner healed than he resumes his wonted ferocity; but Heyne rejects this and the following lines as spurious.



"And in full charge he ran
At Diomed, and he at him."

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



"He found his brother then
Amongst the women, yet prepar'd to go amongst the men."

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The gods now leaving an indifferent[a] field,
The Greeks prevail, the slaughter'd Trojans yield:
Hector, by Helenus' advice, retires
In haste to Troy; and Hecuba desires
To pray Minerva, to remove from fight
The son of Tydeus, her affected[b] knight;
And vow to her—for favour of such price—
Twelve oxen should be slain in sacrifice.
In mean[c] space Glaucus and Tydides meet;
And either other with remembrance greet
Of old love 'twixt their fathers, which inclines
Their hearts to friendship; who change arms for signs

[a] *Indifferent*—"impartial."
[b] *Affected*—"beloved."
[c] *Mean*—"middle."

Of a continued love for either's life.
Hector, in his return, meets with his wife,
And taking in his armed arms his son,
He prophesies the fall of Ilion.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Zeta, Hector prophesies;
Prays for his son; wills sacrifice.

The stern fight freed of all the gods; conquest with doubtful wings
Flew on their lances: every way the restless field she flings
Betwixt the floods of Symois and Xanthus, that confin'd
All their affairs at Ilion, and round about them shin'd.
The first that weigh'd down all the field of one particular side
Was Ajax, son of Telamon; who like a bulwark plied [a]
The Greeks' protection, and of Troy the knotty orders [b] brake;
Held out a light to all the rest, and show'd them how to make
Way to their conquest. He did wound the strongest man of Thrace,
The tallest and the biggest set, Eussorian Acamas:
His lance fell on his casque's plum'd top in stooping; the fell head [c]
Drove through his forehead to his jaws; his eyes night shadowed.[d]
Tydides slew Teuthranides Axilus, that did dwell
In fair Arisba's well-built tow'rs: he had of wealth a well,[e]
And yet was kind and bountiful: he would a traveller pray
To be his guest: his friendly house stood in the broad highway;
In which he all sorts nobly us'd: yet none of them would stand
'Twixt him and death; but both himself and he that had command
Of his fair horse, Calisius, fell lifeless on the ground,
Euryalus, Opheltius and Dresus dead did wound;
Nor ended there his fiery course, which he again begins,
And ran to it successfully, upon a pair of twins,
Æsepus, and bold Pedasus, whom good Bucolion,
That first call'd father (though base born) renown'd Laomedon,
On Nais *Abarbaræa* got, a nymph that as she fed
Her curled flocks Bucolion woo'd, and mix'd in love and bed.

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[a] *Plied*—"supplied."
[b] *Orders*—"ranks."
[c] *The fell head*, viz., of the lance.
[d] *Shadowed*—"covered with darkness."
[e] *A well*—"an abundant supply."

Both these were spoil'd of arms and life by Mecistiades.
Then Polypætes, for stern death, Astialus did seize:
Ulysses slew Percosius; Teucer, Aretaön;
Antilochus, (old Nestor's joy,) Ablerus; the great son
Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus; whose abode
He held at upper Pedasus, where Satnius' river flow'd.
The great heroë Leitus stay'd Philacus in flight
From further life: Euripilus, Melanthius reft of light.
The brother to the king of men, Adrestus took alive;
Whose horse, affrighted with the flight, their driver now did drive
Amongst the low-grown tamarisk trees, and at an arm of one
The chariot in the draught-tree[a] brake, the horse brake loose, and ron
The same way other fliers fled, contending all to town:
Himself close at the chariot wheel upon his face was thrown,
And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust. Atrides inwards drave,
And holding at his breast his lance, Adrestus sought to save
His head by losing of his feet, and trusting to his knees:
On which the same parts of the king he hugs, and offers fees
Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt:
Take me alive, O Atreus' son, and take a worthy weight
Of brass, elaborate iron, and gold: a heap of precious things
Are in my father's riches hid, which when your servant brings
News of my safety to his ears, he largely will divide
With your rare bounties. Atreus' son thought this the better side,
And meant to take it; being about to send him safe to fleet:
Which when, far off, his brother saw, he wing'd his royal feet,
And came in threatening, crying out: O soft heart! what's the cause
Thou spar'st these men thus? have not they observ'd these gentle laws
Of mild humanity to thee, with mighty argument,[b]
Why thou shouldst deal thus? In thy house, and with all precedent
Of honour'd guest rites entertain'd?—Not one of them shall flie
A bitter end for it from heaven, and much less (dotingly)
'Scape our revengeful fingers: all, even th' infant in the womb,
Shall taste of what they merited, and have no other tomb
Than raz'd Ilion, nor their race have more fruit than the dust.
This just cause turn'd his brother's mind, who violently thrust
The prisoner from him; in whose guts the king of men impress'd
His ashen lance; which (pitching down his foot upon the breast

[a] *The draught tree*—in the original "the top of the pole."
[b] *Argument*—"example."

Of him that upwards fell) he drew, then Nestor spake to all:
O friends, and household men of Mars, let not your púrsuit fall
With those ye fell, for present spoil; nor, like the king of men,
Let any 'scape unfell'd; but on, dispatch them all, and then
Ye shall have time enough to spoil. This made so strong their chace,
That all the Trojans had been hous'd, and never turn'd a face,
Had not the Priamist Helenus (an augur most of name)
Will'd Hector and Æneas thus: Hector! Anchises' fame!
Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burden lies
Of Troy and Lycia;—being both of noblest faculties,
For counsel, strength of hand, and apt to take chance at her best
In every turn she makes—stand fast, and suffer not the rest,
By any way search'd out for 'scape, to come within the ports:[a]
Lest, fled into their wives' kind arms, they there be made the sports
Of the pursuing enemy: exhort and force your bands
To turn their faces; and while we employ our ventur'd hands,
Though in a hard condition, to make the other stay,
Hector, go thou to Ilion; and our queen mother pray,
To take the richest robe she hath; the same that's chiefly dear
To her court fancy; with which gem, assembling more to her
Of Troy's chief matrons, let all go (for fear of all our fates)
To Pallas' temple; take the key, unlock the leavy gates,[b]
Enter, and reach the highest tow'r, where her Palladium stands,
And on it put the precious veil, with pure and reverend hands:
And vow to her, besides the gift, a sacrificing stroke[c]
Of twelve fat heifers of a year, that never felt the yoke;
(Most answering to her maiden state) if she will pity us;
Our town, our wives, our youngest joys; and him that plagues them thus
Take from the conflict, Diomed, that fury in a fight,
That true son of great Tydeus, that cunning lord of flight;
Whom I esteem the strongest Greek; for we have never fled
Achilles (that is prince of men, and whom a goddess bred)
Like him, his fury flies so high, and all men's wraths commands.
Hector intends[d] his brother's will, but first through all his bands
He made quick way, encouraging; and all, to fear, afraid,—
All turn'd their heads; and made Greece turn. Slaughter stood still
dismay'd

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[a] *Ports*—"gates."
[b] *Leavy gates*—"folding-gates," having leaves or double doors.
[c] *Stroke*—"offering;" so called because the sacrifice should be slain by a single stroke or blow.
[d] *Intends*—"diligent[illegible] Jonson has, "Nay, but intend me."

On their parts, for they thought some god, fallen from the vault of stars,
Was rush'd into the Ilions' aid; they made such dreadful wars.
Thus Hector, toiling in the waves, and thrusting back the flood
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: So, so, now runs your blood
In his right current: forwards now, Trojans, and far-call'd friends
Awhile hold out, till for success to this your brave amends,[a]
I haste to Ilion, and procure our counsellors and wives
To pray, and offer hecatombs, for their states[b] in our lives.
Then fair-helm'd Hector turn'd to Troy, and as he trode the field,
The black bull's hide that at his back he wore about his shield,
(In the extreme circumference) was with his gate[c] so rock'd,[d]
That, being large, it both at once his neck and ankles knock'd.
And now betwixt the hosts were met Hippolochus' brave son
Glaucus, who in his very look hope of some wonder won,
And little Tydeus' mighty heir, who seeing such a man
Offer the field,[e] (for usual blows) with wondrous words began:
What art thou—strong'st of mortal men—that putt'st so far before?
Whom these fights never show'd mine eyes? they have been evermore
Sons of unhappy parents born, that came within the length
Of this Minerva-guided lance; and durst close with the strength
That she inspires in me. If heaven be thy divine abode,
And thou a deity thus inform'd, no more with any god
Will I change lances; the strong son of Drius did not live
Long after such a conflict dar'd, who godlessly did drive
Nisæus'[f] nurses through the hill made sacred to his name,
And called Nisseius: with a goad he punch'd each furious dame,
And made them every one cast down their green and leafy spears.[g]
This th' homicide Lycurgus did; and those ungodly fears
He put the froes[h] in—seized their god. Even Bacchus he did drive
From his Nisseius, who was fain, with huge exclaims, to dive

[a] *Amends*—"compensating services" for the losses described before.
[b] *States*—"estates;" that is, "for their lives and properties, which depend on our lives."
[c] *Gate*—"gait, mode of walking."
[d] *So rock'd*—"so shaken." The description conveys a lively notion of Hector's haste and anxiety.
[e] *Offer the field*—"challenge combat;" the phrase is taken from the customs of chivalry, where a challenger of all comers was said to offer the field.
[f] *Nisæus*—Bacchus, so called from the city Nysa, where he was nursed.
[g] *Leafy spears*—the thyrsi, or spears covered with vine-leaves, which the Bacchanals carried in their festivals.
[h] *Froes*—"women;" from the Dutch *vrow*. The name was applied to the Bacchanals by several of the old poets, because they imagined them to be as fond of liquor as the women of Holland. We find in Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"'Tis thus, then,
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Bucksom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing."

Into the ocean: Thetis there in her bright bosom took
The flying deity, who so fear'd Lycurgus' threats, he shook.
For which the freely living gods[a] so highly were incens'd,
That Saturn's great son struck him[b] blind, and with his life dispens'd
But small time after: all because th' immortals lov'd him not:
Nor lov'd him since he striv'd with them: and this end hath begot
Fear in my powers to fight with heaven. But if the fruits of earth
Nourish thy body, and thy life be of our human birth,
Come near; that thou mayst soon arrive on that life-bounding shore,
To which I see thee hoist such sail. Why dost thou so explore,
Said Glaucus, of what race I am? when like the race of leaves
The race of man is, that deserves no question: nor receives
My being any other breath. The wind in autumn strows
The earth with old leaves, then the spring the woods with new endows:
And so death scatters men on earth: so life puts out again
Man's leavy issue.[c] But my race, if (like the course of men)
Thou seek'st in more particular terms, 'tis this: (to many known:)
In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands a walled town,
Ephyré,[d] where the mansion-house of Sysiphus did stand;
Of Sysiphus Æolides, most wise of all the land.
Glaucus was son to him, and he begat Bellerophon,
Whose body heaven indued with strength, and put a beauty on,
Exceeding lovely. Prætus yet his cause of love[e] did hate,
And banish'd him the town; he might:—he rul'd the Argive state.
The virtue of the one Jove plac'd beneath the other's pow'r.
His exile grew since he denied to be the paramour
Of fair Anteia,[f] Prætus' wife, who felt a raging fire
Of secret love to him; but he, whom wisdom did inspire
As well as prudence, (one of them advising him to shun
The danger of a princess' love; the other not to run
Within the danger of the gods: the act being simply ill)
Still entertaining thoughts divine, subdu'd the earthly still.
She, rul'd by neither of his wits, preferr'd her lust to both;
And—false to Prætus—would seem true; with this abhorr'd untroth:

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[a] *Freely-living.* Milton has given the full force of the epithet:—
"The gods who live at ease."

[b] *Him*—Lycurgus.

[c] *Leavy*—"leafy," like the leaves just described.

[d] *Ephyré*—the ancient name of Corinth.

[e] *His cause of love*—i. e., his personal beauty.

[f] *Anteia.*—She is called Sthenobea by most other poets.

Prætus, or die thyself, said she, or let Bellerophon die;
He urg'd dishonour to thy bed: which since I did deny,
He thought his violence should grant, and sought thy shame by force.
The king, incens'd with her report, resolv'd upon her course;
But doubted how it should be run: he shunn'd his death direct;
Holding a way so near, not safe; and plotted the effect
By sending him with letters seal'd [a] (that, opened, touch his life)
To Rheuns [b] king of Lycia, and father to his wife.
He went, and happily he went: the gods walk'd all his way.
And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth display
The silver ensigns [c] of his waves; the king of that broad land
Receiv'd him with a wondrous free and honourable hand.
Nine days he feasted him, and kill'd an ox in every day,
In thankful sacrifice to heaven, for his fair guest; whose stay,
With rosy fingers, brought the world, the tenth well-welcom'd morn:
And then the king did move to see the letters he had borne
From his lov'd son-in-law; which seen, he wrought thus their contents.
Chymæra, the invincible, he sent him to convince: [d]
Sprung from no man, but meer [e] divine; a lion's shape before;
Behind, a dragon's; in the midst, a goat's shagg'd form she bore;
And flames of deadly fervency flew from her breath and eyes:
Yet her he slew; his confidence in sacred prodigies
Render'd him victor. Then he gave his second conquest way,
Against the famous Solymi,[f] when (he himself would say
Reporting it) he enter'd on a passing vigorous fight.
His third huge labour he approv'd against a woman's spite,
That fill'd a field of Amazons: he overcame them all.
Then set they on him sly Deceit, when Force had such a fall;

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[a] "*Bellerophontis literæ. Ad. Eras.* This long speech many critics tax as untimely, being, as they take it, in the heat of fight—Hier. Vidas, a late observer, being eagerest against Homer, whose ignorance in this I cannot but note, and prove to you; for, besides the authority and office of a poet, to vary and quicken his poem with these episodes, sometimes beyond the leisure of their actions, the critic notes not how far his forerunner prevents his worst as far; and sets down his speech at the sudden and strange turning of the Trojan field, set on a little before by Hector; and that so fiercely, it made an admiring stand among the Grecians, and therein gave fit time for these great captanis to utter their admirations: the whole field in that part being to stand like their commanders. And then how full of decorum this gallant show and speech was to sound understandings, I leave only to such, and let our critics go cavil." C.

[b] *Rheuns.* According to the best authorities his name was Jobates.

[c] *Ensigns*—"remarkable objects;" from the Latin *insignia.*

[d] *Convince*—"conquer," from the Latin *con-vincere.*

[e] *Meer*—"totally."

[f] *Solymi*—a race that inhabited the mountains of Lycia.

An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lycia bred,
Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd sure: they never rais'd a head.
His deeds thus showing him deriv'd from some celestial race,
The king detain'd, and made amends, with doing him the grace
Of his fair daughter's princely gift; and with her, for a dow'r,
Gave half his kingdom; and to this, the Lycians on did pour
More than was given to any king: a goodly planted field,[a]
In some parts thick of groves, and woods; the rest rich crops did yield.
This field, the Lycians futurely[b] (of future wand'rings there
And other errors of their prince, in the unhappy rear
Of his sad life) the Errant call'd. The princess brought him forth
Three children, (whose ends griev'd him more, the more they were of worth,)
Isander, and Hippolochus, and fair Laodomy;
With whom even Jupiter himself, left heaven itself, to lie,
And had by her the man at arms, Sarpedon, call'd divine.
The gods then left him, lest a man should in their glories shine;
And set against him; for his son, Isandrus, in a strife
Against the valiant Solymi, Mars reft of light and life;
Leödamïe (being envied, of all the goddesses)
The golden-bridle-handling queen[c]—the maiden patroness,
Slew with an arrow: and for this he wand'red evermore
Alone through his Aleian field;[d] and fed upon the core
Of his sad bosom: flying all the loth'd consórts of men.
Yet had he one surviv'd to him, of those three childeren,
Hippolochus, the root of me: who sent me here with charge
That I should always bear me well, and my deserts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar: lest I sham'd my race, that far excell'd
All that Ephyra's famous towers, or ample Lycia held.
This is my stock; and this am I. This cheer'd Tydides' heart,
Who pitch'd his spear down; lean'd, and talk'd in this affectionate part:
Certes—in thy great ancestor, and in mine own—thou art
A guest of mine, right ancient; king Oeneus, twenty days
Detain'd, with feasts, Bellerophon, whom all the world did praise;

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[a] *Field*—"estate:" the word is here used in a general sense for any section of ground, however extensive.

[b] *This field the Lycians futurely*, &c. Chapman has transposed the clauses of the history to accommodate the theory of some commentators who assert that "the field of wandering" was the original demesne assigned to Bellerophon.

[c] *Golden bridle-handling queen*—Diana.

[d] *Aleian field*—"field of wandering."

Betwixt whom mutual gifts were given: my grandsire gave to thine
A girdle of Phœnician work, impurpled wondrous fine.
Thine gave a two-neck'd jug of gold, which though I use not here,
Yet still it is my gem at home. But if our fathers were
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not, since my sire
Left me a child, at siege of Thebes, where he left his life's fire.
But let us prove our grandsires' sons, and be each other's guests.
To Lycia when I come, do thou receive thy friend with feasts:
Peloponnesus, with the like, shall thy wish'd presence greet;
Mean space, shun we each other here, though in the press we meet.
There are enow of Troy beside, and men enough renown'd,
To right my pow'rs, whomever heaven shall let my lance confound:
So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canst: and now
For sign of amity 'twixt us, and that all these may know
We glory in th' hospitious[a] rites, our grandsires did commend,
Change we our arms before them all. From horse then both descend,
Join hands, give faith, and take; and then did Jupiter elate[b]
The mind of Glaucus: who to show his reverence to the state
Of virtue in his grandsire's heart, and gratulate[c] beside
The offer of so great a friend, exchanged in that good pride –
Curets of gold for those of brass, that did on Diomed shine:
One of a hundred oxen's price, the other but of nine.

By this, had Hector reach'd the ports of Scæa, and the tow'rs.
About him flock'd the wives of Troy, the children, paramours,
Inquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loves.

He stood not then to answer them, but said: It now behoves
Ye should go all t' implore the aid of heaven in a distress
Of great effect, and imminent. Then hasted he access
To Priam's goodly builded court; which round about was run[d]
With walking porches, galleries, to keep off rain and sun.

[a] *Hospitious*—"belonging to hospitality." The strictness with which the rights of hospitality were observed is here forcibly shown. The friendship contracted between host and guest was obligatory upon their posterity, and was even deemed more binding than the ties of consanguinity.

[b] "Φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς. *Mentem ademit Jup.*, the text hath it; which only alter of all Homer's original, since Plutarch against the Stoics excuses this supposed folly in Glaucus. Spondanus likewise encouraging my alterations, which I use for the loved and simple nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrary to others that, for the supposed folly in Glaucus, turned his change into a proverb, χρυσέα χαλκείων, golden for brazen." Pope has here followed Chapman; but with less success he attempts to justify his translation. The plain meaning of Homer is, that the consideration of value never occurred to the mind of Glaucus, and, according to the custom of the times, he attributes this oversight to Jupiter.

[c] *Gratulate*—"welcome with joy." Thus Drayton:—

"Though the sad aged earth sent out a hollow sound
To gratulate her speech."

[d] *Run*—"enclosed."

Within, of one side, on a rew[a] of sundry colour'd stones,
Fifty fair lodgings were built out, for Priam's fifty sons,
And for as fair sort[b] of their wives; and in the opposite view
Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height, were likewise built arew;[c]
Where, with their fair and virtuous wives, twelve princes, sons in law
To honourable Priam, lay. And here met Hecuba
(The loving mother) her great son, and with her, needs must be
The fairest of her female race, the bright Laodice.
The queen grip'd hard her Hector's hand, and said: O worthiest son,
Why leav'st thou field? is't not because the cursed nation
Afflict our countrymen and friends? they are their moans that move
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands—in his high tow'r—to Jove.
But stay a little, that myself may fetch our sweetest wine,
To offer first to Jupiter; then that these joints of thine
May be refresh'd: for (woe is me) how thou art toil'd[d] and spent!
Thou for our city's general state, thou for our friends far sent,
Must now the press of fight endure; now solitude, to call
Upon the name of Jupiter: thou only for us all.
But wine will something comfort thee: for to a man dismay'd
With careful spirits;[e] or too much with labour overlaid,
Wine brings much rescue; strengthening much the body and the mind.
The great helm-mover[f] thus receiv'd the auth'ress of his kind:
My royal mother, bring no wine, lest rather it impair
Than help my strength, and make my mind forgetful of th' affair
Committed to it. And, to pour it out in sacrifice,—
I fear with unwash'd hands to serve the pure-liv'd deities;
Nor is it lawful, thus imbrued with blood and dust, to prove
The will of heaven: or offer vows to cloud-compelling Jove.
I only come to use your pains—assembling other dames,
Matrons, and women honour'd most, with high and virtuous names—
With wine and odours, and a robe most ample, most of price,
And which is dearest in your love, to offer sacrifice,

---

[a] *Rew*—the old form of "row," from the Anglo-Saxon *rœwa*.
[b] *Fair sort*—suitable companionship.
[c] *Arew*—"arow." See before.
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[e] *Careful spirits*—"spirits or mind burdened with care."
[f] *Helm-mover*. Commentators are divided as to whether the original epithet refers to the variegated ornaments on Hector's crest, or the rapidity of its motion in fight. Chapman has selected the latter as th more poetical sense.

In Pallas' temple: and to put the precious robe ye bear
On her Palladium; vowing all, twelve oxen of a year,
Whose necks were never rung with yoke, shall pay her grace their lives,
If she will pity our sieg'd town; pity ourselves, our wives;
Pity our children; and remove from sacred Ilion
The dreadful soldier Diomed. And when yourselves are gone
About this work, myself will go to call into the field
(If he will hear me) Helen's love, whom would the earth would yield,[a]
And headlong take into her gulf, even quick before mine eyes:
(For then my heart, I hope, would cast her load of miseries;)
Borne for the plague he hath been born, and bred to the deface
(By great Olympius) of Troy, our sire, and all our race.
This said, grave Hecuba went home, and sent her maids about
To bid the matrons: she herself descended, and search'd out
(Within a place that breath'd perfumes) the richest robe she had:
Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made
By women of Sydonia; which Paris brought from thence,
Sailing the broad sea, when he made that voyage of offence,
In which he brought home Helena. That robe transferr'd so far,
(That was the undermost) she took; it glitter'd like a star;
And with it went she to the fane, with many ladies more,
Amongst whom, fair-cheek'd Theano unlock'd the folded door;
Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife, and of Cisseüs' race;
Sister to Hecuba, both born to that great king of Thrace.
Her, th' Ilions made Minerva's priest; and her they follow'd all
Up to the temple's highest tow'r; where on their knees they fall;
Lift up their hands, and fill the fane with ladies' piteous cries.
Then lovely Theano took the veil, and with it she implies[b]
The great Palladium, praying thus: Goddess of most renown
In all the heaven of goddesses! great guardian of our town,
Reverend Minerva! break the lance of Diomed; cease his grace;[c]
Give him to fall in shameful flight, headlong, and on his face,
Before our ports of Ilion; that instantly we may
Twelve unyok'd oxen of a year, in this thy temple slay
To thy sole honour; take their bloods, and banish our offence;
Accept Troy's zeal; her wives'; and save our infants' innocence.

---

[a] *Yield*—"open under,—yield to;" an unusual application of the term.
[b] *Implies*—"enfolds."
[c] *Cease his grace*—"put an end to the favour shown him."

Within, of one side, on a rew[a] of sundry colour'd stones,
Fifty fair lodgings were built out, for Priam's fifty sons,
And for as fair sort[b] of their wives; and in the opposite view
Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height, were likewise built arew;[c]
Where, with their fair and virtuous wives, twelve princes, sons in law
To honourable Priam, lay. And here met Hecuba
(The loving mother) her great son, and with her, needs must be
The fairest of her female race, the bright Laodice.
The queen grip'd hard her Hector's hand, and said: O worthiest son,
Why leav'st thou field? is't not because the cursed nation
Afflict our countrymen and friends? they are their moans that move
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands—in his high tow'r—to Jove.
But stay a little, that myself may fetch our sweetest wine,
To offer first to Jupiter; then that these joints of thine
May be refresh'd: for (woe is me) how thou art toil'd[d] and spent!
Thou for our city's general state, thou for our friends far sent,
Must now the press of fight endure; now solitude, to call
Upon the name of Jupiter: thou only for us all.
But wine will something comfort thee: for to a man dismay'd
With careful spirits;[e] or too much with labour overlaid,
Wine brings much rescue; strengthening much the body and the mind.
The great helm-mover[f] thus receiv'd the auth'ress of his kind:
My royal mother, bring no wine, lest rather it impair
Than help my strength, and make my mind forgetful of th' affair
Committed to it. And, to pour it out in sacrifice,—
I fear with unwash'd hands to serve the pure-liv'd deities;
Nor is it lawful, thus imbrued with blood and dust, to prove
The will of heaven: or offer vows to cloud-compelling Jove.
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She pray'd, but Pallas would not grant. Mean space[a] was Hector come
Where Alexander's lodgings were; that many a goodly room
Had, built in them by architects, of Troy's most curious[b] sort;
And where no lodgings—but a house; nor no house – but a court;
Or had all these contain'd in them; and all within a tow'r,
Next Hector's lodgings and the king's. The lov'd of heaven's chief pow'r
(Hector) here ent'red. In his hand a goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the brazen head went shining in before,
Help'd[c] with a burnish'd ring of gold. He found his brother then
Amongst the women; yet prepar'd to go amongst the men:
For in their chamber he was set, trimming his arms, his shield,
His curets, and was trying how his crooked bow would yield
To his straight arms. Amongst her maids was set the Argive queen,
Commanding them in choicest works. When Hector's eye had seen
His brother thus accompanied, and that he could not bear
The very touching of his arms, but where the women were;
And when the time so needed men; right cunningly he chid,
That he might do it bitterly; his cowardice he hid
(That simply made him so retir'd) beneath an anger, feign'd
In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens sustain'd
Against him, for the foil he took in their cause; and again,
For all their general foils in his. So Hector seems to plain[d]
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardice;[e]
As that were it that shelt'red him in his effeminacies;
And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fight:
For which he chid thus: Wretched man! so timeless is thy spite,
That 'tis not honest; and their hate is just, 'gainst which it bends.
War burns about the town for thee; for thee our slaughter'd friends
Besiege Troy with their carcasses; on whose heaps our high walls
Are overlook'd by enemies: the sad sounds of their falls
Without, are echo'd with the cries of wives and babes within;
And all for thee: and yet for them thy honour cannot win
Head[f] of thine anger: thou shouldst need no spirit to stir up thine,

[a] *Mean space*—here used for "mean time."
[b] *Curious*—"skilful."
[c] *Help'd*—"assisted" in its fastenings.
[d] *Plain*—"complain."
[e] "Hector dissembles the cowardice he finds in Paris, turning it, as if he chid him for his anger at the Trojans for hating him, being conquered by Menelaus; when it is for his effeminacy; which is all periphrastical in my translation." Chapman's confession precludes the necessity of showing that his translation wants the terseness and brevity of the original; but we may add that in this speech Pope, Cowper and Sotheby have equally had recourse to paraphrase.
[f] *Head*—"mastery over."

But thine should set the rest on fire; and with a rage divine
Chastise impartially the best, that impiously forbears:
Come forth, lest thy fair tow'rs and Troy be burn'd about thine ears.
Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all just that Hector spake;
Allowing justice, though it were for his injustice' sake:
And where his brother put a wrath upon him by his art;
He takes it (for his honour's sake) as sprung out of his heart;
And rather would have anger seem his fault than cowardice:[a]
And thus he answer'd: Since—with right—you join'd check[b] with advice,
And I hear you,—give equal care: It is not any spleen
Against the town, as you conceive, that makes me so unseen,
But sorrow for it; which to ease, and by discourse digest
Within myself, I live so close. And yet, since men might wrest
My sad retreat, like you, my wife with her advice inclin'd
This my addression to the field which was mine own free mind,
As well as th' instance of her words: for though the foil[c] were mine,
Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turns: stay then this haste of thine
But till I arm, and I am made a cónsort for thee straight;
Or go, I'll overtake thy haste. Helen stood at receipt,[d]
And took up[e] all great Hector's powers, t' attend her heavy words;
By which had Paris no reply: this vent her grief affords:
Brother (if I may call you so, that had been better born
A dog, than such a horrid dame, as all men curse and scorn;
A mischief-maker, a man-plague) O would to God! the day,
That first gave light to me, had been a whirlwind in my way,
And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
Of earth's most far-resounding seas, ere I should thus engage
The dear lives of so many friends: yet since the gods have been
Helpless[f] foreseers of my plagues, they might have likewise seen[g]
That he they put in yoke with me, to bear out their award,
Had been a man of much more spirit; and, or had noblier dar'd

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[a] The explanation in these four lines is an addition to the original.

[b] *Check*—"reproof."

[c] *Foil*—"defeat," in the duel with Menelaus.

[d] *Stood at receipt*—"stood as to cover her husband's confusion." Receipt (from the French *recet*) is used by old authors to signify a covert or retreat to which a person may betake himself for safety; and hence any means of escape from danger or difficulty. Thus Chaucer:—

"For the love of God that for us alle died,
And as I may deserve it unto you,
What shall this *receipt* cost? telleth me now."

[e] *Took up*—"occupied the attention of." See preceding note.

[f] *Helpless*—"not affording help." She means that the deities who foresaw her misfortunes gave her no assistance to avert them.

[g] *Seen*—"taken care."

had known
have shown
my shame and his.
manhood is:
fear.
brother: rest you here,
with most unrest for me,
whom a destiny
crimes
makes our crimes.
me sit with thee:
love of me.
whom my absence breeds
deeds
make his own make haste,
see at last
see
life of me.
restore:
This will be went to see
about
and crying out.
—
anxiously inquir'd
were gone to see
should be
truth
so much the truth,
wives.
lives:
how vast
straight made haste
the way
Hector made no stay;

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[1] ... by intelligence.

[2] ... the purpose in gaining sight of him."

[3] ... unattended.

But trod her path, and through the streets, magnificently built,
All the great city past, and came where (seeing how blood was spilt)
Andromache might see him come; who made as he would pass
The ports[a] without saluting her, not knowing where she was.
She, with his sight, made breathless haste to meet him: she, whose grace
Brought him withal so great a dow'r; she that of all the race
Of king Ætion, only liv'd: Ætion, whose house stood
Beneath the mountain *Placius*, environ'd with the wood
Of Theban Hippoplace, being court,[b] to the Cilician land.
She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of heart and hand,
Her son, borne in his nurse's arms: when like a heavenly sign,
Compact[c] of many golden stars, the princely child did shine;
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius; but whom the town did name
Astyanax;[d] because his sire did only prop the same.
Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smil'd upon his joy.
Andromache cried out, mix'd hands, and to the strength of Troy,
Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire!
Thy mind, inflam'd with others' good, will set thyself on fire:
Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who must thy widow be
If now thou issue: all the field will only run on thee.
Better my shoulders underwent the earth, than thy decease;
For then would earth bear joys no more: then comes the black increase
Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion.) Alas! what one survives
To be my refuge? one black day bereft seven brothers' lives,
By stern Achilles; by his hand my father breath'd his last:
His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes, sack'd by him, and laid wast:
The royal body yet he left unspoil'd: Religion charm'd
That act of spoil; and all in fire he burn'd him cómplete arm'd;
Built over him a royal tomb; and to the monument
He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
Did add to it, and set it round with elms;[e] by which is shown

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[a] *Ports*—"gates."

[b] *Court*—"metropolis,—seat of government."

[c] *Compact*—"composed,—made up;" from the Latin *compingere*. Shakspere uses the word in a similar sense:—

"Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

[d] *Astyanax*—that is, "king of the city."

[e] *Elms*. Elms and alders which bear no fruit were appropriate to the dead. The three lines that follow are an unauthorised but scarcely an unpardonable addition to the original.

To shield mine honour with this deed, or with his mind had known
Much better the upbraids of men; that so he might have shown
(More like a man) some sense of grief, for both my shame and his.
But he is senseless, nor conceives what any manhood is;
Nor now, nor ever after will: and therefore hangs, I fear,
A plague above him. But come near, good brother; rest you here,
Who, of the world of men, stands charg'd with most unrest for me,
Vile wretch! and for my lover's wrong: on whom a destiny
So bitter is impos'd by Jove, that all succeeding times
Will put—to our unended shames—in all men's mouths our crimes.
He answer'd: Helen, do not seek to make me sit with thee:
I must not stay, though well I know thy honour'd love of me.
My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds
Longings to see me: for whose sakes, importune thou to deeds
This man by all means, that your care may make his own make hast,
And meet me in the open town; that all may see at last
He minds his lover. I myself will now go home, and see
My household, my dear wife, and son, that little hope of me.
For, sister, 'tis without my skill,[a] if I shall evermore
Return, and see them; or to earth, her right in me restore:
The gods may stoupe [b] me, by the Greeks. This said, he went to see
The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-arm'd Andromache.
She, with her infant son and maid, was climb'd the tow'r, about
The sight of him [c] that sought for her, weeping and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retir'd—
Stood in the gate—her woman call'd; and curiously inquir'd
Where she was gone;—bad tell him true, if she were gone to see
His sisters, or his brothers' wives; or whether she should be
At temple with the other dames, t' implore Minerva's ruth.
Her woman answer'd: Since he ask'd, and urg'd so much the truth,
The truth was she was neither gone to see his brothers' wives,
His sisters, nor t' implore the ruth [d] of Pallas on their lives:
But (she advértis'd of the bane Troy suffer'd; and how vast
Conquest had made herself for Greece) like one distraught,[e] made hast
To ample Ilion with her son, and nurse; and all the way
Mourn'd, and dissolv'd in tears for him. Then Hector made no stay;

[a] *Without my skill*—"beyond the reach of my intelligence."
[b] *Stoupe me*—"stoop me,—cause me to fall."
[c] *About the sight of him*—"for the purpose of gaining sight of him."
[d] *Ruth*—"compassion."
[e] *Distraught*—"distracted."

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(In theirs) the barrenness of death: yet might it serve beside
To shelter the said monument from all the ruffinous[a] pride
Of storms and tempests, us'd to hurt things of that noble kind.
The short life yet my mother liv'd, he sav'd; and serv'd his mind
With all the riches of the realm; which not enough esteem'd,
He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth redeem'd:
And she in sylvan Hyppoplace, Cilicia rul'd again;
But soon was over-rul'd by death: Diana's chaste disdain
Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet all these gone from me,
Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes still my father be;
My mother; brothers: and besides thou art my husband too;
Most lov'd, most worthy. Pity then, dear love, and do not go:
For thou gone, all these go again: pity our common joy,
Lest—of[b] a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy—
Thou leav'st him a poor widow's charge. Stay, stay then, in this tow'r,
And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retired pow'r:
For there the wall is easiest scal'd, and fittest for surprise;
And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
Have both survey'd and made attempt; I know not if induc'd
By some wise augury, or the fact was naturally infus'd
Into their wits, or courages. To this, great Hector said:
Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are waid.[c]
But what a shame, and fear it is, to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-train'd gowns adorn)
That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breath
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me; and my mind knew what a worthy was;
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement.[d] In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
Here must his country, father, friends, be—in him—made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come, (in mind and soul I know,)
When sacred Troy shall shed her tow'rs, for tears of overthrow;
When Priam, all his birth and pow'r, shall in those tears be drown'd.
But neither Troy's posterity, so much my soul doth wound;

[a] *Ruffinous*—"fierce." Shakspere has,—

"The winds
Who take the ruffian billows by the top."

[b] *Of*—used here to signify "out of," like the Latin *ex*. So in the Nicene Creed, "God *of* God," &c.

[c] *Waid*—"weighed."

[d] *Give no danger pass without improvement*—"allow no danger to pass without availing myself of it to advance my glory."

Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes)
As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence;
These free days clouded; and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples: out of which thine eyes must never see;
But spin the Greek wives webs of task, and their fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring:
Which, howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing,
She will be mistress; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions, being beheld by other enemies.
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: This dame was Hector's wife,
A man, that at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army. This again will rub thy fruitful wounds;
To miss the man, that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.[a]
But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears, against thy plaints, and plight.
This said, he reach'd to take his son: who of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his nurse, and cried.
Laughter affected his great sire; who doff'd, and laid aside
His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light;
Then took and kiss'd his loving son; and (balancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he us'd,
And all the other bench[b] of gods: O you that have infus'd
Soul to this infant; now set down this blessing on his star:
Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war;
And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
His facts this fame;—when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquer'd field
Sown with his slaughters:—These high deeds exceed his father's worth.
And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth[c]
Of his kind mother, with my life. This said; th' heroic sire
Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes, fresh streams of love's salt fire,
Billow'd on her soft cheeks,[d] to hear the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vows compris'd the sum of all he did beseech

[a] *That to thy bands could give such narrow bounds*—"who could so soon break thy bands or bonds of slavery." The literal translation of the passage is—

"In desperate thirst for such a man to ward off slavery's day."

[b] *Bench*—"council." In Chapman's day this word conveyed a more exalted notion than it does in ours.

[c] *To come forth*, &c.—"to depart from" Andromache when her husband fell. He means, may the glory of Astyanax console her for the loss of Hector.

[d] *Fresh streams of love's salt fire billow'd on her fair cheeks.*—The original is remarkable for its exquisite simplicity, "smiling tearfully."

In her wish'd comfort. So she took into her odorous breast
Her husband's gift; who, mov'd to see her heart so much oppress'd,
He dried her tears; and thus desir'd: Afflict me not, dear wife,
With these vain griefs. He doth not live that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate; and fate, whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, fate controls: once born, the best must die.
Go home, and set thy huswifery on these extremes of thought;
And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing nought:
These will be nothing; leave the cares of war to men, and me;
In whom of all the Ilion race they take their high'st degree.
On went his helm; his princess home, half cold with kindly fears;
When every fear turn'd back her looks; and every look shed tears;[a]
To slaughtering Hector's house, soon reach'd, her many women there
Wept all to see her. In his life, great Hector's funerals were;
Never look'd any eye of theirs to see their lord safe home,
'Scap'd from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come
From his high tow'rs; who made no stay, when once he had put on
His richest armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon
Sparkled with lustre of his arms; his long-ebb'd spirits now flow'd
The higher for their lower ebb. And as a fair steed proud
With full-given mangers, long tied up, and now his head-stall broke
He breaks from stable, runs the field, and with an ample stroke[b]
Measures the centre; neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head,
About his shoulders shakes his crest; and where he hath been fed,
Or in some calm flood wash'd; or, stung with his high plight, he flies,—
Amongst his females; strength put forth, his beauty beautifies,[c]
And like life's mirror, bears his gait:—so Paris from the tow'r
Of lofty Pergamus came forth; he show'd a sun-like pow'r
In carriage of his goodly parts, address'd now to the strife;
And found his noble brother near the place he left his wife.
Him thus respected he salutes: Right worthy, I have fear
That your so serious haste to field my stay hath made forbear,
And that I come not as you wish. He answer'd: Honour'd man,
Be confident, for not myself, nor any others, can
Reprove in thee the work of fight, at least, not any such
As is an equal judge of things: for thou hast strength as much

[a] This beautiful line is equally remarkable for its exquisiteness of expression and fidelity to the original.

[b] *Stroke*—"bound or leap."

[c] *His beauty beautifies, and like life's mirror, bears his gait.* Though this metaphor, in which the beauty of the steed appears [redacted] principle of existence, scarcely second to life itself, is not in Homer, it is an ad[redacted] would probably have pardoned.

erves to execute a mind, very important.[a] But
strength too readily flies off: enough will is not put
hy ability. My heart is in my mind's strife, sad,
n Troy (out of her much distress, she and her friends have had
hy procurement) doth deprave thy nobleness in mine ears.
come, hereafter we shall calm these hard conceits of theirs,
n from their ports the foe expuls'd, high Jove to them hath given
h'd peace, and us free sacrifice to all the powers of heaven.

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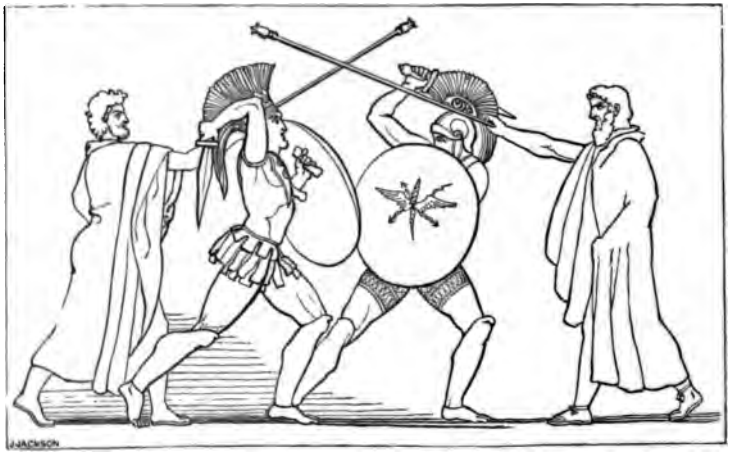
portant. The word is here used in the sense of "importunate;" that is, restless, unquiet, and ore seeking gratification in valorous deeds. Shakspere uses the word in a somewhat similar :—

"Antiphilus, my husband,
At your important letters this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took."



"Andromache cried out, mix'd hands."

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.



"Unless the heralds.....had held betwixt them then
Imperial sceptres."

BOOK VII.[a]

THE ARGUMENT.

HECTOR, by Helenus' advice, doth seek
Adventurous combat on the boldest Greek.
Nine Greeks stand up, acceptants every one,
But lot selects strong Ajax Telamon.
Both, with high honour, stand th' important fight,
Till heralds part them by approached night.
Lastly, they grave[b] the dead: the Greeks erect
A mighty wall, their navy to protect;

---

[a] "These next four books have not my last hand: and because the rest (for a time) will be sufficient to employ your censures, suspend them of these: spare not the other." C.

[b] *Grave*—"bury in graves." Thus Chaucer—

"She praied him if that he might
Hire litil sonne he would in erthe grave."

And Timon in Shakspere—

"There's more gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches grave you all."

Which angers Neptune. Jove, by hapless signs,
In depth of night, succeeding woes divines.[a]

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Eta, Priam's strongest son
Combats with Ajax Telamon.

This said, brave Hector through the ports, with Troy's bane-bringing knight,
Made issue to th' insatiate field, resolv'd to fervent fight.
And as the weather-wielder sends to seamen prosperous gales,
When with their sallow polish'd oars, long lifted from their falls,
Their wearied arms, dissolv'd with toil, can scarce strike one stroke more;
Like those sweet winds appear'd these lords to Trojans tir'd before.
Then fell they to the works of death. By Paris' valour fell
King Areithous' hapless son, that did in Arna dwell,
Menesthius, whose renowned sire a club did ever bear,
And of Philomedusa got (that had her eyes so clear)
This slaughter'd issue. Hector's dart struck Eioneus dead;
Beneath his good steel casque it pierc'd above his gorget stead.[b]
Glaucus (Hyppolochus's son) that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades, with sudden javelin slew,
As he was mounting to his horse: his shoulders took the spear,
And ere he sate, in tumbling down his powers dissolved were.
When gray-ey'd Pallas had perceiv'd the Greeks so fall in fight,
From high Olympus' top she stoop'd, and did on Ilion light.
Apollo to encounter her to Pergamus did fly,
From whence he (looking to the field) wish'd Trojans' victory.
At Jove's broad beech these godheads met, and first Jove's son objects:
Why, burning in contention thus, do thy extreme affects[c]
Conduct thee from our peaceful hill? is it to oversway
The doubtful victory of fight, and give the Greeks the day?
Thou never pitiest perishing Troy: yet now let me persuade,
That this day no more mortal wounds may either side invade.

---

[a] *Divines*—"predicts." Milton uses the adjective in a similar sense—
"Yet oft his heart divine of something ill
Misgave him."

[b] *Stead*—"clasp;" that by which a thing stands or is steadied.

[c] *Affects*—"affections."

Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they shall apply[a] the fight,
Since your immortal wills resolve to overturn it quite.
Pallas replied: It likes me well; for this came I from heaven:
But to make either army cease, what order shall be given?
He said: We will direct the spirit that burns in Hector's breast,
To challenge any Greek to wounds, with single powers impress'd;
Which Greeks (admiring) will accept, and make some one stand out,
So stout a challenge to receive with a defence as stout.
It is confirm'd; and Helenus (king Priam's loved seed)
By augury discern'd th' event, that these two powers decreed:
And greeting Hector ask'd him this: Wilt thou be once advis'd?
—I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is evenly prised;—
Command the rest of Troy and Greece to cease this public fight,
And what Greek bears the greatest mind, to single strokes excite.
I promise thee that yet thy soul shall not descend to fates;
So heard I thy survival cast[b] by the celestial states.
Hector with glad allowance gave his brother's counsel ear,
And, fronting both the hosts, advanc'd just in the midst his spear.
The Trojans instantly surcease,[c] the Greeks Atrides stay'd:
The god that bears the silver bow, and war's triumphant Maid,
On Jove's beech like two vultures sat, pleas'd to behold both parts
Flow in to hear; so sternly arm'd with huge shields, helms and darts:
And such fresh horror[d] as you see driven through the wrinkled waves
By rising Zephyr, under whom the sea grows black, and raves;
Such did the hasty gathering troops of both hosts make, to hear;
Whose tumult settled, 'twixt them both, thus spake the challenger:
Hear, Trojans, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind (diffus'd
Through all my spirits) commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce, but studying both our ills,
Will never cease, till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy, or we consume your mighty sea-borne fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,

---

[a] *Apply*—"persist in." The word "ply" and its compounds come into our language from two different sources, the Latin *plicare*, "to fold," and the Anglo-Saxon *pleggan*, "to engage earnestly in anything;" hence arises some ambiguity in the use of these words, especially among our old writers.

[b] *Thy survival cast*—"thy survival predicted;" we still use the phrase, "casting a nativity."

[c] *Surcease*—"desist from;" thus Dryden in his translation of Virgil—

"The nations overaw'd surceas'd the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight."

[d] *Horror*. The Greek word *phrix* properly signifies *shuddering*, and thence

"The gentle rippling of the waves as the winds begin to rise."

Amongst you all, whose breast includes the most impulsive mind,
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd.[a]
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife;
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent,
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent[b]
May waste[c] it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
(Apollo honouring me so much) I 'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I 'll hang them, as my trophies due; his body I 'll resign
To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals;
And honour'd with erected tomb, where Hellespontus falls
Into Ægæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;
That when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
Survivors, sailing the black sea, may thus his name renew:
This is his monument, whose blood long since did fates imbrue,
Whom passing far in fortitude[d] illustrious Hector slew.
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die.

This said, dumb silence seiz'd them all, they shamed to deny,
And fear'd to undertake. At last did Menelaus speak,
Check'd their remissness, and so sigh'd, as if his heart would break:
Ah me! but only threat'ning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,[e]
If Hector's honourable proof[f] be entertain'd by none,
But you are earth and water all; which—symboliz'd in one—
Have fram'd your faint unfiery spirits: ye sit without your hearts,
Grossly inglorious: but myself will use acceptive darts,[g]
And arm against him; though you think I arm 'gainst too much odds:
But conquest's garlands hang aloft, amongst th' immortal gods.

He arm'd, and gladly would have fought; but, Menelaus, then
By Hector's far more strength thy soul had fled th' abodes of men,
Had not the kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restrain'd;
And even the king of men himself that in such compass[h] reign'd,

---

[a] *Design'd*—"pointed out;" used here as the Latin "*designatus.*"
[b] *Descent*—"offspring."
[c] *Waste*—"consume."
[d] *Fortitude*—"bravery."
[e] *Defames*—"infamies." Chaucer has:—
"Suspicious was the diffame of this man."
[f] *Proof*—"challenge."
[g] *Acceptive darts*—"weapons mutually accepted or agreed upon."
[h] *In such compass*—"over so wide an extent."

Who took him by the bold right hand, and sternly pluck'd him back:
Mad brother, 'tis no work for thee, thou seek'st thy wilful wrack:
Contain though it despite thee much, nor for this strife engage
Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all fear t' enrage:
Yea whom Æacides himself, in men-renowning war,
Makes doubt t' encounter, whose huge strength surpasseth thine by far.
Sit thou then by thy regiment; some other Greek will rise
(Though he be dreadless, and no war will his desires suffice,
That makes this challenge to our strength) our valours to avow:
To whom, if he can 'scape with life, he will be glad to bow.
This drew his brother from his will; who yielded, knowing it true,
And his glad soldiers took his arms; when Nestor did pursue
The same reproof he set on foot, and thus supplied his turn:
What huge indignity is this! how will our country mourn!
Old Peleus that good king will weep: that worthy counsellor,
That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did ask me for
All men of name that went to Troy, with joy he did inquire
Their valour and their towardness;[a] and I made him admire.
But that ye all fear Hector now, if his grave ears shall hear,
How will he lift his hands to heaven, and pray that death may bear
His grieved soul into the deep! O would to heaven's great king,
Minerva, and the god of light! that now my youthful spring
Did flourish in my willing veins, as when at Phæa's tow'rs,
About the streams of Jardanus, my gather'd Pylean pow'rs,
And dart-employ'd Arcadians, fought near raging Celadon.
Amongst whom, first of all stood forth great Ereuthalion,
Who th' arms of Areithous wore (brave Areithous)
And, since he still fought with a club, surnam'd Clavigerus,[b]
All men, and fair-girt[c] ladies both, for honour call'd him so.
He fought not with a keep-off spear, or with a far-shot bow,
But with a massy club of iron he broke through armed bands:
And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands;
With sleight (encount'ring in a lane, where his club wanted sway)
He thrust him through his spacious waist, who fell, and upwards lay;
In death not bowing his face to earth: his arms he did despoil;
Which iron Mars bestow'd on him:[d] and those, in Mars's toil[e]

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[a] *Towardness*—"tractable disposition."
[b] *Clavigerus*—"club-bearer;" a Latin word.
[c] *Fair-girt*—"beautifully girdled." Among the Greeks the girdle was an important article of female dress.
[d] *Him*—"Areithous."
[e] *Toil*—"labour," viz. of war.

Lycurgus ever after wore. But when he aged grew,
Enforc'd to keep his peaceful house, their use he did renew
On mighty Ereuthalion's limbs; his soldier, loved well;
And with these arms he challeng'd all that did in arms excel:
All shook, and stood dismay'd, none durst his adverse champion make.
Yet this same forward mind of mine, of choice, would undertake
To fight with all his confidence; though youngest enemy
Of all the army we conduct;[a] yet I fought with him, I:
Minerva made me so renown'd; and that most tall strong peer
I slew; his big bulk lay on earth, extended here and there,
As it were covetous to spread the centre[b] everywhere.
O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers as sound;
Soon should bold Hector be impugn'd: yet you that most are crown'd
With fortitude of all our host; even you methinks are slow,
Not free, and set on fire with lust, t' encounter such a foe.
With this, nine royal princes rose: Atrides for the first,
Then Diomed; th' Ajaces then, that did th' encounter thirst;
King Idomen and his consórts;[c] Mars-like Meriones,
(Evemon's son) Euripilus, and Andremonides,
(Whom all the Grecians Thoas call'd, sprung of Andremon's blood,)
And wise Ulysses; every one propos'd for combat, stood.
Again Gerenius[d] Nestor spake: Let lots be drawn by all,
His hand shall help the well-arm'd Greeks on whom the lot doth fall;
And to his wish shall he be help'd, if he escape with life
The harmful danger-breathing fit, of his adventurous strife.
Each mark'd his lot, and cast it in to Agamemnon's caske;[e]
The soldiers pray'd, held up their hands, and this of Jove did ask:
(With eyes advanc'd to heaven:) O Jove, so lead the herald's hand,
That Ajax, or great Tydeus' son, may our wish'd champion stand;
Or else the king himself, that rules the rich Mycenian land.
This said, old Nestor mix'd the lots: the foremost lot survey'd,
With Ajax Telamon was sign'd, as all the soldiers pray'd;
One of the heralds drew it forth, who brought and show'd it round,
Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renown'd:

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[a] *Conduct*—"lead together," from the Latin *conducere*.
[b] *Centre*. Here and in some other passages Chapman uses *centre* to signify circular space or circuit.
[c] *Consorts*—"companions."
[d] *Gerenius*. Nestor was so called from *Gerenè*, a town in Messenia, where he was educated; some commentators, however, derive the epithet from the Greek word *Geras*, and translate it "honourable."
[e] *Caske*—"casque, helmet."

None knowing it, every man denied: but when he forth did pass
To him which mark'd and cast it in, which famous Ajax was,
He stretch'd his hand, and into it the herald put the lot,
Who (viewing it) th' inscription knew; the duke[a] denied not,
But joyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
And said: O friends, the lot is mine, which to my soul is sweet;
For now I hope my fame shall rise, in noble Hector's fall.
But whilst I arm myself, do you on great Saturnius call;
But silently, or to yourselves, that not a Trojan hear:—
Or openly, if you think good, since none alive we fear.
None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright;
At least for plain fierce swinge of strength, or want of skill in fight:
For I will well prove that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
Was not all consecrate to meat, or mere effects of wine.
This said, the well-given soldiers pray'd: up went to heaven their eyne:[b]
O Jove, that Ida dost protect, most happy, most divine,
Send victory to Ajax' side; fame; grace his goodly limb:
Or if thy love bless Hector's life, and thou hast care of him,
Bestow on both, like power, like fame. This said, in bright arms shone
The good strong Ajax: who, when all his war attire was on,
March'd like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Jupiter,
With strength on people proud of strength, sends him forth to infer[c]
Wreakful contention; and comes on with presence full of fear:
So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did 'twixt the hosts appear:—
Smil'd; yet of terrible aspéct; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly stalk'd, and shook aloft his dart with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shook the joints
Of all the Trojans. Hector's self felt thoughts, with horrid points,[d]
Tempt his bold bosom: but he now must make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuse, that had provok'd the fight.
Ajax came near; and like a tow'r his shield his bosom barr'd;
The right side brass, and seven ox-hides within it quilted hard:
Old Tychius, the best currier that did in Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proof, and wrought it wondrous well.
With this stood he to Hector close, and with this brave began:
Now, Hector, thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,

---

[a] *Duke*—"chieftain, leader:" the Latin *dux*.
[b] *Eyne*—the old plural of eye; still used in North Britain.
[c] *Infer*—"inflict:" used in the sense of the Latin *inferre*.
[d] *Points*—"pangs;" the Latin *puncta* is sometimes used in the same sense.

What other leaders arm our host besides great Thetis' son:
Who with his hardy lion's heart hath armies overrun.
But he lies at our crook'd-stern'd fleet, a rival with our king
In height of spirit; yet to Troy he[a] many knights did bring,
Coequal with Æacides; all able to sustain
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vain.
The helm-grac'd Hector answer'd him: Renowned Telamon,
Prince of the soldiers came from Greece, assay not me, like one
Young and immartial, with great words,—as to an Amazon[b] dame;
I have the habit of all fights; and know the bloody frame
Of every slaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;
I know the left, and every sway of my secureful targe;
I triumph in the cruelty[c] of fixed combat fight,
And manage horse to all designs. I think then with good right,
I may be confident as far as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty shows.
But being a soldier so renown'd, I will not work[d] on thee
With least advantage of that skill I know doth strengthen me,
(And so with privity of sleight[e] win that for which I strive,)
But at thy best, even open strength, if my endeavours thrive.
Thus, sent he his long javelin forth; it struck his foe's huge shield
Near to the upper skirt of brass, which was the eighth it held:
Six folds th' untamed dart struck through, and in the seventh tough hide
The point was check'd. Then Ajax threw: his angry lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, shirt of mail,
And did his manly stomach's mouth[f] with dangerous taint assail:
But in the bowing of himself, black death too short did strike.
Then both to pluck their javelins forth encount'red, lion-like;
Whose bloody violence is increas'd by that raw food they eat;
Or boars, whose strength wild nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
Again Priamides did wound in midst his shield of brass,
Yet pierc'd not through the upper plate, the head reflected[g] was:

---

[a] *He*—"Agamemnon."

[b] *Amazon*. This is an unfortunate epithet, directly opposite to the original, which is, "a woman unacquainted with martial deeds."

[c] *Cruelty*—"slaughter;" the Latin *crudelitas* is sometimes used in the same sense.

[d] *Work*—"practise;" the original appears to intimate that Hector here signified by some gesture that Ajax should prepare to defend himself, as he would not take advantage of so generous a foe.

[e] *Privity of sleight*—"secrecy of artful trick."

[f] *Stomach's mouth*—in the original "the hollow of the waist;" or, as we now say, "the pit of the stomach."

[g] *Reflected*—"turned back:" from the Latin *re-flectere*.

But Ajax, following his lance, smote through his target quite,
And stay'd bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way outright,
And hurt his neck;—out gush'd the blood. Yet Hector ceas'd not so,
But in his strong hand took a flint, (as he did backwards go,)
Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field; the sevenfold targe it smit
Full on the boss;[a] and round about the brass did ring with it.
But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and (wreathing[b] round,
With all his body laid to it) he sent it forth to wound;
And gave unmeasur'd force to it: the round stone broke within
His rundled[c] target: his lov'd knees to languish[d] did begin;
And he lean'd, stretch'd out on his shield; but Phœbus rais'd him straight.
Then had they laid on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight,
Unless the heralds (messengers of gods and godlike men),
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperial sceptres: then the one, Idæus, grave and wise,
Said to them: Now no more, my sons; the Sovereign of the skies
Doth love you both; both soldiers are, all witness with good right;
But now night lays her mace on earth; 'tis good t' obey the night.
Idæus, Telamon replied, to Hector speak, not me:
He that call'd all our Achive peers to station fight,[e] 'twas he:
If he first cease I gladly yield. Great Hector then began:
Ajax, since Jove to thy big form made thee so strong a man,
And gave thee skill to use thy strength; so much, that for thy spear
Thou art most excellent of Greece; now let us fight forbear.
Hereafter we shall war again, till Jove our herald be,
And grace with conquest, which he will; heaven yields to night,—and we.
Go thou and comfort all thy fleet, all friends and men of thine;
As I in Troy my favourers, who in the fane divine
Have offer'd orisons[f] for me: and come, let us impart
Some ensigns[g] of our strife, to show each other's suppled[h] heart;

---

[a] *Boss.* There was a boss, or knob of metal, in the centre of the ancient shields.

[b] *Wreathing*—a happy epithet, which well describes the muscular force applied to the throw.

[c] *Rundled*—"rounded."

[d] *Languish*—"faint."

[e] *Station-fight*—"single combat;" the phrase "a stand up fight," is still common.

[f] *Orisons*—"prayers;"—from the French *oraisons*. It deserves to be noticed that the second syllable, naturally long, is shortened by all our English poets.

[g] *Ensigns*—"tokens;" a sense in which the Latin *insignia* is sometimes used. Chapman, after the old commentators, remarks that the gifts thus exchanged were fatal to both warriors; for Ajax slew himself with the sword he received from Hector; and it was the belt bestowed by Ajax that fastened the feet of Hector to the chariot that dragged his body round the walls of Troy.

[h] *Suppled*—"softened."

That men of Troy and Greece may say, thus their high quarrel ends:
Those that—encount'ring—were such foes, are now—being separate—
friends.
He gave a sword, whose handle was with silver studs through driven,
Scabbard and all, with hangers[a] rich: by Telamon was given
A fair well-glossed purple waist.[b] Thus Hector went to Troy,
And after him a multitude, fill'd with his safety's joy;
Despairing he could ever 'scape the puissant fortitude
And unimpeached[c] Ajax' hands. The Greeks like joy renew'd
For their reputed victory, and brought him to the king;
Who to the great Saturnides preferr'd an offering:
An ox that fed on five fair springs;[d] they flay'd and quart'red him,
And then (in pieces cut) on spits they roasted every limb;
Which neatly dress'd they drew it off: work done, they fell to feast:
All had enough; but Telamon the king fed past the rest
With good large pieces of the chine. Thus thirst and hunger stay'd,
Nestor, whose counsels late were best, vows new, and first he said:
Atrides, and my other lords, a sort of Greeks[e] are dead,
Whose black blood near Scamander's stream inhuman Mars hath shed:
Their souls to hell descended are. It fits thee then our king,
To make our soldiers cease from war; and by the day's first spring,[f]
Let us ourselves (assembled all) the bodies bear to fire,
With mules and oxen near our fleet; that when we home retire,
Each man may carry to the sons of fathers slaughter'd here
Their honour'd bones: one tomb for all, for ever, let us rear,
Circling the pile without the field; at which we will erect
Walls, and a ravelin,[g] that may safe our fleet and us protect.
And in them let us fashion gates, solid, and barr'd about,
Through which our horse and chariots may well get in and out.
Without all, let us dig a dike; so deep it may avail
Our forces 'gainst the charge of horse, and foot, that come t' assail:
And thus th' attempts that I see swell in Troy's proud heart shall fail.

---

[a] *Hangers*—"belts" by which the sword was suspended.
[b] *Waist*—"girdle" for the waist.
[c] *Unimpeached*—"uninjured."
[d] *Fed on five fair springs*—"was five years old."
[e] *A sort of Greeks*—"a large number of Greeks."
[f] *Spring*—"dawn."
[g] *Ravelin*—"an outwork strongly fortified."

The kings do his advice approve: so[a] Troy doth court convent[b]
At Priam's gate, in th' Ilion tow'r; fearful and turbulent.
Amongst all, wise Antenor spake: Trojans and Dardan friends,
And peers assistants, give good ear to what my care commends
To your consents, for all our good: resolve;—let us restore
The Argive Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before:
We now defend but broken faiths. If, therefore, ye refuse,
No good event can I expect of all the wars we use.
He ceas'd, and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argive queen:
Antenor, to mine ears thy words harsh and ungracious been;[c]
Thou canst use better if thou wilt: but if these truly fit
Thy serious thoughts, the gods with age have reft thy graver wit.
To warlike Trojans I will speak: I clearly do deny
To yield my wife; but all her wealth I'll render willingly,
Whatever I from Argos brought; and vow to make it more;
(Which I have ready in my house) if peace I may restore.
Priam, surnam'd Dardanides, godlike in counsels grave,
In his son's favour well advis'd, this resolution gave:
My royal friends of every state, there is sufficient done,
For this late council we have call'd, in th' offer of my son.
Now then let all take needful food; then let the watch be set,
And every court of guard held strong: so when the morn doth wet
The high rais'd battlements of Troy, Idæus shall be sent
To th' Argive fleet, and Atreus' sons, t' unfold my son's intent,
From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will) obtain
Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume our soldiers slain:
And after, our most fatal war let us importune still,
Till Jove the conquest have dispos'd to his unconquer'd will.
All heard, and did obey the king; and (in their quarters all
That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall.
Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achive peers did find
In counsel at Atrides' ship: his audience was assign'd;
And in the midst of all the kings the vocal herald said:
Atrides, my renowned king, and other kings his aid,
Propose by me, in their commands, the offers Paris makes;
(From whose joy all our woes proceed;) he princely undertakes

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[a] *So*—"in like manner."
[b] *Convent*—"an assembly:" from the Latin *conventus*.
[c] *Been*—"are;" this form of the verb is still used in North Britain.

That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before!)
He will, with other added wealth, for your amends restore:
But famous Menelaus' wife he still means to enjoy,
Though he be urg'd the contrary by all the peers of Troy.
And this besides I have in charge, that if it please you all,
They wish both sides may cease from war; that rites of funeral
May on their bodies be perform'd that in the fields lie slain:
And after, to the will of Fate, renew the fight again.
All silence held at first: at last, Tydides made reply:
Let no man take the wealth, or dame; for now a child's weak eye
May see the imminent black end of Priam's empery.
This sentence, quick and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire.
Then said the king: Herald, thou hear'st in him the voice entire
Of all our peers, to answer thee, for that of Priam's son.
But, for our burning of the dead, by all means I am won
To satisfy thy king therein, without the slend'rest gain
Made of their spoiled carcasses; but freely (being slain)
They shall be all consum'd with fire: to witness which I cite
High thund'ring Jove, that is the king of Juno's bed's delight:
With this, he held his sceptre up to all the sky-thron'd powers.
And grave Idæus did return to sacred Ilion's tow'rs,
Where Ilians, and Dardanians, did still their counsels ply,
Expecting his return: he came, and told his legacy.[a]
All, whirlwind-like, assembled then; some, bodies to transport,
Some to hew trees. On th' other part, the Argives did exhort
Their soldiers to the same affairs. Then did the new fir'd sun
Smite the broad fields, ascending heaven, and th' ocean smooth did run:
When Greece and Troy mix'd in such peace, you scarce could either know;
Then wash'd they off their blood and dust, and did warm tears bestow
Upon the slaughter'd, and in cars convey'd them from the field.
Priam commanded none should mourn, but in still silence yield
Their honour'd carcasses to fire, and only grieve in heart.
All burn'd, to Troy Troy's friends retire; to fleet, the Grecian part.
Yet doubtful night obscur'd the earth, the day did not appear,
When round about the funeral pile the Grecians gather'd were;
The pile they circled with a tomb, and by it rais'd a wall,
High tow'rs, to guard the fleet and them: and in the midst of all

[a] *Legacy*—"embassy:" derived from legate. Stow, describing Cardinal Pole's reception in England on the accession of Mary, says, "he declared his legacie."

They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had.
Without the rampire a broad dike long and profound they made,
On which they pallisadoes pitch'd; and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge works in so little time were to perfection brought,
That all gods by the Lightner [a] set the frame thereof admir'd;
'Mongst whom the Earthquake-making god [b] this of their king inquir'd:
Father of gods, will any man, of all earth's grassy sphere,
Ask any of the gods' consents to any actions there,
If thou wilt see the shag-hair'd Greeks with headstrong labours frame
So huge a work, and not to us due off'rings first enflame?
As far as white Aurora's dews are sprinkled through the air,
Fame will renown the hands of Greece for this divine affair.
Men will forget the sacred work the Sun and I did raise
For king Laomedon (bright Troy), and this will bear the praise.
Jove was extremely mov'd with him, and said: What words are these,
Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou lord of all the seas?
Some other god, of far less power, might hold conceits, dismay'd
With this rare Grecian stratagem, and thou rest well apaid; [c]
For it will glorify thy name as far as light extends.
Since, when these Greeks shall see again their native soil and friends,
(The bulwark batter'd,) thou mayst quite devour it with thy waves,
And cover with thy fruitless [d] sands this fatal shore of graves.
That what their fiery industries have so divinely wrought
In raising it; in razing it, thy power will prove it nought.
Thus spake the gods among themselves: set was the fervent sun;
And now the great work of the Greeks was absolutely done.
Then slew they oxen in their tents, and strength with food reviv'd.
When out of Lemnos a great fleet of od'rous wine arriv'd;
Sent by Euneus, Jason's son, born of Hypsiphile.
The fleet contain'd a thousand tun: which must transported be
To Atreus' sons, as he gave charge, whose merchandise it was.
The Greeks bought wine for shining steel, and some for sounding brass;
Some for ox-hides; for oxen some, and some for prisoners.
A sumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the peers

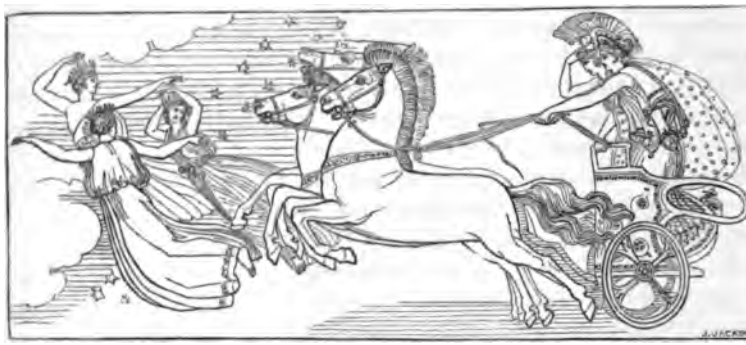
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[a] *Lightner*—"Jupiter," the god who sends thunder and lightning.
[b] *Earthquake-making god*—"Neptune."
[c] *Apaid*—"appeased." Chapman follows the commentators in referring to the description of the razing of this fortification in the twelfth book.
[d] *Fruitless*—"barren."

And fair-hair'd Greeks consum'd in feast: so Trojans, and their aid.
And all the night Jove thunder'd loud: pale fear all thoughts dismay'd.
While they were gluttonous in earth, Jove wrought their banes in heaven:
They pour'd full cups upon the ground; and were to offerings driven,
Instead of quaffings: and to drink none durst attempt, before
In solemn sacrifice they did almighty Jove adore.
Then to their rests they all repair'd: bold zeal their fear bereav'd;[a]
And sudden sleep's refreshing gift securely they receiv'd.

[a] *Bereav'd*—"removed."

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.



"Saturnia whipp'd her horse,
And heaven-gates, guarded by the Hours, op'd of their proper force."

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Jove to all the gods had given command,
That none to either host should helpful[a] stand,
To Ida he descends; and sees from thence
Juno and Pallas haste[b] the Greeks' defence:
Whose purpose, his command, by Iris given,
Doth intervent.[c] Then came the silent even;
When Hector charg'd—fires should consume[d] the night,
Lest Greeks in darkness took[e] suspected flight.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Theta—gods a council have,
Troy's conquest—glorious Hector's brave.

The cheerful lady of the light, deck'd in her saffron robe,
Dispers'd her beams through every part of this enflow'red globe,
When thund'ring Jove a court of gods, assembled by his will,
In top of all the topful heights that crown th' Olympian hill.

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[a] *Helpful*—"affording assistance."
[b] *Haste*—"hasten to."
[c] *Intervent*—"prevent by interference."
[d] *Consume*—"burn through;" an unworthy conceit is involved in the use of the word.
[e] *Took*—"prepare;" the metaphor is below the dignity of epic poetry.

He spake, and all the gods gave ear: Hear how I stand inclin'd,
That god nor goddess may attempt t'infringe my sovereign mind;
But all give suffrage; that with speed I may these discords end.
What god soever I shall find endeavour to defend
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds, to heaven he, sham'd, shall reascend:
Or (taking him with his offence) I'll cast him down as deep
As Tartarus, (the brood of night,) where Barathrum doth steep
Torment in his profoundest sinks: where is the floor of brass,
And gates of iron; the place, for depth, as far doth hell surpass
As heaven, for height, exceeds the earth. Then shall he know from thence
How much my power, past all the gods, hath sovereign eminence.
Endanger it the whiles and see; let down our golden chain;
And at it let all deities their utmost strengths constrain,[a]
To draw me to the earth from heaven. You never shall prevail,
Though with your most contention,[b] ye dare my state assail:
But when my will shall be dispos'd to draw you all to me,
Even with the earth itself, and seas, ye shall enforced be.
Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous[c] engine bind,
And by it everything shall hang, by my command inclin'd:
So much I am supreme to gods; to men supreme as much.
The gods sat silent, and admir'd,[d] his dreadful speech was such.

At last his blue-ey'd daughter spake: O great Saturnides!
O father, O heaven's highest king, well know we the excess
Of thy great power, compar'd with all: yet the bold Greeks' estate
We needs must mourn, since they must fall beneath so hard a fate:
For if thy grave command enjoin, we will abstain from fight.
But to afford them such advice as may relieve their plight,
We will, with thy consent, be bold: that all may not sustain
The fearful burthen of thy wrath, and with their shames be slain.
He smil'd, and said: Be confident, thou art belov'd of me:
I speak not this with serious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.

This said, his brass-hoof'd winged horse he did to chariot bind,
Whose crests were fringed with manes of gold; and golden garments shin'd
On his rich shoulders; in his hand he took a golden scourge,
Divinely fashion'd, and with blows their willing speed did urge,
Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven. To Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse of beasts untame;

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[a] *Constrain*—"strain together or unitedly:" from the Latin *constringere*.
[b] *Contention*—"united tension of strength."
[c] *Virtuous*—"powerful;" possessing inherent virtues, or occult qualities.
[d] *Admir'd*—"were filled with wonder at."

Where, on the mountain Gargarus, men did a fane erect
To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he check'd;
Dissolv'd [a] them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jet
He cover'd them, and on the top took his triumphant seat;
Beholding Priam's famous town, and all the fleet of Greece.
The Greeks took breakfast speedily, and arm'd at every piece,
So Trojans: who though fewer far, yet all to fight took arms:
Dire need enforc'd them to avert their wives' and children's harms.
All gates flew open; all the host did issue, foot and horse,
In mighty tumult: straight one place adjoin'd each adverse force.
Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength oppos'd:
The boss-pik'd [b] targets were thrust on, and thunder'd as they clos'd
In mighty tumult; groan for groan, and breath for breath did breath,
Of men then slain, and to be slain: earth flow'd with fruits of death.
While the fair morning's beauty held [c] and day increas'd in height,
Their javelins mutually made death transport an equal freight:
But when the hot meridian point bright Phœbus did ascend,
Then Jove his golden balances did equally extend;
And of long-rest-conferring death, put in two bitter fates
For Troy and Greece; he held the midst: the day of final dates
Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks' hard lots [d] sunk to the flow'ry ground;
The Trojans' leapt as high as heaven; then did the claps resound
Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt amongst each Grecian troop:
The sight amaz'd them; pallid fear made boldest stomachs stoop.
Then Idomen durst not abide; Atrides went his way;
And both th' Ajaces: Nestor yet against his will did stay,
(That grave protector of the Greeks,) for Paris with a dart
Enrag'd one of his chariot horse; he smote the upper part
Of all his skull, even where the hair, that made his foretop, sprung;
The hurt was deadly, and the pain so sore the courser stung,
(Pierc'd to the brain) he stamp'd and plung'd; one on another bears;
Entangled round about the beam; then Nestor cut the gears [e]
With his new-drawn authentic [f] sword: meanwhile the fiery horse
Of Hector brake into the press, with their bold ruler's force:
Then good old Nestor had been slain, had Diomed not espy'd;
Who to Ulysses, as he fled, importunately cried:

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[a] *Dissolv'd*—"unloosed."
[b] *Boss-pik'd*—"ornamented with bosses."
[c] *Held*—"lasted."
[d] *Hard lots*—"severe destinies."
[e] *Gears*—"harness."
[f] *Authentic*—"belonging to himself."

Thou that in counsels dost abound, O Laertiades,
Why fliest thou? why thus coward-like shunn'st thou the honour'd press?
Take heed thy back take not a dart; stay, let us both intend[a]
To drive this cruel enemy from our dear aged friend.
He spake; but wary Ithacus would find no patient ear:
But fled forthright, even to the fleet. Yet though he single were,
Brave Diomed mix'd amongst the fight; and stood before the steeds
Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly he areeds:[b]
O father, with these youths in fight thou art unequal plac'd:
Thy willing sinews are unknit; grave age pursues thee fast;
And thy unruly horse are slow; my chariot therefore use,
And try how ready Trojan horse[c] can fly him that pursues,
Pursue the flier, and every way perform the varied fight:
I forc'd them from Anchises' son, well skill'd in cause of flight.
Then let my squire lead hence thy horse: mine thou shalt guard, whilst I
(By thee advanc'd) assay the fight; that Hector's self may try
If my lance dote[d] with the defects that fail best minds in age,
Or find the palsy in my hands, that doth thy life engage.
This noble Nestor did accept, and Diomed's two friends,
Eurymedon that valour loves, and Sthenelus, ascends
Old Nestor's coach. Of Diomed's horse Nestor the charge sustains,
And Tydeus' son took place of fight; Neleides held the reins,
And scourg'd the horse, who swiftly ran direct in Hector's face,
Whom fierce Tydides bravely charg'd; but—he turn'd from the chace—
His javelin Eniopeus smit; mighty Thebæus' son,
And was great Hector's charioteer; it through his breast did run,
Near to his pap; he fell to earth, back flew his frighted horse,
His strength and soul were both dissolv'd. Hector had deep remorse
Of his mishap; yet left he him, and for another sought;
Not long his steeds did want a guide; for straight good fortune brought
Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from Iphytis spring:
He made him take the reins and mount. Then souls were set on wing;
Then high exploits were undergone; then Trojans in their walls
Had been infolded like meek lambs, had Jove wink'd at their falls:—

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[a] *Intend*—"apply our utmost energy;" from the Latin "*intendere*."
[b] *Areeds*—"interprets." Sir T. More has "areed my riddle."
[c] *Trojan horse*. Chapman has here fallen into an error; Diomede means the horses of Tros, which he had taken from Æneas, as is described in the fifth book.
[d] *Dote*. Chapman in this passage is the only translator who has preserved the peculiar expression of the original, which is literally, "if my lance is foolish in my hands."

Who hurl'd his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly
Into the earth, before the horse that Nestor did apply.[a]
A dreadful flash burnt through the air, that savour'd sulphur-like,
Which down before the chariot the dazzled horse did strike:
The fair reins fell from Nestor's hand, who did in fear entreat
Renown'd Tydides into flight to turn his fury's heat.
For know'st thou not, said he, our aid is not supplied from Jove?
This day he will give fame to Troy; which, when it fits his love,
We shall enjoy: let no man tempt his unresisted [b] will;
Though he exceed in gifts of strength; for he exceeds him still.
Father, replied the king, 'tis true; but both my heart and soul
Are most extremely griev'd, to think how Hector will control
My valour with his vaunts in Troy: that I was terror-sick
With his approach: which when he boasts let earth devour me quick.[c]
Ah, warlike Tydeus' son! said he, what needless words are these?
Though Hector should report thee faint, and amorous of thy ease,
The Trojans, nor the Trojan wives, would never give him trust;
Whose youthful husbands thy free hand hath smother'd so in dust.
This said, he turn'd his one-hoof d horse to flight, and troop[d] did take;
When Hector and his men, with shouts, did greedy púrsuit make,
And pour'd on darts, that made air sigh: then Hector did exclaim:
O Tydeus' son, the kings of Greece do most renown thy name
With highest place, feasts, and full cups; who now will do thee shame:
Thou shalt be like a woman us'd, and they will say: Depart,
Immartial minion,[e] since to stand Hector thou hast no heart.
Nor canst thou scale our turrets' tops, nor lead the wives to fleet
Of valiant men, that wife-like fear'st my adverse charge to meet.
This two ways mov'd him:—still to fly—or turn his horse and fight:
Thrice thrust he forward to assault, and every time the fright
Of Jove's fell thunder drave him back: which he propos'd for sign
(To show the change of victory) Trojans should victors shine.
Then Hector comforted his men: All my adventurous friends,
Be men, and of your famous strength think of the honour'd ends.
I know, benevolent Jupiter did by his beck [f] profess
Conquest, and high renown to me; and to the Greeks distress.

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[a] *Apply*—"drive." [b] *Unresisted*—"irresistible." [c] *Quick*—"alive."

[d] *Troop did take*—"sought shelter in the crowd;" a phrase borrowed from the Latin *turbam accipere*.

[e] *Immartial minion*—"unwarlike, effeminate." A minion is a pet or favourite, and, as such are usually contemptible, the epithet is mostly used in a bad sense.

[f] *Beck*—"nod;" the sign by which Jove announced his inflexible decision.

O fools! to raise such silly forts, not worth the least account;
Nor able to resist our force; with ease our horse may mount
Quite over all their hollow dike; but when their fleet I reach,
Let memory to all the world a famous bonfire teach:
For I will all their ships inflame, with whose infestive[a] smoke
(Fear-shrunk, and hidden near their keels) the conquer'd Greeks shall choke.

Then cherish'd he his famous horse: O Xanthus! now said he,
And thou Podargus, Æthon too, and Lampus, dear to me;
Make me some worthy recompense for so much choice[b] of meat,
Given you by fair Andromache; bread of the purest wheat,
And with it, for your drink, mix'd wine, to make ye wished cheer;
Still serving you before myself; (her husband young and dear;)—
Pursue, and use your swiftest speed, that we may take for prize
The shield of old Neleides, which Fame lifts to the skies,
Even to the handles telling it to be of massy gold;
And from the shoulders let us take of Diomed the bold,
The royal curace Vulcan wrought with art so exquisite.
These if we make our sacred spoil, I doubt not, but this night,
Even to their navy, to enforce the Greeks unturned flight.
This Juno took in high disdain; and made Olympus shake,
As she but stirr'd within her throne; and thus to Neptune spake:

O Neptune, what a spite is this? thou god so huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honour'd heart, to see rude spoil devour
These Greeks that have in Helice, and Aege off'red thee
So many and so wealthy gifts? Let them the victors be.
If we, that are the aids of Greece, would beat home these of Troy,
And hinder broad-ey'd Jove's proud will, it would abate his joy.

He, angry, told her she was rash, and he would not be one,
Of all the rest should strive with Jove, whose power was match'd by none.
Whiles they conferr'd thus, all the space the trench contain'd before
(From that part of the fort that flank'd the navy-anchoring shore)
Was fill'd with horse and targeteers, who there for refuge came,
By Mars-swift Hector's power engaged, Jove gave his strength the same:
And he with spoilful[c] fire had burn'd the fleet; if Juno's grace
Had not inspir'd the king himself to run from place to place,
And stir up every soldier's power to some illustrious deed.
First visiting their leaders' tents, his ample purple weed[d]

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[a] *Infestive*—"pernicious."
[b] *Choice*—"excellence."
[c] *Spoilful*—"destructive."
[d] *Weed*—"garment."

He wore, to show all who he was; and did his station take
At wise Ulysses' sable barks, that did the battle make
Of all the fleet; from whence his speech might with more ease be driven
To Ajax' and Achilles' ships, to whose chief charge were given
The vanguard and the rearguard both; both for their force of hand,
And trusty bosoms. There arriv'd, thus urg'd he to withstand
Th' insulting Trojans: O what shame, ye empty-hearted lords,
Is this to your admired forms! where are your glorious [a] words,
In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?
We are the strongest men, ye said, we will command the most;
(Eating most flesh of high-horn'd beeves, and drinking cups full crown'd;)
And every man a hundred foes—two hundred!—will confound;
Now all our strength, dar'd to our worst, one Hector cannot tame,
Who presently with horrid fire will all our fleet inflame.
O Father Jove, hath ever yet thy most unsuffer'd [b] hand
Afflicted with such spoil [c] of souls the king of any land?
And taken so much fame from him? when I did never fail
(Since under most unhappy stars this fleet was under sail)
Thy glorious altars, I protest; but above all the gods,
Have burnt fat thighs of beeves to thee; and pray'd to raze th' abodes
Of rape-defending Ilion; yet grant, almighty Jove,
One favour;—that we may at least with life from hence remove.
Not under such inglorious hands, the hands of death employ;
And where Troy should be stoop'd by Greece,—let Greece fall under Troy.

To this even weeping king did Jove remorseful audience give,
And shook great heaven to him, for sign, his men and he should live.
Then quickly cast he off his hawk, [d] the eagle prince of air,
That perfects his unspotted vows; who seiz'd in her repair [e]
A sucking hind calf; which she truss'd [f] in her enforcive seres, [g]
And by Jove's altar let it fall, amongst th' amazed peers,
Where the religious Achive kings, with sacrifice did please
The author of all oracles, divine Saturnides.

Now when they knew the bird of Jove, they turn'd courageous head.
When none (though many kings put on [h]) could make his vaunt [i]—he led

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[a] *Glorious*—"boasting."
[b] *Unsuffer'd*—"unsufferable."
[c] *Spoil*—"destruction."
[d] *Hawk*—"pet bird of prey."
[e] *Repair*—"usual haunt;" from the Norman French *repaire*, a term used in hunting.
[f] *Truss'd*—"clutched."
[g] *Seres*—"talons;" from the French *serre*.
[h] *Put on*—"made the attempt."
[i] *Make his vaunt*—"gain the vantage, come first to the fight."

Tydides [a] to renew'd assault: or issued first the dike,
Or first did fight: but far the first, stone dead his lance did strike
Arm'd Agelaus; by descent, surnamed Phradmonides;
He turn'd his ready horse to flight, and Diomed's lance did seize
His back betwixt his shoulder-blades, and look'd out at his breast;
He fell, and his arms rang his fall. Th' Atrides next address'd
Themselves to fight; th' Ajaces next, with vehement strength endued;
Idomeneus, and his friend stout Merion, next pursued;
And after these Euripelus, Evemon's honour'd race:
The ninth, with backward wreathed bow, had little Teucer place;
He still fought under Ajax' shield; who sometimes held it by,[b]
And then he look'd his object out, and let his arrow fly;
And whomsoever in the press he wounded, him he slew,
Then under Ajax' seven-fold shield he presently withdrew:
He far'd like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run
For succour, when he knows full well he some shrewd [c] turn hath done.
What Trojans then were to their deaths by Teucer's shafts impress'd?
Hapless Orsylochus was first, Ormenus, Ophelest,
Detor, and hardy Cronius, and Lycophon divine;
And Amopaon that did spring from Polyemon's line,
And Menalippus: all, on heaps, he tumbled to the ground.
The king rejoic'd to see his shafts the Phrygian ranks confound:
Who straight came near, and spake to him: O Teucer, lovely man,
Strike still so sure, and be a grace to every Grecian,
And to thy father Telamon, who took thee kindly home,
(Although not by his wife, his son) and gave thee foster room,
Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remov'd,
Make good fame reach; and to thyself I vow what shall be prov'd:
If he that dreadful Ægis bears, and Pallas, grant to me
Th' expugnance [d] of well-builded Troy, I first will honour thee,
Next to myself with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot vessel, that for grace, in sacred fanes doth stand;
Or two horse and a chariot, or else a lovely dame,
That may ascend on bed with thee, and amplify thy name.
Teucer right nobly answer'd him: Why, most illustrious king,
I being thus forward of myself, dost thou adjoin a sting? [e]

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[a] *He led Tydides*—that is, "Tydides he led." The nominative case is repeated for the sake of emphasis, but the effect is sadly marred by the inversion.

[b] *Held it by*—"held it aside."

[c] *Shrewd*—"mischievous."

[d] *Expugnance*—"capture;" from the Latin *expugnatio*.

[e] *A sting*—"impulse;" the word is used in the modern metaphorical sense of "spur."

Without which, all the power I have I cease not to employ:
For from the place where we repuls'd the Trojans towards Troy,
I all the purple field have strew'd with one or other slain:
Eight shafts I shot, with long steel heads, of which not one in vain;
All were in youthful bodies fix'd, well skill'd in war's constraint.[a]
Yet this wild dog, with all my aim, I have no power to taint.[b]
This said, another arrow forth from his stiff string he sent
At Hector, whom he long'd to wound, but still amiss it went:
His shaft smit fair Gorgythion, of Priam's princely race,
Who in Æpina was brought forth, (a famous town in Thrace,)
By Castianira; that for form was like celestial breed.
And as a crimson poppy flower, surcharged with his seed,
And vernal humours falling thick, declines his heavy brow;
So, of one side, his helmet's weight, his fainting head did bow.
Yet Teucer would another shaft at Hector's life dispose;
So fain he such a mark would hit: but still beside it goes;
Apollo did avert the shaft: but Hector's charioteer,
Bold Archeptolemus, he smit, as he was rushing near
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horse back did fly,
And there were both his strength and soul exil'd eternally.
Huge grief for Hector's slaughter'd friend pinch'd in his mighty mind:
Yet was he forc'd to leave him there, and his void place resign'd
To his sad brother, that was by, Cebriones: whose ear
Receiving Hector's charge, he straight the weighty reins did bear;
And Hector from his shining coach, with horrid voice, leap'd on,[c]
To wreak his friend on Teucer's hand; and up he took a stone,
With which he at the archer ran; who from his quiver drew
A sharp-pil'd[d] shaft, and nock'd[e] it sure: but in great Hector flew
With such fell speed, that in his draught,[f] he his right shoulder strook,
Where 'twixt his neck and breast, the joint his native closure took:
The wound was wondrous full of death, his string in sunder flees;
His numbed hand fell strengthless down, and he upon his knees.
Ajax neglected not to aid his brother thus depress'd;
But came and saft[g] him with his shield; and two more friends, address'd

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[a] *Constraint*—"close combat."
[b] *Taint*—"touch, strike;" see before, p. 91.
[c] *Leap'd on*—"bounded forwards."
[d] *Sharp pil'd*—"sharp-pointed."
[e] *Nock'd it*—"fitted the notch of the arrow to the string."
[f] *His draught*—"his (Teucer's) drawing of the bow."
[g] *Saft*—

To be his aid, took him to fleet; Mecistius, Echius' son,
And gay Alastor: Teucer sigh'd, for all his service done.
Then did Olympius, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers revive;
Who to their trenches once again the troubled Greeks did drive.
Hector brought terror with his strength, and ever fought before.
As when some highly stomach'd hound, that hunts a sylvan boar,
Or kingly lion, loves the haunch, and pincheth oft behind,
Bold of his feet, and still observes the game to turn inclin'd,
Not utterly dissolv'd in flight; so Hector did pursue;
And whosoever was the last he ever did subdue.
They fled, but when they had their dike and palisadoes pass'd,
(A number of them put to sword) at ships they stay'd at last.
Then mutual exhortations flew, then—all with hands and eyes
Advanc'd to all the gods—their plagues wrung from them open cries.
Hector with his four rich-man'd horse, assaulting always rode;
The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and war's vermilion god.
The goddess[a] that all goddesses, for snowy arms, out-shin'd,
Thus spake to Pallas; to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd:—
O Pallas, what a grief is this? Is all our succour past
To these our perishing Grecian friends? At least withheld at last:
Even now, when one man's violence must make them perish all,
In satisfaction of a fate, so full of funeral?
Hector Priamides now raves, no more to be endur'd;
That hath already on the Greeks so many harms inur'd.[b]
The azure goddess answer'd her: This man had surely found
His fortitude and life dissolv'd, even on his father's ground,
By Grecian valour; if my sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too jealous of their bloods:
And ever, an unjust repulse stands to my willing powers;[c]
Little rememb'ring what I did, in all the desperate hours
Of his affected[d] Hercules: I ever rescued him,
In labours of Euristheus, untouch'd in life or limb;
When he (heaven knows) with drowned eyes, look'd up for help to heaven:
Which ever, at command of Jove, was by my suppleance[e] given.
But had my wisdom reach'd so far, to know of this event,
When to the solid-ported depths of hell his son was sent,

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[a] *The goddess*, &c.—"Juno."
[b] *Inur'd*—"inflicted," or rather "burned in;" from the Latin *inurere*, used transitively.
[c] *My willing powers*—"my powers of will," that is, "my will."
[d] *Affected*—"beloved."
[e] *Suppleance*—"assistance," derived from the verb "supply:" the word is often confounded with *suppliance*, which comes from "supplicate."

To hale out hateful Pluto's dog from darksome Erebus,—
He had not 'scap'd the streams of Styx, so deep and dangerous.
Yet Jove hates me, and shows his love in doing Thetis' will,
That kiss'd his knees, and strok'd his chin; pray'd, and importun'd still,
That he would honour with his aid her city-razing son,
Displeas'd Achilles: and for him our friends are thus undone.
But time shall come again, when he, to do his friends some aid,
Will call me his Glaucopides;[a] his sweet and blue-eyed maid.
Then harness thou thy horse for me, that his bright palace gates
I soon may enter, arming me, to order these debates.
And I will try if Priam's son will still maintain his cheer,
When in the crimson paths of war I dreadfully appear;
For some proud Trojans shall be sure to nourish dogs and fowls,
And pave the shore with fat and flesh, depriv'd of lives and souls.
Juno prepar'd her horse, whose manes ribands of gold enlac'd:
Pallas her party-colour'd robe on her bright shoulders cast,
Divinely wrought with her own hands, in th' entry[b] of her sire:
Then put she on her ample breast her under-arming tire,
And on it her celestial arms: the chariot straight she takes,
With her huge heavy violent lance, with which she slaughter makes
Of armies, fatal[c] to her wrath. Saturnia whipp'd her horse,
And heaven gates, guarded by the Hours, op'd by their proper force:
Through which they flew. Whom when Jove saw, (set near th' Idalian springs,)
Highly displeas'd, he Iris call'd, that hath the golden wings,
And said: Fly, Iris, turn them back, let them not come at me:
Our meetings—severally dispos'd[d]—will nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'erthrown chariot, I'll shiver their proud steeds;
Hurl down themselves; their waggon break; and for their stubborn deeds,
In ten whole years they shall not heal the wounds I will impress
With horrid thunder: that my maid may know when to address
Arms against her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,
'Tis but her use to interrupt whatever I intend.
Iris, with this, left Ida's hills, and up t' Olympus flew,
Met near heaven-gates the goddesses, and thus their haste withdrew:[e]
What course intend you? Why are you wrapp'd with your fancies' storm?
Jove likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats—and will perform—

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[a] *Glaucopides*—"blue-eyed." [b] *In th' entry*—"on the threshold."
[c] *Fatal to her wrath*—"fated to suffer by her wrath."
[d] *Severally dispos'd*—"disposed in favour of opposite parties."
[e] *Withdrew*—"terminated."

To crush in pieces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
Hurl down yourselves, your chariot break; and those empoison'd strokes
His wounding thunder shall imprint in your celestial parts,
In ten full springs ye shall not cure: that she that tames proud hearts
(Thyself, Minerva) may be taught to know for what, and when,
Thou dost against thy father fight; for sometimes children
May with discretion plant themselves against their fathers' wills;
But not where humours only rule, in works beyond their skills.
For Juno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;
For 'tis her use to cross his will, her impudence is such:
The habit of offence in this she only doth contract;
And so grieves or incenseth less, though ne'er the less her fact.
But thou most griev'st him, dogged dame, whom he rebukes in time,
Lest silence should pervert thy will, and pride too highly climb
In thy bold bosom; desperate girl, if seriously thou dare
Lift thy unwieldy lance 'gainst Jove; as thy pretences are.
She left them, and Saturnia said: Ah me! thou seed of Jove,
By my advice we will no more unfit contention move
With Jupiter, for mortal men; of whom, let this man die,
And that man live, whoever he pursues with destiny.
And let him (plotting all events) dispose of either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most.
Thus turn'd she back, and to the Hours her rich-man'd horse resign'd,
Who them t' immortal mangers bound; the chariot they inclin'd
Beneath the crystal walls of heaven; and they in golden thrones
Consorted[a] other deities, replete with passions.
Jove, in his bright-wheel'd chariot, his fiery horse now beats
Up to Olympus; and aspir'd the gods' eternal seats.
Great Neptune loos'd his horse, his car upon the altar plac'd,
And heavenly-linen coverings did round about it cast.
The far-seer us'd his throne of gold: the vast Olympus shook
Beneath his feet; his wife, and maid, apart their places took;
Nor any word afforded him. He knew their thoughts, and said:
Why do you thus torment yourselves? you need not sit dismay'd
With the long labours you have us'd, in your victorious fight,
Destroying Trojans: 'gainst whose lives you heap such high despite.
Ye should have held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as far
As all my pow'rs, by all means urg'd, could have sustain'd the war,
Not all the host of deities should have retir'd[b] my hand
From vow'd inflictions on the Greeks: much less you two withstand.

[a] *Consorted*—"shared the company of." [b] *Retir'd*—"drawn back."

But you, before you saw the fight, much less the slaughter there,
Had all your goodly lineaments possess'd with shaking fear;
And never had your chariot borne their charge to heaven again;
But thunder should have smit you both, had you one Trojan slain.
Both goddesses let fall their chins upon their ivory breasts;
Set next to Jove, contriving still afflicted Troy's unrests:
Pallas for anger could not speak; Saturnia, contrary,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold reply:
Not-to-be-suff'red, Jupiter! what need'st thou still enforce
Thy matchless power? we know it well. But we must yield remorse
To them that yield us sacrifice: nor need'st thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefs, but bear our powers applied
To just protection of the Greeks; that anger tomb not all
In Troy's foul gulf of perjury; and let them stand—should fall.
Grieve not, said Jove, at all done yet: for if thy fair eyes please,
This next red morning they shall see the great Saturnides
Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and Hector shall not cease
Till he have roused from the fleet swift-foot Æacides:
In that day, when before their ships, for his Patroclus slain,
The Greeks in great distress shall fight, for so the Fates ordain.
I weigh not thy displeased spleen, though to th' extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carry thee; where endless night confounds
Japet,[a] and my dejected[b] sire, who sit so far beneath,
They never see the flying sun, nor hear the winds that breath,
Near to profoundest Tartarus: nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pity of thy moods, since none more impudent.
To this she nothing did reply. And now Sol's glorious light
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the drowsy night.
The Trojans griev'd at Phœbus' fall, which all the Greeks desir'd:
And sable night (so often wish'd) to earth's firm throne aspir'd.
Hector—intending to consult—near to the gulfy flood,
Far from the fleet, led to a place, pure and exempt from blood,
The Trojans' forces: from their horse all lighted, and did hear
Th' oration Jove-lov'd Hector made; who held a goodly spear,
Eleven full cubits long; the head was brass, and did reflect
A wanton light before him still; it round about was deck'd
With strong hoops of new burnish'd gold. On this he lean'd, and said:
Hear me, my worthy friends of Troy, and you our honour'd aid:

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[a] *Japet* From the mention of Japetus and Chronus, it would appear that Jupiter alludes to a renewal of the war of the Titans instigation of Juno.

[b] *Dejected*—"dethro[illegible]is seat;" used in the literal sense of the Latin *dejectus*.

A little since, I had conceit, we should have made retreat,
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greeks' escheat;[a]
But darkness hath prevented us, and sav'd, with special grace,
These Achives and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let us then render place
To sacred Night; our suppers dress; and from our chariot free
Our fair-man'd horse, and meat[b] them well: then let there convoy'd be,
From forth the city presently, oxen and well-fed sheep,
Sweet wine, and bread. And fell much wood, that all night we may keep
Plenty of fires, even till the light bring forth the lovely morn;
And let their brightness glaze the skies, that night may not suborn[c]
The Greeks' escape, if they for flight the sea's broad back would take:
At least they may not part with ease, but as retreat they make,
Each man may bear a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
Made with a shaft or sharp'ned spear, and others fear to come,
With charge of lamentable war, 'gainst soldiers bred in Troy.
Then let our heralds through the town their offices employ,
To warn the youth, yet short of war, and time-white fathers, past,
That in our god-built tow'rs they see strong courts of guard be plac'd
About the walls; and let our dames, yet flourishing in years,
That, having beauties to keep pure, are most inclin'd to fears,
—Since darkness in distressful times more dreadful is than light—
Make lofty fires in every house: and thus, the dangerous night,
Held with strong watch, if th' enemy have ambuscadoes laid
Near to our walls, and therefore seem in flight the more dismay'd,
Intending a surprise, while we are all without the town,
They every way shall be impugn'd[d] to every man's renown.
Perform all this, brave Trojan friends: what now I have to say,
Is all express'd; the cheerful morn shall other things display.
It is my glory (putting trust in Jove, and other gods)
That I shall now expulse[e] these dogs, fates sent to our abodes;
Who bring ostents of destiny, and black their threat'ning fleet.
But this night let us hold strong guards: to-morrow we will meet
(With fierce-made war) before their ships; and I'll make known to all,
If strong Tydides from their ships can drive me to their wall,—
Or I can pierce him with my sword; and force his bloody spoil.
The wished morn shall show his power, if he can shun his foil,
I running on him with my lance. I think when day ascends,
He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends.

[a] *Escheat*—"plunder;" literally, property forfeited by process of law.
[b] *Meat*—"feed."
[c] *Suborn*—"afford secret assistance to."
[d] *Impugn'd*—"resisted."
[e] *Expulse*—"drive out by force;" from the Latin *expulsare*.

O that I were as sure to live immortal, and sustain
No frailties with increasing years, but evermore remain
Ador'd like Pallas, or the sun, as all doubts die in me,
That heaven's next light shall be the last the Greeks shall ever see.
This speech all Trojans did applaud; who from their traces los'd
Their sweating horse; which severally with headstals they repos'd,
And fast'ned by their chariots; when others brought from town
Fat sheep and oxen instantly; bread, wine; and hewed down
Huge store of wood: the winds transferr'd into the friendly sky
Their supper's savour; to the which they sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shin'd.—
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear; to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows;
And even the lowly valleys joy, to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasur'd firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart;
So many fires disclos'd their beams, made by the Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilion; and her bright turrets show'd.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and every guard allow'd
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse ate oats and hard white corn,
And all did wilfully[a] expect the silver-throned morn:

[a] *Wilfully*—"willingly."



"And to the Hours her rich-maned horse resign'd."

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



"Health to my lords! right welcome men assure yourselves you be."

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Agamemnon, urging hopeless flight,
Stand Diomed, and Nestor, opposite:
By Nestor's counsel, legates[a] are dismiss'd
To Thetis' son; who still denies t' assist.[b]

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Iota sings the embassy;
And great Achilles' stern reply.

So held the Trojans sleepless guard; the Greeks to flight were given;—
The feeble consort of cold fear: (strangely infus'd from heaven).
Grief, not to be endur'd, did wound all Greeks of greatest worth.
And as two lateral-sited[c] winds—the west wind and the north—

[a] *Legates*—"ambassadors."
[b] *Assist*—"assistance."
[c] *Lateral-sited*—"joined at the sides:" this epithet is not in the original.

Meet at the Thracian sea's black breast; join in a sudden blore;
Tumble together the dark waves, and pour upon the shore
A mighty deal of froth and weed, with which men manure ground;[a]
So Jove and Troy did drive the Greeks, and all their minds confound.
But Agamemnon most of all was tortur'd at his heart;
Who to the voiceful heralds went, and bad them cite, apart,
Each Grecian leader severally; (not openly proclaim;)
In which he labour'd with the first: and all together came.
They sadly sate. The king arose, and pour'd out tears as fast,
As from a lofty rock a spring doth his black waters cast;
And deeply sighing, thus bespake the Achives: O my friends,
Princes, and leaders of the Greeks, heaven's adverse king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to my so just design;
Since he hath often promis'd me, and bound it with the sign
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy our vengeful hands should race,[b]
And safe return: yet now, engag'd, he plagues us with disgrace;
When all our trust to him hath drawn so much blood from our friends.
My glory, nor my brother's wreak,[c] were the proposed ends,
For which he drew you to these toils; but your whole countries' shame:
Which had been huge, to bear the rape of so divine a dame,
Made in despite of our revenge. And yet not that had mov'd
Our pow'rs to these designs, if Jove had not our drifts approv'd;
Which since we see he did for blood, 'tis desperate fight in us
To strive with him; then let us fly: 'tis flight he urgeth thus.
Long time still silence held them all: at last did Diomed rise:
Atrides, I am first must cross thy indiscreet advice,
As may become me, being a king, in this our martial court.
Be not displeas'd then; for thyself didst broadly misreport
In open field my fortitude, and call'd me faint and weak;
Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loath any rites to break
That appertain'd thy public rule: yet all the Greeks knew well
(Of every age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst refel[d]
My valour first of all the host, as of a man dismay'd;
So now, with fit occasion given, I first blame thee—afraid.
Inconstant Saturn's son hath given inconstant spirits to thee;
And with a sceptre over all, an eminent degree.

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[a] *With which men manure ground.* This clause is not in the original.
[b] *Race*—"raze."
[c] *Wreak*—"revenge."
[d] *Refel*—"[illegible]" from the Latin *refellere*.

But with a sceptre's sovereign grace—the chief pow'r—Fortitude,
To bridle thee, he thought not best thy breast should be endu'd.
Unhappy king, think'st thou the Greeks are such a silly sort,
And so excessive impotent, as thy weak words import?
If thy mind move thee to be gone, the way is open; go:
Mycenian ships enow ride near, that brought thee to this woe.
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till Troy be overcome,
With full eversion ;[a] or if not, but—doters[b] of their home—
Will put on wings to fly with thee, myself and Sthenelus
Will fight, till (trusting favouring Jove) we bring home Troy with us.
This, all applauded; and admir'd the spirit of Diomed;
When Nestor, rising from the rest, his speech thus seconded:
Tydides, thou art questionless our strongest Greek in war,
And gravest in thy counsels too, of all that equal are
In place with thee, and stand on strength; nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy speech: And yet thou hast not gone
So far, but we must further go. Thou 'rt young, and well mightst be
My youngest son, though still I yield[c] thy words have high degree
Of wisdom in them to our king; since well they did become
Their right in question, and refute inglorious going home.
But I, well known thy senior far, will speak, and handle all
Yet to purpose,[d] which none shall check :—no, not our general.
A hater of society, unjust, and wild, is he
That loves intestine war; being stuff'd with manless[e] cruelty:
And therefore in persuading peace, and home-flight, we the less
May blame our gen'ral; as one loath to wrap in more distress
His loved soldiers. But because they bravely are resolv'd
To cast lives after toils, before they part in shame involv'd,
Provide we for our honour'd stay: obey black night, and fall
Now to our suppers; then appoint our guards without the wall,
And in the bottom of the dike; which guards I wish may stand
Of our brave youth. And, Atreus' son, since thou art in command
Before our other kings, be first in thy command's effect:
It well becomes thee; since 'tis both, what all thy peers expect,
And in the royal right of things is no impair to thee.
Nor shall it stand with less than right, that they invited be

[a] *Eversion*—"overturning, destruction :" the Latin *eversio*.
[b] *Doters*—"passionate lovers."
[c] *Yield*—"confess."
[d] *Purpose*—"propose."
[e] *Manless*—"inhuman."

To supper by thee: all thy tents are amply stor'd with wine,
Brought daily in Greek ships from Thrace;[a] and to this grace of thine
All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to wait:
And many meeting there,—thou mayst hear every man's conceit,
And take the best. It much concerns all Greeks to use advice
Of gravest nature, since so near our ships our enemies
Have lighted such a sort of fires: with which what man is joy'd?
Look, how all bear themselves this night: so, live; or, be destroy'd.
All heard, and follow'd his advice. There was appointed then
Seven captains of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.
The first was famous Thrasymed, adviceful Nestor's son;
Ascalaphus, and Ialmen, and mighty Merion,
Alphareus, and Deipyrus, and lovely Lycomed:—
Old Creon's joy. These seven bold lords an hundred soldiers led,
In every sever'd[b] company, and every man his pike.
Some placed on the rampire's top, and some amidst the dike,
All fires made; and their suppers took. Atrides to his tent
Invited all the peers of Greece; and food sufficient
Appos'd[c] before them; and the peers appos'd their hands to it.
Hunger and thirst being quickly quench'd, to counsel still they sit.
And first spake Nestor, who they thought of late advis'd so well,
A father grave, and rightly wise, who thus his tale did tell:
Most high Atrides, since in thee I have intent to end,
From thee will I begin my speech, to whom Jove doth commend
The empire of so many men, and puts into thy hand
A sceptre, and establish'd laws, that thou mayst well command,
And counsel all men under thee. It therefore doth behove
Thyself to speak most, since of all thy speeches most will move:
And yet to hear, as well as speak; and then perform as well
A free just counsel; in thee still must stick, what others tell.
For me, what in my judgment stands the most convenient
I will advise; and am assur'd, advice more competent
Shall not be given; the general proof that hath before been made
Of what I speak, confirms me still; and now may well persuade,
Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou, most royal king,
Even from the tent, Achilles' love didst violently bring,

---

[a] *Thrace.* The Greeks, having subdued the Trojan allies on the European side of the Hellespont, compelled them to pay contributions of corn and wine.

[b] *Sever'd*—"separate."

[c] *Appos'd*—"placed:" from the Latin *apponere*."

Against my counsel; urging thee by all means to relent.
But you, obeying your high mind, would venture the event:
Dishonouring our ablest Greek; a man th' immortals grace:
Again, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
Affection to our general good, and bring his force to field:
Both which, kind words and pleasing gifts must make his virtues yield.
O father, answered the king, my wrongs thou tell'st me right;
Mine own offence mine own tongue grants; one man must stand in fight
For our whole army; him I wrong'd him Jove loves from his heart:
He shows it in thus honouring him; who living thus apart,
Proves us but number:[a] for his want makes all our weakness seen.
Yet after my confess'd offence, soothing my hum'rous spleen,
I'll sweeten his affects[b] again with presents infinite:
Which, to approve my firm intent, I'll openly recite.—
Seven sacred tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,
Twenty bright cauldrons, twelve young horse, well shap'd, and well controll'd,
And victors too; for they have won the prize at many a race:
That man should not be poor, that had but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treasury; nor feel sweet gold's defect.
Seven Lesbian ladies he shall have, that were the most select,
And in their needles rarely skill'd: whom, when he took the town
Of famous Lesbos, I did choose; who won the chief renown
For beauty from their whole fair sex; amongst whom I'll resign
Fair Brysis; and I deeply swear (for any fact of mine
That may discourage her receipt) she is untouch'd; and rests
As he resign'd her. To these gifts, if Jove to our requests
Vouchsafe performance, and afford the work for which we wait,—
Of winning Troy, with brass and gold he shall his navy freight;
And (ent'ring when we be at spoil) that princely hand of his
Shall choose him twenty Trojan dames, excepting Tyndaris,[c]
The fairest Pergamus enfolds; and if we make retreat
To Argos (call'd of all the world the Navel, or chief seat)
He shall become my son-in-law, and I will honour him,
Even as Orestes, my sole son, that doth in honours swim.
Three daughters in my well-built court unmarried are, and fair;
Laodice, Chrysothemis that hath the golden hair,

---

[a] *Proves us but number*—formidable only by our numbers, and not by our valour.
[b] *Sweeten his affects*—"soothe his inclinations."
[c] *Tyndaris*—"Helen," the reputed daughter of Tyndareus.

And Iphianassa; of all three the worthiest let him take,
All jointureless[a] to Peleus' court: I will her jointure make:
And that so great, as never yet did any maid prefer.
Seven cities right magnificent I will bestow on her:
Enope, and Cardamile, Hyra for herbs renown'd,
The fair Æpæa, Pedasus, that doth with grapes abound,
Antæa girded with green meads, Phera surnam'd Divine:
All whose bright turrets on the seas, in sandy Pylos shine.
Th' inhabitants in flocks and herds are wondrous confluent:[b]
Who like a god will honour him, and him with gifts present,
And to his throne will contribute what tribute he will rate.
All this I gladly will perform, to pacify his hate.
Let him be mild and tractable: 'tis for the god of ghosts
To be unrul'd, implacable, and seek the blood of hosts;
Whom therefore men do much abhor: then let him yield to me,
I am his greater, being a king, and more in years than he.

Brave king, said Nestor, these rich gifts must make him needs relent:
Choose then fit legates instantly, to greet him at his tent:
But stay; admit my choice of them, and let them straight be gone:
Jove-loved Phœnix shall be chief, then Ajax Telamon,
And prince Ulysses; and on them let these two heralds wait,
Grave Odius and Euribates. Come, lords, take water straight,
Make pure your hands, and with sweet words appease Achilles' mind;
Which we will pray the king of gods may gently make inclin'd.

All lik'd his speech, and on their hands the heralds water shed:
The youths crown'd cups of sacred wine to all distributed.
But having sacrific'd and drunk to every man's content;
(With many notes by Nestor given;) the legates forward went.
With courtship in fit gestures us'd, he did prepare them well;
But most Ulysses; for his grace did not so much excel[c]—
Such rites beseem ambassadors; and Nestor urged these,
That their most honours might reflect[d] enrag'd Æacides.

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[a] *Jointureless*—"unpurchased." It was usual among the early Greeks for a bridegroom to pay a large sum to his father-in-law as the purchase-money of his bride.

[b] *Confluent*—"abundant:" from the Latin *confluere*, "to flow together," as streams into a reservoir.

[c] *For his grace did not so much excel.* This is an unauthorized addition to the original, and quite inconsistent with Homer's meaning. Nestor addressed himself principally to Ulysses, not because he distrusted his skill, but for the very opposite reason, because he placed more confidence in him than any of the other chiefs.

[d] *Reflect enrag'd Æacides*—"turn back to his countrymen the angry Achilles." *Reflect* is here used in the literal sense of the Latin *reflectere*.

They went along the shore, and pray'd the god that earth doth bind
In brackish chains,[a] they might not fail; but bow his mighty mind.
The quarter of the Myrmidons they reach'd, and found him set
Delighted with his solemn[b] harp, which curiously was fret[c]
With works conceited;[d] through the verge[e] the bawdrick[f] that embrac'd
His lofty neck was silver twist; this, when his hand laid waste
Aëtion's city, he did choose as his especial prize;
And, loving sacred music well, made it his exercise.
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great heroës dead;
And his true mind, that practice fail'd, sweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and opposite, all silent sat his friend,
Attentive, and beholding him who now his song did end.
Th' ambassadors did forwards press, renown'd Ulysses led,
And stood in view: their sudden sight his admiration bred;
Who with his harp and all arose: so did Menetius' son
When he beheld them: their receipt[g] Achilles thus begun:
Health to my lords! right welcome men assure yourselves you be,
Though some necessity I know doth make you visit me,
Incens'd with just cause 'gainst the Greeks. This said, a several seat
With purple cushions he set forth, and did their ease intreat:
And said: Now, friend, our greatest bowl, with wine unmix'd and neat,
Appose these lords; and of the depth let every man make proof:
These are my best-esteemed friends, and underneath my roof.
Patroclus did his dear friend's will; and he that did desire
To cheer the lords, (come faint from fight,) set on a blazing fire
A great brass pot, and into it a chine of mutton put,
And fat goat's flesh: Automedon held, while he pieces cut
To roast and boil, right cunningly[h] then of a well-fed swine
A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine;
His good friend made a goodly fire; of which the force once past,
He laid the spit low, near the coals, to make it brown at last:

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[a] *Brackish chains*—the seas that girdle the land.

[b] *Solemn*—"accustomed," that which he used at stated intervals; the Latin *solennis* is sometimes employed in this sense, but such a use of the word is rare in English writers. Wiclif has, however, so used it in his translation of the New Testament:—"And his fadir and modir went eche yere into Jerusalem in the solemne day of Pask (the Passover), &c."—*Luc*, c. 2.

[c] *Fret*—"inlaid."

[d] *Conceited*—"exhibiting curious skill."

[e] *Verge*—"fore-piece" of the harp.

[f] *Bawdrick*—"baldric, a belt."

[g] *Receipt*—"reception."

[h] *Cunningly*—"skilfully."

Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and took it from the racks:
This roasted, and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes
Bread in fair baskets; which set on, Achilles brought the meat;
And to divinest Ithacus, took his opposed seat
Upon the bench. Then did he will his friend to sacrifice;
Who cast sweet incense in the fire to all the deities.
Thus fell they to their ready food. Hunger and thirst allay'd,
Ajax to Phœnix made a sign as if too long they stay'd,
Before they told their legacy.[a] Ulysses saw him wink,
And filling the great bowl with wine did to Achilles drink:
Health to Achilles! but our plights stand not in need of meat,
Who late supp'd at Atrides' tent; though for thy love we eat
Of many things, whereof a part would make a cómplete feast.
Nor can we joy in these kind rites, that have our hearts oppress'd,
O Prince, with fear of utter spoil: 'tis made a question now
If we can save our fleet or not, unless thyself endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude. Now Troy and her consorts,[b]
Bold of thy want, have pitch'd their tents close to our fleet and forts;
And made a firmament of fires, and now no more they say
Will they be prison'd in their walls, but force their violent way
Even to our ships; and Jove himself hath with his lightnings show'd
Their bold adventure's happy signs; and Hector grows so proud
Of his huge strength, borne out by Jove, that fearfully he raves:
Presuming neither men nor gods can interrupt his braves.
Wild rage invades him; and he prays that soon the sacred morn
Would light his fury; boasting then our streamers shall be torn,
And all our naval ornaments fall by his conquering stroke;
Our ships shall burn, and we ourselves lie stifled in the smoke.
And I am seriously afraid heaven will perform his threats;
And that 'tis fatal [c] to us all, far from our native seats,
To perish in victorious Troy. But rise, though it be late,
Deliver the afflicted Greeks from Troy's tumultuous hate.
It will hereafter be thy grief, when no strength can suffice
To remedy th' affected [d] threats of our calamities;

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[a] *Legacy*—"embassy:" from the Latin *legatio*. Thus Stow, speaking of Cardinal Pole's legation to England in the time of Queen Mary, says:—"hee declared the cause of his legacie, first exhorting them to return to the communion of the Church, &c."

[b] *Consorts*—"auxiliaries."

[c] *Fatal*—"decreed by fate:" from the Latin *fatalis*.

[d] *Affected*—"purposed, intended."

Consider these affairs in time, while thou mayst use thy pow'r,
And have the grace to turn from Greece fate's unrecover'd [a] hour.
O friend, thou know'st thy royal sire forewarn'd what should be done,
That day he sent thee from his court, to honour Atreus' son:
My son, said he, the victory let Jove and Pallas use
At their high pleasures; but do thou no honour'd means refuse
That may advance her; in fit bounds contain thy mighty mind,
Nor let the knowledge of thy strength be factiously inclin'd,
Contriving mischiefs; be to fame and general good profess'd:
The more will all sorts honour thee: Benignity is best.
Thus charg'd thy sire, which thou forgett'st: yet now those thoughts appease
That torture thy great spirit with wrath; which if thou wilt surcease,
The king will merit [b] it with gifts; and if thou wilt give ear
I'll tell how much he offers thee:—yet thou sitt'st angry here.
Seven tripods that no fire must touch, twice ten pans fit for flame;
Ten talents of fine gold, twelve horse that ever overcame,
And brought huge prizes from the field with swiftness of their feet;
That man should bear no poor account, nor want gold's quick'ning sweet,
That had but what he won with them; seven worthiest Lesbian dames,
Renown'd for skill in housewifery, and bear the sovereign fames
For beauty, from their general sex; which at thy overthrow
Of well-built Lesbos he did choose, and these he will bestow.
And with these her he took from thee: whom by his state, since then,
He swears he touch'd not, as fair dames use to be touch'd by men.
All these are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,
By helps of gods, this wealthy town, thy ships shall burthen make
Of gold and brass at thy desires, when we the spoil divide;
And twenty beauteous Trojan dames thou shalt select beside,
—Next Helen—the most beautiful; and when return'd we be
To Argos, be his son-in-law: for he will honour thee
Like his Orestes, his sole son, maintain'd in height of bliss.
Three daughters beautify his court, the fair Chrysothemis,
Laodice, and Iphianesse; of all the fairest take
To Peleus, thy grave father's court, and never jointure make;
He will the jointure make himself: so great, as never sire
Gave to his daughter's nuptials; seven cities left entire:—
Cardamile, and Enope, and Hyla full of flowers,
Anthæa for sweet meadows prais'd, and Phera deck'd with to[illegible]

[a] *Unrecover'd*—"irrecoverable."
[b] *Merit*—"reward;" a very unusual application of the wo[illegible]

The bright Epea, Pedassus that doth god Bacchus please;
All, on the sandy Pylos' soil, are seated near the seas.
Th' inhabitants in droves and flocks exceeding wealthy be;
Who, like a god, with worthy gifts, will gladly honour thee;
And tribute of especial rate to thy high sceptre pay.
All this he freely will perform, thy anger to allay.
But if thy hate to him be more than his gifts may repress,
Yet pity all the other Greeks, in such extreme distress,
Who with religion honour thee: and to their desperate ill,
Thou shalt triumphant glory bring, and Hector thou mayst kill,
When pride makes him encounter thee: fill'd with a baneful sprite,[a]
Who vaunts our whole fleet brought not one equal to him in fight.
Swift-foot Æacides replied: Divine Laertes' son,
'Tis requisite I should be short, and show what place hath won
Thy serious speech: affirming nought but what you shall approve[b]
Establish'd in my settled heart; that in the rest I move
No murmur nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath
Who holds not in his words and thoughts one indistinguish'd[c] troth.
What fits the freeness of my mind, my speech shall make display'd:
Nor Atreus' son, nor all the Greeks, shall win me to their aid.
Their suit is wretchedly enforced to free their own despairs;
And my life never shall be hir'd with thankless desperate prayers,
For never had I benefit, that ever foil'd the foe:
Even share hath he that keeps his tent and he to field doth go;
With equal honour cowards die, and men most valiant;
The much performer, and the man that can of nothing vaunt.
No overplus I ever found, when with my mind's most strife,
To do them good to dangerous fight I have expos'd my life.
But even as to unfeather'd birds the careful dam brings meat,
Which when she hath bestow'd, herself hath nothing left to eat;
So when my broken sleeps have drawn the nights t'extremest length,
And ended many bloody days with still-employed strength,
To guard their weakness; and preserve their wives' contents infract;[d]
I have been robb'd before their eyes. Twelve cities I have sack'd,
Assail'd by sea; eleven by land; while this siege held at Troy:
And of all these, what was most dear, and most might crown the joy
Of Agamemnon, he enjoy'd; who here behind remain'd:
Which when he took, a few he gave, and many things retain'd:

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[a] *Sprite*—"spirit."
[b] *Approve*—"prove or find to be."
[c] *Indistinguish'd*—"uniform."
[d] [redacted]—"unbroken:" from the Latin *infractus*.

Other to optimates[a] and kings he gave, who hold them fast;
Yet mine he forceth: only I sit with my loss disgrac'd.
But so he gain a lovely dame, to be his bed's delight,
It is enough; for what cause else do Greeks and Trojans fight?
Why brought he hither such an host? was it not for a dame?
For fair-hair'd Helen? And doth love alone the hearts inflame
Of the Atrides to their wives, of all the men that move?
Every discreet and honest mind cares for his private love,
As much as they: as I myself lov'd Brisis as my life,
Although my captive; and had will to take her for my wife.
Whom since he forc'd, preventing me; in vain he shall prolong
Hopes to appease me, that know well the deepness of my wrong.
But, good Ulysses, with thyself, and all you other kings,
Let him take stomach[b] to repel Troy's fiery threatenings.
Much hath he done without my help; built him a goodly fort,
Cut a dike by it, pitch'd with pales[c] broad, and of deep import:
And cannot all these helps repress this kill-man Hector's fright?
When I was arm'd among the Greeks he would not offer fight
Without the shadow of his walls; but to the Scæan ports,
Or to the holy beech of Jove, come back'd with his consorts.
Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat:
And to make new proof of our powers, the doubt is not so great.
To-morrow then, with sacrifice perform'd t'imperial Jove,
And all the gods, I'll lance[d] my fleet, and all my men remove:
Which, if thou wilt use so thy sight, or think'st it worth respect,
In forehead of the morn, thine eyes shall see, with sails erect
Amidst the fishy Hellespont, help'd with laborious oars.
And if the sea-god send free sail, the fruitful Pthian shores
Within three days we shall attain; where I have store of prize,
Left, when with prejudice[e] I came to these indignities.
There have I gold as well as here, and store of ruddy brass,
Dames slender, elegantly girt, and steel as bright as glass.
These will I take as I retire, as shares I firmly save;
Though Agamemnon be so base to take the gifts he gave.

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[a] *Optimates*—"nobles."
[b] *Stomach*—"courage:" thus Spenser:—
"But with stern looks and stomachous disdaine,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine."
[c] *Pitch'd with pales*—"secured by a palisade."
[d] *Lance*—"launch."
[e] *Prejudice*—"loss to myself."

Tell him all this, and openly,—I on your honours charge;
That others may take shame to hear his lusts command so large:
And if there yet remain a man, he hopeth to deceive,
(Being dyed in endless impudence) that man may learn to leave
His trust and empire. But alas, though like a wolf he be,
Shameless and rude; he durst not take my prize, and look on me.
I never will partake his works, nor counsels, as before.
He once deceiv'd and injur'd me, and he shall never more
Tie my affections with his words; enough is the increase
Of one success in his deceits: which let him joy in peace,
And bear it to a wretched end. Wise Jove hath reft his brain,
To bring him plagues; and these his gifts, I (as my foes) disdain:
Even in the numbness of calm death, I will revengeful be,
Though ten or twenty times so much he would bestow on me:—
All he hath here, or any where; or Orchomen contains,
To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remains
In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies,
Whose walls contain an hundred ports,[a] of so admir'd a size,
Two hundred soldiers may a-front,[b] with horse and chariots pass.
Nor, would he amplify all this like sand, or dust, or grass,
Should he reclaim me; till his wreak pay'd me for all the pains
That with his contumely burn'd like poison in my veins.
Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend
With golden Venus for her form; or if she did transcend
Blue-ey'd Minerva for her works: let him a Greek select
Fit for her, and a greater king. For if the gods protect
My safety to my father's court, he shall choose me a wife.
Many fair Achive princesses of unimpeached life,
In Helle and in Pthia live, whose sires do cities hold,
Of whom I can have whom I will. And more—an hundred fold—
My true mind in my country likes to take a lawful wife
Than in another nation; and there delight my life
With those goods that my father got, much rather than die here.
Not all the wealth of well-built Troy, possess'd when peace was there,
All that Apollo's marble fane in stony Pythos holds,
I value equal with the life that my free breast enfolds.
Sheep, oxen, tripods, crest-deck'd horse, though lost, may come again:
But when the white guard of our teeth no longer can contain

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[a] *Ports*—"gates." [b] *A-front*—"abreast."

Our human soul, away it flies; and once gone never more
To her frail mansion any man can her lost pow'rs restore.
And therefore since my mother-queen (fam'd for her silver feet)
Told me two fates about my death in my direction meet:
The one, that if I here remain t'assist our victory,
My safe return shall never live—my fame shall never die:
If my return obtain success, much of my fame decays,
But death shall linger his approach, and I live many days.
This being reveal'd, 'twere foolish pride t'abridge my life for praise.
Then with myself I will advise others to hoist their sail:
For 'gainst the height of Ilion, you never shall prevail:
Jove with his hand protecteth it, and makes the soldiers bold.
This tell the king in every part: for so grave legates should;
That they may better counsels use, to save their fleet and friends
By their own valours; since this course drown'd in my anger, ends.
Phœnix may in my tent repose; and in the morn steer course
For Pthia, if he think it good; if not, I'll use no force.
All wond'red at his stern reply: and Phœnix, full of fears
His words would be more weak than just, supplied their wants with tears.
If thy return incline thee thus, Peleus' renowned joy,
And thou wilt let our ships be burn'd with harmful fire of Troy,
Since thou art angry; O my son, how shall I after be
Alone in these extremes of death, relinquished by thee?
I, whom thy royal father sent, as orderer of thy force,
When to Atrides from his court he left thee for this course;
Yet young, and when in skill of arms thou didst not so abound;
Nor hadst the habit of discourse, that makes men so renown'd.
In all which I was set by him t' instruct thee as my son,
That thou might'st speak, when speech was fit, and do, when deeds were done:
Not sit as dumb, for want of words; idle, for skill to move.
I would not then be left by thee, dear son, begot in love;
No, not if God would promise me to raze the prints of time
Carv'd in my bosom, and my brows, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at first I left sweet Helle's shore,
Deck'd with fair dames, and fled the grudge my angry father bore;
Who was the fair Amyntor call'd, surnam'd Ormenides;
And for a fair-hair'd harlot's sake, that his affects[a] could please,

[a] *Affects*—"affections."

Contemn'd my mother, his true wife; who ceaseless urged me
To use his harlot Clytia, and still would clasp my knee
To do her will, that so my sire might turn his love to hate
Of that lewd dame; converting it to comfort her estate.
At last I was content to prove to do my mother good,
And reconcile my father's love; who straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies pray'd
No dame might love, nor bring me seed: the deities obey'd
That govern hell: infernal Jove, and stern Proserpiné.[a]
Then durst I in no longer date[b] with my stern father be.
Yet did my friends, and near allies, inclose me with desires
Not to depart; kill'd sheep, boars, beeves; roast them at solemn fires;
And from my father's tuns we drunk exceeding store of wine.
Nine nights they guarded me by turns, their fires did ceaseless shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portal one,
Before my chamber. But when day beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chamber's thick-fram'd doors, and through the hall's guard pass'd,
Unseen of any man or maid. Through Greece then, rich and vast,
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheep; and came to Peleus' court,
Who entertain'd me heartily, and in as gracious sort
As any sire his only son, born when his strength is spent,
And bless'd with great possessions, to leave to his descent.
He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend.
I dwelt in th' utmost region rich Pthia doth extend,
And govern'd the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art.
O thou that like the gods art fram'd, since, dearest to my heart,
I us'd thee so, thou lov'dst none else; nor anywhere wouldst eat,
Till I had crown'd my knee with thee, and carv'd thee tend'rest meat;
And given thee wine so much, for love, that in my infancy,
(Which still discretion must protect, and a continual eye,)
My bosom lovingly sustain'd the wine thine could not bear:
Then now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as dear:
Much have I suffer'd for thy love, much labour'd, wished much;
Thinking, since I must have no heir, (the gods' decrees are such,)
I would adopt thyself my heir: to thee my heart did give
What any sire could give his son; in thee I hop'd to live.

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[a] *Proserpiné*—in B "Persephoné;" the Greek form of the name.
[b] *In no longer date*—"for any longer time."

O mitigate thy mighty spirits: it fits not one that moves
The hearts of all, to live unmov'd; and succour hates, for loves.
The gods themselves are flexible, whose virtues, honours, powers,
Are more than thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benign devotions, savours of off'rings burn'd,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turn'd
By men that pray to them; whose faith their sins have falsified.
For Prayers are daughters of great Jove; lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd,[a]
And ever following Injury; who, strong and sound of feet,
Flies through the world, afflicting men. Believing Prayers yet
(To all that love that seed of Jove) the certain blessing get
To have Jove hear, and help them too. But if he shall refuse,
And stand inflexible to them, they fly to Jove, and use
Their powers against him; that the wrongs he doth to them may fall
On his own head, and pay those pains whose cure he fails to call.
Then, great Achilles, honour thou this sacred seed of Jove,
And yield to them; since other men of greatest minds they move.
If Agamemnon would not give the selfsame gifts he vows,
But offer other afterwards; and in his still-bent brows
Entomb his honour and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeas'd) thy aid to Greece, though plagued in heaviest sort.
But much he presently will give, and after yield the rest:
T' assure which he hath sent to thee the men thou lovest best,
And most renown'd of all the host, that they might soften thee:
Then let not both their pains and prayers lost and despised be:
Before which none could reprehend the tumult of thy heart:
But now to rest inexpiate[b] were much too rude a part.
Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more displeas'd,
(To their high fames) with gifts and prayers they have been still appeas'd.
For instance, I remember well a fact perform'd of old,
Which to you all, my friends, I'll tell: The Curets wars did hold
With the well-fought[c] Ætolians; where mutual lives had end
About the city Calydon; th' Ætolians did defend
Their flourishing country, which to spoil the Curets did contend.
Diana with the golden throne—with Oeneus much incens'd,
Since with his plenteous land's first fruits she was not reverenc'd;

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[a] *Ruddy-ey'd*—"having their eyes red from weeping:" the Greek epithet rather signifies "having their eyes turned aside," from the feeling of shame with which an offender approaches the person he has injured.

[b] *Inexpiate*—"unappeasable."

[c] *Well-fought*—"well-fighting."

Yet other gods, with hecatombs, had feasts; and she alone
(Great Jove's bright daughter) left unserv'd; or by oblivion,
Or undue knowledge of her dues—much hurt in heart she swore:
And she, enrag'd, excited much: she sent a sylvan boar
From their green groves, with wounding tusks, who usually[a] did spoil
King Oeneus' fields; his lofty woods laid prostrate on the soil;
Rent, by the roots, trees fresh adorn'd with fragrant apple flow'rs:
Which Meleager (Oeneus' son) slew with assembled pow'rs
Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds from many cities brought:
For such he was, that with few lives his death could not be bought.
Heaps of dead humans, by his rage, the funeral piles applied.[b]
Yet, slain at last, the goddess stirr'd about his head, and hide,
A wondrous tumult; and a war betwixt the Curets wrought
And brave Ætolians. All the while fierce Meleager fought,
Ill far'd the Curets: near the walls none durst advance his crest,
Though they were many; but when wrath inflam'd his haughty breast,
(Which oft the firm mind of the wise with passion doth infest,)
Since 'twixt his mother queen and him arose a deadly strife;
He left the court, and privately liv'd with his lawful wife:
Fair Cleopatra, female birth of bright Marpissa's pain,
And of Idæus; who of all terrestrial men did reign,
At that time, king of fortitude: and for Marpissa's sake,
'Gainst wanton Phœbus, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
Since he had ravish'd her, his joy; whom her friends after gave
The surname of Alcyone; because they could not save
Their daughter from Alcyone's fate. In Cleopatra's arms
Lay Meleager, feeding on his anger, for the harms
His mother pray'd might fall on him; who for her brother slain
By Meleager, griev'd, and pray'd the gods to wreak her pain,
With all the horror could be pour'd upon her furious birth.
Still knock'd she with her impious hands the many-feeding earth,
To urge stern Pluto and his queen t' incline their vengeful ears;
Fell on her knees, and all her breast dew'd with her fiery tears,
To make them massacre her son; whose wrath enrag'd her thus:
Erynnis, wand'ring through the air, heard, out of Erebus,
Pray'rs fit for her unpleased mind.[c] Yet Meleager lay
Obscur'd in fury; then the bruit[d] of the tumultuous fray

[a] *Usually*—"according to the usage of such beasts;" there is the same ambiguity in the Greek.
[b] *Applied*—"folded themselves to;" from the original sense of the Latin *applicare*.
[c] *Unpleased*—"enraged."
[d] *Bruit*—"sound."

Rung through the turrets as they scal'd; then came the Ætolian peers,
To Meleager with low suits, to rise and free their fears:
Then sent they the chief priests of gods, with offer'd gifts t'atone
His differing[a] fury; bade him choose in sweet-soil'd Calydon,
Of the most fat and yieldy soil, what with an hundred steers
Might in an hundred days be plough'd; half, that rich vintage bears,
And half of naked earth to plough: yet yielded not his ire.
Then to his lofty chamber-door ascends his royal sire,
With ruthful plaints; shook the strong bars: then came his sisters' cries;
His mother then; and all intreat:—yet still more stiff he lies:—
His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd. Yet none impression took,
Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber, shook
With the invading enemy; who now forc'd dreadful way
Along the city: then his wife, in pitiful dismay,
Besought him, weeping: telling him the miseries sustain'd
By all the citizens, whose town the enemy had gain'd;
Men slaughter'd, children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forc'd with lust;
Fires climbing tow'rs, and turning them to heaps of fruitless dust.
These dangers soft'ned his steel heart: up the stout prince arose,
Indu'd[b] his body with rich arms, and freed th' Ætolians' woes:
His smother'd anger giving air, which gifts did not assuage,
But his own peril. And because he did not disengage
Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost. But for my sake, dear friend,
Be not thou bent to see our plights to these extremes descend,
Ere thou assist us; be not so by thy ill angel turn'd
From thine own honour: it were shame to see our navy burn'd,
And then come with thy timeless[c] aid. For offer'd presents come,
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celestial room:[d]
But if without these gifts thou fight, forc'd by thy private woe,
Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though thou repel the foe.
Achilles answer'd the last part of his oration thus:
Phœnix, renown'd and reverend, the honours urg'd on us
We need not: Jove doth honour me, and to my safety sees,
And will whiles I retain a spirit, or can command my knees.
Then do not thou with tears and woes impassion my affects,[e]
Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fits it the respects

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[a] *Differing*—"hostile."
[b] *Indu'd*—"clothed:" from the Latin *induere*.
[c] *Timeless*—"unseasonable."
[d] *Of celestial room*—"fit company for the gods."
[e] *Impassion my affects*—"endeavour to change my purpose by passionate appeals."

Of thy vow'd love, to honour him, that hath dishonour'd me;
Lest such loose kindness lose his heart that yet is firm to thee.
It were thy praise to hurt with me the hurter of my state;
Since half my honour and my realm thou mayst participate.
Let these lords then return th' event,[a] and do thou here repose;
And when dark sleep breaks with the day, our counsels shall disclose
The course of our return or stay. This said, he with his eye
Made to his friend a covert sign, to hasten instantly
A good soft bed, that the old prince, soon as the peers were gone,
Might take his rest. When, soldier-like, brave Ajax Telamon
Spake to Ulysses, as with thought, Achilles was not worth
The high direction of his speech, that stood so sternly forth,
Unmov'd with th' other orators; and spake, not to appease
Pelides' wrath, but to depart. His arguments were these:
High-issued Laertiades, let us insist no more
On his persuasion; I perceive the world would end before
Our speeches end in this affair: we must with utmost haste
Return his answer, though but bad: the peers are elsewhere plac'd,
And will not rise till we return. Great Thetis' son hath stor'd
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;
Rude that he is; nor his friends' love, respects; do what they can:
Wherein past all, we honour'd him. O unremorseful man!
Another for his brother slain, another for his son,
Accepts of satisfaction; and he the deed hath done
Lives in belov'd society, long after his amends;
To which his foe's high heart, for gifts, with patience condescends:
But thee a wild and cruel spirit the gods for plague have given;
And for one girl; of whose fair sex we come to offer seven,
The most exempt[b] for excellence, and many a better prize.
Then put a sweet mind in thy breast, respect thy own allies,
Though others make thee not remiss:[c] a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royal family; and our supremest care
Is to be most familiar, and hold most love with thee
Of all the Greeks, how great an host soever here there be.
He answer'd: Noble Telamon, prince of our soldiers here;
Out of thy heart I know thou speak'st, and as thou hold'st me dear:

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[a] *Return th' event*—"bear back intelligence of the result."
[b] *Exempt*—"select."
[c] *Remiss*—"lenient, inclined to remit wrath."

But still as often as I think how rudely I was us'd,
And like a stranger, for all rites, fit for our good, refus'd;
My heart doth swell against the man that durst be so profane
To violate his sacred place; not for my private bane,
But since wrack'd virtue's general laws he shameless did infringe:
For whose sake I will loose the reins, and give mine anger swinge,[a]
Without my wisdom's least impeach. He is a fool, and base,
That pities vice-plagued minds, when pain, not love of right, gives place.
And therefore tell your king, my lords, my just wrath will not care
For all his cares; before my tents and navy charged are
By warlike Hector; making way through flocks of Grecian lives,
Enlight'ned by their naval fire: but when his rage arrives
About my tent, and sable bark, I doubt not but to shield
Them and myself; and make him fly the there strong-bounded field.
This said, each one but kiss'd the cup, and to the ships retir'd;
Ulysses first. Patroclus then the men and maids requir'd
To make grave Phœnix' bed with speed, and see he nothing lacks.
They straight obey'd, and thereon laid the subtile[b] fruit of flax,
And warm sheep-fells for covering: and there the old man slept;
Attending till the golden Morn her usual station kept.
Achilles lay in th' inner room of his tent richly wrought;
And that fair lady by his side that he from Lesbos brought,
Bright Diomeda, Phorbas' seed. Patroclus did embrace
The beauteous Iphis, given to him when his bold friend did raze
The lofty *Syrus*, that was kept in Enyeius' hold.
Now at the tent of Atreus' son, each man with cups of gold
Receiv'd th' ambassadors return'd; all cluster'd near to know
What news they brought: which first the king would have Ulysses show:
Say, most praiseworthy Ithacus, the Grecians' great renown,
Will he defend us? or not yet will his proud stomach down?
Ulysses made reply: Not yet will he appeased be,
But grows more wrathful; prizing light thy offer'd gifts and thee;
And wills thee to consult with us, and take some other course
To save our army and our fleet: and says, with all his force,

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[a] *Swinge*—"full play;" from the Anglo-Saxon *swingan*. Chapman beautifully uses this picturesque word in the Odyssey:—

"Looke how a mavis or a pigeon
In any grove, caught with a springe or net;
With struggling pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat
Her tender body; and that narrow bed
Is sowre to that swinge in which she was bred."

[b] *Subtile*—"fine:" from the Latin *subtilis*."

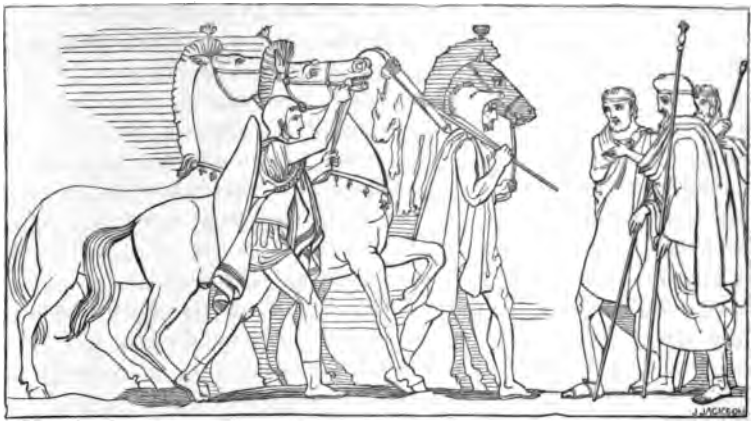
The morn shall light him on his way to Pthia's wished soil:
For never shall high-seated Troy be sack'd with all our toil:
Jove hold his hand 'twixt us and it; the soldiers gather heart.
Thus he replies: which Ajax here can equally impart,
And both these heralds. Phœnix stays, for so was his desire,
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
All wond'red he should be so stern: at last bold Diomed spake:
Would God, Atrides, thy request were yet to undertake;[a]
And all thy gifts unoffer'd him; he 's proud enough beside;
But this ambassage thou hast sent will make him burst with pride.
But let us suffer him to stay, or go, at his desire;
Fight when his stomach serves him best; or when Jove shall inspire.
Meanwhile our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest
After our food: strength lives by both; and virtue is their guest.[b]
Then when the rosy-finger'd Morn holds out her silver light,
Bring forth thy host, encourage all; and be thou first in fight.
The kings admir'd the fortitude that so divinely mov'd
The skilful horseman Diomed; and his advice approv'd.
Then with their nightly sacrifice each took his several tent;
Where all receiv'd the sovereign gifts soft Somnus did present.

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[a] *Would God, Atrides, thy request were yet to undertake.* That is, "would that we had not yet committed ourselves by entreating this haughty man."

[b] *Virtue is their guest*—"valour accompanies food and wine."

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.



"He scarce had spoke, when they were come; both did from horse descend."

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' Atrides watching, wake the other peers:
And (in the fort, consulting of their fears)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honour'd most,
For royal scouts, into the Trojan host:
Who meeting Dolon (Hector's bribed spy)
Take him; and learn how all the quarters lie.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment[a]
Of rich king Rhesus, and his royal tent;
Striving for safety; but they end his strife,
And rid poor Dolon of a dangerous life.
Then with digressive[b] wiles, they use their force
On Rhesus' life, and take his snowy horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Kappa the night exploits applies;
Rhesus' and Dolon's tragedies.

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[a] *Regiment*—"armament."
[b] *Digressive*—"leading them from their regular course."

The other princes at their ships, soft-finger'd Sleep did bind,
But not the general; Somnus' silks[a] bound not his labouring mind,
That turn'd, and return'd, many thoughts. And as quick lightnings[b] fly
From well-deck'd Juno's sovereign, out of the thick'ned sky,
Preparing some exceeding rain, or hail, the fruit of cold:
Or down-like snow, that suddenly makes all the fields look old;
Or opes the gulfy mouth of war, with his ensulphur'd hand
In dazzling flashes, pour'd from clouds, on any punish'd land:
So from Atrides' troubled heart, through his dark sorrows, flew
Redoubled sighs: his entrails shook, as often as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade,
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawms,[c] and tumults soldiers made.
But when he saw his fleet and host kneel to his care and love,
He rent his hair up by the roots, as sacrifice to Jove:
Burnt in his fiery sighs, still breath'd out of his royal heart,
And first thought good, to Nestor's care his sorrows to impart:
To try if royal diligence, with his approv'd advice,
Might fashion counsels, to prevent their threat'ned miseries.
So up he rose, attir'd himself, and to his strong feet tied
Rich shoes, and cast upon his back a ruddy lion's hide,
So ample, it his ankles reach'd: then took his royal spear.
Like him was Menelaus pierc'd with an industrious fear,
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes; lest bitter fates should quite
The Greeks' high favours, that for him resolv'd such endless fight.
And first a freckled panther's hide hid his broad back athwart:
His head his brazen helm did arm, his able hand his dart;
Then made he all his haste to raise his brother's head as rare,
That he who most excell'd in rule might help t' effect his care.
He found him at his ship's crook'd stern, adorning him with arms,
Who joy'd to see his brother's spirits awak'd without alarms:
Well weighing th' importance of the time. And first the younger spake:
Why, brother, are ye arming thus? is it to undertake
The sending of some vent'rous Greek t' explore the foe's intent?
Alas! I greatly fear, not one will give that work consent,
Expos'd alone to all the fears that flow in gloomy night:
He that doth this, must know death well, in which ends every fright.

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[a] *Silks*—"the silken bonds (of sleep)."

[b] "These are the lightnings before snow, &c. that Scaliger's criticus so unworthily taxeth; citing the place falsely, as in the third book's annotations, &c." C.

[c] *Shawms*—"rustic pipes."

Brother, said he, in these affairs we both must use advice;
Jove is against us, and accepts great Hector's sacrifice,
For I have never seen, nor heard, in one day, and by one,
So many high attempts well urg'd, as Hector's power hath done
Against the hapless sons of Greece: being chiefly dear to Jove;
And without cause, being neither fruit of any goddess' love,
Nor helpful god: and yet I fear the deepness of his hand,
Ere it be 'ras'd out of our thoughts, will many years withstand.
But, brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease[a]
With warlike Ajax: I will haste to grave Neleides,
Exhorting him to rise, and give the sacred watch command,
For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;
And now his son their captain is, and Idomen's good friend
Bold Merion, to whose discharge we did that charge commend.
Command'st thou then, his brother ask'd, that I shall tarry here
Attending thy resolv'd approach, or else the message bear,
And quickly make return to thee? He answer'd: Rather stay,
Lest otherwise we fail to meet: for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian host; speak ever as you go,
Command strong watch, from sire to son, urge all t' observe the foe,
Familiarly, and with their praise, exciting every eye,
Not with unseason'd violence, of proud authority:
We must our patience exercise, and work ourselves with them,
Jove in our births combin'd such care to either's diadem.
Thus he dismiss'd him, knowing well his charge before he went,
Himself to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent:
By him, his damask curets[b] hung, his shield, a pair of darts;
His shining casque, his arming waist: in these he led the hearts
Of his apt soldiers to sharp war, not yielding to his years.
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchful ears
Untimely feet told some approach: he took his lance in hand,
And spake to him: Ho, what art thou? that walk'st at midnight? stand;
Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'st thou any peer?
Speak, come not silent towards me: say what intend'st thou here?
He answer'd, O Neleides, grave honour of our host;
'Tis Agamemnon thou mayst know, whom Jove afflicteth most
Of all the wretched men that live; and will, whilst any breath
Gives motion to my toiled limbs, and bears me up from death.

[a] *Disease*—"disturb, rouse from sleep." It is a dissolution of the compound *dis-ease*.
[b] *Damask curets*—"variegated cuirass."

I walk the round thus, since sweet sleep cannot inclose mine eyes,
Nor shut those organs care breaks ope, for our calamities.
My fear is vehement for the Greeks: my heart (the fount of heat)
With his extreme affects[a] made cold; without my breast doth beat:
And therefore are my sinews struck with trembling: every part
Of what my friends may feel hath act in my dispersed heart.
But if thou think'st of any course may to our good redound,
(Since neither thou thyself canst sleep) come, walk with me the round.
In way whereof we may confer, and look to every guard:
Lest watching long, and weariness, with labouring so hard,
Drown their oppressed memories, of what they have in charge.
The liberty we give the foe, alas! is over large,
Their camp is almost mix'd with ours, and we have forth no spies
To learn their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprise.
Grave Nestor answer'd: Worthy king, let good hearts bear our ill:
Jove is not bound to perfect all this busy Hector's will;
But I am confidently given; his thoughts are much dismay'd
With fear, lest our distress incite Achilles to our aid:
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and stir up more beside:
Tydides, famous for his lance; Ulysses, Telamon,
And bold Phyleus' valiant heir: or else if any one
Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their sail
Lie so remov'd; with much good speed, it might our haste avail.
But, though he be our honour'd friend, thy brother I will blame,
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame
He should commit all pains to thee, that should himself employ,
Past all our princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
And be so far from needing spurs, to these his due respects,
He should apply our spirits himself, with pray'rs and urg'd affects.
Necessity (a law to laws, and not to be endur'd)
Makes proof of all his faculties; not sound, if not enur'd.
Good father, said the king, sometimes you know I have desir'd
You would improve[b] his negligence, too oft to ease retir'd:
Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compass of his brain;
But with observing my estate, he thinks, he should abstain
Till I commanded, knowing my place: unwilling to assume,
For being my brother, anything might prove he did presume.

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[a] *Extreme affects*—"violent afflictions."

[b] *Improve*—"[illegible] unusual signification of the word.

But now he rose before me far, and came t' avoid delays:
And I have sent him for the men yourself desir'd to raise:
Come, we shall find them at the guards we plac'd before the fort:
For thither my direction was they should with speed resort.
Why now, said Nestor, none will grudge, nor his just rule withstand;
Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.
Thus put he on his arming truss,[a] fair shoes upon his feet,
About him a mandilion,[b] that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large, and full of folds, curl'd with a warmful nap,
A garment that 'gainst cold in nights did soldiers use to wrap:
Then took he his strong lance in hand, made sharp with proved steel,
And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Ulysses' keel
He call'd; to break the silken fumes[c] that did his senses bind:
The voice through th' organs of his ears straight rung about his mind.
Forth came Ulysses, asking him: Why stir ye thus so late?
Sustain we such enforcive cause? He answer'd, our estate
Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it, worthy friend,
And come, let us excite one more, to counsel of some end
To our extremes,[d] by fight, or flight. He, back, and took his shield,
And both took course to Diomed; they found him laid in field,
Far from his tent: his armour by, about him was dispread
A ring of soldiers: every man his shield beneath his head:
His spear fix'd by him as he slept, the great end in the ground;
The point, that bristled the dark earth, cast a reflection round
Like pallid lightnings thrown from Jove; thus this heroë lay,
And under him a big ox-hide: his royal head had stay
On arras hangings, rolled up: whereon he slept so fast,
That Nestor stirr'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast
In such deep sleep, in such deep woes, and ask'd him why he spent
All night in sleep, or did not hear the Trojans near his tent?
Their camp drawn close upon their dike, small space 'twixt foes and foes?
He, starting up, said, Strange old man, that never tak'st repose;
Thou art too patient of our toil, have we not men more young,
To be employ'd from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.
Said like a king, replied the sire: for I have sons renown'd,
As there are many other men, might go this toilsome round:

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[a] *Truss*—"tunic."
[b] *Mandilion*—"a mantle:" from the Italian *mandiglia*.
[c] *Silken fumes*—"soft breathings (of sleep)."
[d] *Extremes*—"extremities."

But you must see, imperious Need hath all at her command:
Now on the eager[a] razor's edge, for life or death we stand.
Then go, (thou art the younger man;) and if thou love my ease,
Call swift-foot Ajax up thyself, and young Phyleides.
This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow lion's hide,
Big, and reach'd earth, then took his spear, and Nestor's will applied:
Rais'd the heroës, brought them both. All met; the round they went,
And found not any captain there asleep or negligent:
But waking, and in arms, give ear to every lowest sound.
And as keen dogs keep sheep in cotes, or folds of hurdles bound:
And grin at every breach of air, envious[b] of all that moves:
Still list'ning when the ravenous beast stalks through the hilly groves.
Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mighty tumults make,
Sleep wanting weight to close one wink: so did the captains wake,
That kept the watch the whole sad night: all with intentive[c] ear
Converted[d] to the enemies' tents, that they might timely hear
If they were stirring to surprise: which Nestor joy'd to see.
Why so, dear sons, maintain your watch, sleep not a wink, said he,
Rather than make your fames the scorn of Trojan perjury.
This said, he foremost pass'd the dike, the others seconded;
Even all the kings that had been call'd to counsel from the bed:
And with them went Meriones, and Nestor's famous son:
For both were call'd by all the kings to consultation.
Beyond the dike they chose a place, near as they could from blood;
Where yet appear'd the falls of some, and whence (the crimson flood
Of Grecian lives being pour'd on earth, by Hector's furious chace)
He made retreat, when night repour'd grim darkness in his face.
There sat they down, and Nestor spake: O friends, remains not one
That will rely on his bold mind, and view the camp alone,
Of the proud Trojans? to approve,[e] if any straggling mate
He can surprise near th' utmost tents; or learn the brief estate
Of their intentions for the time, and mix like one of them
With their outguards, expiscating,[f] if the renown'd extreme
They force on us, will serve their turns; with glory to retire,
Or still encamp thus far from Troy? This may he well inquire,

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[a] *Eager*—metaphorically for "sharp."
[b] *Envious*—metaphorically for "watchful."
[c] *Intentive*—"very attentive:" from the Latin *intentus*.
[d] *Converted*—"turned towards:" from the Latin *convertere*.
[e] *Approve*—"prove, or discover."
[f] *Expiscating*—"carefully inquiring:" literally "fishing out;" from the Latin *expiscare*.

And make a brave retreat untouch'd; and this would win him fame
Of all men canopied with heaven; and every man of name
In all this host shall honour him with an enriching meed;
A black ewe and her sucking lamb (rewards that now exceed
All other best possessions, in all men's choice requests)
And still be bidden by our kings to kind and royal feasts.
All reverenc'd one another's worth; and none would silence break,
Lest worst should take best place of speech: at last did Diomed speak:
Nestor, thou ask'st if no man here have heart so well inclin'd
To work this stratagem on Troy: yes, I have such a mind:
Yet if some other prince would join; more probable will be
The strengthened hope of our exploit: two may together see
(One going before another still) sly danger every way;
One spirit upon another works; and takes with firmer stay
The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his course,
Yet might he well distrust himself; which th' other might enforce.
This offer every man assum'd, all would with Diomed go:
The two Ajaces, Merion, and Menelaus too:
But Nestor's son enforc'd it much, and hardy Ithacus,
Who had to every vent'rous deed a mind as venturous.
Amongst all these thus spake the king: Tydides, most belov'd,
Choose thy associate worthily; a man the most approv'd
For use and strength in these extremes. Many thou seest stand forth:
But choose not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;
Lest with thy nice respect of right to any man's degree,
Thou wrong'st thy venture, choosing one least fit to join with thee,
Although perhaps a greater king: this spake he with suspect,
That Diomed (for honour's sake) his brother would select.
Then said Tydides: Since thou giv'st my judgment leave to choose,
How can it so much truth forget, Ulysses to refuse?
That bears a mind so most exempt, and vigorous in th' effect
Of all high labours, and a man Pallas doth most respect?
We shall return through burning fire, if I with him combine:
He sets strength in so true a course with counsels so divine.
Ulysses, loth to be esteem'd a lover of his praise,
With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:
And said: Tydides, praise me not more than free truth will bear,
Nor yet empair[a] me: they are Greeks that give judicial ear.

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[a] *Empair*—"impair, depreciate."

But come, the morning hastes; the stars are forward in their course,
Two parts of night are past; the third is left t' employ our force.
Now borrow'd they for haste some arms: bold Thrasymedes lent
Advent'rous Diomed his sword, (his own was at his tent,)
His shield, and helm, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,
And call'd a murrion; archers' heads it used to invest.
Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his bow;
His helmet fashion'd of a hide: the workman did bestow
Much labour in it, quilting it with bow-strings; and without,
With snowy tusks of white-mouth'd boars 'twas armed round about
Right cunningly: and in the midst, an arming cap was plac'd,
That with the fix'd ends of the tusks his head might not be ras'd.
This, long since, by Autolycus was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waste Amyntor's house, that was Ormenus' son.
In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnam'd Amphydamas,
Autolycus did give this helm: he, when he feasted was
By honour'd Molus, gave it him, as present of a guest:
Molus to his son Merion did make it his bequest.
With this Ulysses arm'd his head; and thus they (both address'd)
Took leave of all the other kings: to them a glad ostent,[a]
As they were ent'ring on their way, Minerva did present,
A hernshaw[b] consecrate to her; which they could ill discern
Through sable night: but by her clang, they knew it was a hern.
Ulysses joy'd, and thus invok'd: Hear me, great seed of Jove,
That ever dost my labours grace with presence of thy love,
And all my motions dost attend; still love me, sacred dame,
Especially in this exploit, and so protect our fame,
We both may safely make retreat, and thriftily employ
Our boldness in some great affair, baneful to them of Troy.
Then pray'd illustrate Diomed: Vouchsafe me likewise ear,
O thou unconquer'd queen of arms: be with thy favours near,
As to my royal father's steps, thou went'st a bounteous guide,
When th' Achives and the peers of Thebes he would have pacified,
Sent as the Greeks' ambassador, and left them at the flood
Of great Æsopus; whose retreat thou mad'st to swim in blood

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[a] *Ostent*—"omen;" from the Latin *ostentum*.

[b] *A hernshaw*—"a young heron." The word occurs also in Spenser;—

"As when a cast of faulcons make their flight
At an hernshaw that lies aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The wary fowl his bill doth backward wing."

Of his enambush'd enemies: and if thou so protect
My bold endeavours; to thy name an heifer, most select,
That never yet was tam'd with yoke, broad-fronted, one year old,
I'll burn in zealous sacrifice, and set the horns in gold.
The goddess heard, and both the kings their dreadful passage bore
Through slaughter, slaughter'd carcasses, arms, and discolour'd gore.
Nor Hector let his princes sleep, but all to counsel call'd:
And ask'd, What one is here will vow, and keep it unappall'd,
To have a gift fit for his deed, a chariot and two horse,
That pass for speed the rest of Greece? what one dares take this course,
For his renown, besides his gifts, to mix amongst the foe,
And learn if still they hold their guards? or with this overthrow
Determine flight, as being too weak to hold us longer war?
All silent stood; at last stood forth one Dolon, that did dare
This dangerous work; Eumedes' heir, a herald much renown'd:
This Dolon did in gold and brass exceedingly abound;
But in his form was quite deform'd; yet passing swift to run:
Amongst five sisters he was left, Eumedes' only son;
And he told Hector, his free heart would undertake t'explore
The Greeks' intentions; but, said he, thou shalt be sworn before,
By this thy sceptre, that the horse of great Æacides
And his strong chariot, bound with brass, thou wilt (before all these)
Resign me as my valour's prize; and so I rest unmov'd
To be thy spy, and not return before I have approv'd
(By venturing to Atrides' ship, where their consults are held)
If they resolve still to resist; or fly as quite expell'd.[a]
He put his sceptre in his hand, and call'd the thunder's God
(Saturnia's husband) to his oath, those horse should not be rode
By any other man than he; but he for ever joy[b]
(To his renown) their services, for his good done to Troy.
Thus swore he, and forswore himself; yet made base Dolon bold:
Who on his shoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold
A white wolf's hide, and with a helm of weasels' skins did arm
His weasel's head;[c] then took his dart, and never turn'd[d] to harm
The Greeks with their related drifts: but being past the troops
Of horse and foot, he promptly runs; and as he runs he stoops

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[a] *Expell'd*—"driven out."
[b] *Joy*—"enjoy."
[c] *His weasel's head.* This conceit is not found in Homer.
[d] *Turn'd*—"return'd."

To undermine Achilles' horse; Ulysses straight did see,
And said to Diomed: This man makes footing towards thee,
Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be us'd as spy,
Bent to our fleet; or come to rob the slaughter'd enemy.
But let us suffer him to come a little further on,
And then pursue him. If it chance, that we be overgone[a]
By his more swiftness, urge him still to run upon our fleet,
And (lest he 'scape us to the town) still let thy javelin meet
With all his offers of retreat. Thus stepp'd they from the plain
Amongst the slaughter'd carcasses. Dolon came on amain,
Suspecting nothing; but once past, as far as mules outdraw
Oxen at plough, being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plough a deep soil'd furrow forth, so far was Dolon past.
Then they pursu'd, which he perceiv'd, and stay'd his speedless haste;
Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spy:
But in a javelin's throw or less, he knew them enemy.
Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursu'd like wind.
As when a brace of greyhounds are laid in with hare or hind;
Close-mouth'd and skill'd to make the best of their industrious course,
Serve either's turn, and set on hard, lose neither ground nor force.
So constantly did Tydeus' son, and his town-razing peer,
Pursue this spy; still turning him, as he was winding near
His covert: till he almost mix'd with their out-courts of guard.

Then Pallas prompted Diomed, lest his due worth's reward
Should be impair'd, if any man did vaunt he first did sheath
His sword in him, and he be call'd but second in his death:
Then spake he (threat'ning with his lance): Or stay, or this comes on,
And long thou canst not run, before thou be by death outgone.

This said, he threw his javelin forth: which miss'd (as Diomed would)
Above his right arm making way, the pile stuck in the mould:
He stay'd and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.
They came in blowing, seiz'd him fast; he, weeping, offered
A wealthy ransom for his life, and told them he had brass,
Much gold, and iron, that fit for use, in many labours was,
From whose rich heaps his father would a wondrous portion give,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his son did live.

Ulysses bad him cheer his heart. Think not of death, said he,
But tell us true, why runn'st thou forth when others sleeping be?

---

[a] *Overgone*—"outstripped."

Is it to spoil the carcasses? or art thou choicely sent
T' explore our drifts? or of thyself seek'st thou some wish'd event?
He trembling answer'd: Much reward did Hector's oath propose,
And urg'd me much against my will, t' endeavour to disclose
If you determin'd still to stay, or bent your course for flight,
As all dismay'd with your late foil,[a] and wearied with the fight:
For which exploit, Pelides' horse and chariot he did swear
I only ever should enjoy. Ulysses smil'd to hear
So base a swain have any hope so high a prize t' aspire,
And said, his labours did affect a great and precious hire:
And that the horse Pelides rein'd no mortal hand could use
But he himself, whose matchless life a goddess did produce:
But tell us, and report but truth, where left'st thou Hector now?
Where are his arms? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow
The watch's charge? where sleep the kings? intend they still to lie
Thus near encamp'd? or turn suffic'd with their late victory?
All this, said he, I'll tell most true. At Ilus' monument
Hector with all our princes sits, t' advise of this event;
Who choose that place remov'd, to shun the rude confused sounds
The common soldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,
Whereof, brave lord, thou mak'st demand; none orderly we keep:
The Trojans that have roofs to save, only abandon sleep,
And privately without command each other they exhort
To make prevention of the worst; and in this slender sort
Is watch and guard maintain'd with us. Th' auxiliary bands
Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into the Trojans' hands;
For they have neither wives with them, nor children to protect;
The less they need to care, the more, they succour dull neglect.
But tell me, said wise Ithacus, are all these foreign powers
Appointed quarters by themselves, or else commix'd with yours?
And this, said Dolon, too, my lords, I'll seriously unfold:
The Pæons with the crooked bows, and Cares, quarters hold
Next to the sea; the Leleges, and Caucons join'd with them,
And brave Pelasgians; Thimber's mead, remov'd more from the stream,
Is quarter to the Lycians; the lofty Mysian force;
The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
But what need these particulars? if ye intend surprise
Of any in our Trojan camps, the Thracian quarter lies

[a] *Foil*—"defeat."

Utmost of all, and uncommix'd with Trojan regiments,
That keep the voluntary watch: new pitch'd are all their tents:
King Rhesus, Eioneus' son, commands them; who hath steeds
More white than snow, huge, and well shap'd; their fiery pace exceeds
The winds in swiftness: these I saw: his chariot is with gold
And pallid silver richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.
His great and golden armour is not fit a man should wear;
But for immortal shoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly bear
Your happy prisoner to your fleet: or leave him here fast bound
Till your well-urg'd and rich return prove my relation sound.
Tydides dreadfully replied: Think not of passage thus,
Though of right acceptable news thou hast advértis'd us;
Our hands are holds more strict than so: and should we set thee free
For offer'd ransom; for this 'scape, thou still wouldst scouting be
About our ships or do us scathe in plain opposed arms;
But if I take thy life, no way can we repent thy harms.
With this, as Dolon reach'd his hand to use a suppliant's part,
And stroke the beard of Diomed, he struck his neck athwart
With his forc'd sword; and both the nerves he did in sunder wound;
And suddenly his head, deceiv'd, fell speaking on the ground:
His weasel's helm they took, his bow, his wolf's skin, and his lance;
Which to Minerva, Ithacus did zealously advance
With lifted arm into the air; and to her thus he spake:
Goddess, triumph in thine own spoils: to thee we first will make
Our invocations, of all powers, thron'd on th' Olympian hill;
Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct us still.
With this, he hung them up aloft, upon a tamrick[a] bough,
As eyeful[b] trophies: and the sprigs that did about it grow,
He proined[c] from the leafy arms, to make it easier view'd,
When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps pursu'd.
Forth went they, through black blood and arms; and presently aspir'd
The guardless Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleep, and tir'd;
Their arms lay by, and triple ranks they, as they slept, did keep,
As they should watch and guard their king; who, in a fatal sleep,
Lay in the midst; their chariot horse, as they coachfellows were,
Fed by them; and the famous steeds, that did their general bear,
Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich chariot tied.
Ulysses saw them first, and said, Tydides, I have spied

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[a] *Tamrick*—"tamarisk." [b] *Eyeful*—"perceptible, easily discovered."
[c] *Proined*—"picked off:" a provincial word.

The horse that Dolon (whom we slew) assur'd us we should see:
Now use thy strength; now idle arms are most unfit for thee:
Prize[a] thou the horse; or kill the guard; and leave the horse to me.
Minerva with the azure eyes breath'd strength into her king,
Who fill'd the tent with mixed death: the souls, he set on wing,
Issued in groans, and made air swell into her stormy flood:
Horror and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with blood.
As when a hungry lion flies with purpose to devour
On flocks unkept, and on their lives doth freely use his power:
So Tydeus' son assail'd the foe; twelve souls before him flew;
Ulysses waited on his sword; and ever as he slew,
He drew them by their strengthless heels out of the horses' sight;
That when he was to lead them forth, they should not with affright
Boggle,[b] nor snore, in treading on the bloody carcasses;
For being new come, they were unus'd to such stern sights as these.
Through four ranks now did Diomed the king himself attain;
Who (snoring in his sweetest sleep) was like his soldiers slain.
An ill dream by Minerva sent, that night stood by his head,
Which was Oenides' royal son, unconquer'd Diomed.
Meanwhile Ulysses loos'd his horse; took all their reins in hand,
And led them forth: but Tydeus' son did in contention stand
With his great mind, to do some deed of more audacity;
If he should take the chariot, where his rich arms did lie
And draw it by the beam away, or bear it on his back;
Or if of more dull Thracian lives, he should their bosoms sack.
In this contention with himself, Minerva did suggest
And bade him think of his retreat; lest from their tempted rest,
Some other god should stir the foe, and send him back dismay'd.
He knew the voice; took horse, and fled; the Trojans' heavenly aid
(Apollo with the silver bow) stood no blind sentinel
To their secure and drowsy host; but did discover well
Minerva following Diomed; and angry with his act,
The mighty host of Ilion he ent'red; and awak'd
The cousin german of the king, a counsellor of Thrace,
Hypocoon; who when he rose, and saw the desert place
Where Rhesus' horse did use to stand, and th' other dismal harms,
Men struggling with the pangs of death; he shriek'd out thick alarms;

---

[a] *Prize*—"make a prize of, seize."

[b] *Boggle*—"stumble."

Call'd Rhesus! Rhesus! but in vain: then still, Arm, arm, he cried:
The noise and tumult was extreme, on every startled side
Of Troy's huge host; from whence in throngs all gather'd, and admir'd,
Who could perform such harmful facts, and yet be safe retir'd.
Now, coming where they slew the scout, Ulysses stay'd the steeds,
Tydides lighted, and the spoils (hung on the tamrick reeds)
He took and gave to Ithacus; and up he got again;
Then flew they joyful to their fleet: Nestor did first attain
The sounds the horse-hoofs struck through air, and said: My royal peers!
Do I but dote? or say I true? methinks about mine ears
The sounds of running horses beat. O would to God they were
Our friends thus soon return'd with spoils: but I have hearty fear,
Lest this high tumult of the foe doth their distress intend.[a]
He scarce had spoke, when they were come: both did from horse descend,
All, with embraces and sweet words, to heaven their worth did raise.
Then Nestor spake: Great Ithacus, even heap'd with Grecian praise,
How have you made these horse your prize? Pierc'd you the dangerous host,
Where such gems stand? or did some god your high attempts accost,
And honour'd you with this reward? Why, they be like the rays
The sun effuseth. I have mix'd with Trojans all my days;
And now, I hope you will not say, I always lie abord,[b]
Though an old soldier I confess: yet did all Troy afford
Never the like to any sense that ever I possess'd,
But some good god, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours bless'd:
For he that shadows heaven with clouds loves both as his delights:
And she that supples earth with blood cannot forbear your sights.
Ulysses answer'd: Honour'd sire, the willing gods can give
Horse much more worth than these men yield, since in more power they live:
These horse are of the Thracian breed; their king Tydides slew,
And twelve of his most trusted guard: and of that meaner crew
A scout for thirteenth man we kill'd, whom Hector sent to spy
The whole estate of our designs, if bent to fight or fly.
Thus, follow'd with whole troops of friends, they with applauses pass'd
The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomed they plac'd
The horse without contention, as his deserving's meed:
Which, with his other horse set up, on yellow wheat did feed.

[a] *Intend*—"portend." [b] *Abord*—"readily:" from the French.

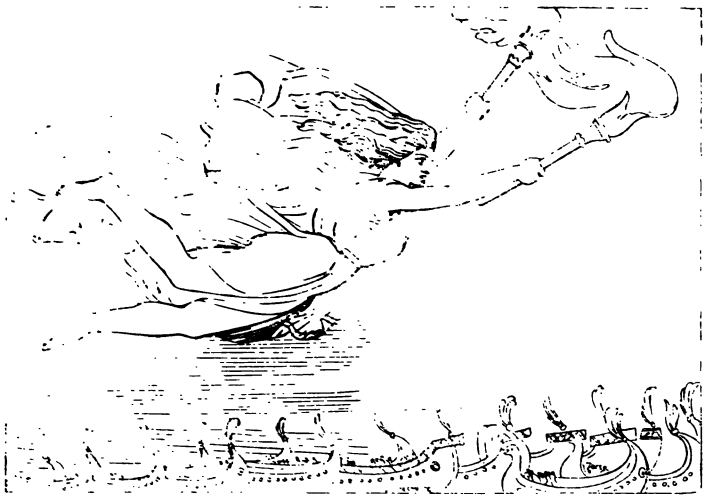
Poor Dolon's spoils Ulysses had; who shrin'd them on his stern,
As trophies vow'd to her that sent the good-aboding[a] hern.

Then enter'd they the mere main sea, to cleanse their honour'd sweat
From off their feet, their thighs and necks: and when their vehement heat
Was calm'd, and their swoln hearts refresh'd; more curious baths they us'd;
Where odorous and dissolving oils they through their limbs diffus'd.
Then, taking breakfast, a big bowl fill'd with the purest wine,
They offer'd to the maiden Queen, that hath the azure eyne.

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[a] *Good-aboding* —"that boded or portended a fortunate event."

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.



" When Jove sent Eris to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand
Stern signs of her designs for war."

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Atrides and his other peers of name
Lead forth their men; whom Eris[a] doth inflame.
Hector (by Iris' charge) takes deedless breath,[b]
Whiles Agamemnon plies the work of death:
Who with the first bears his imperial head.
Himself, Ulysses, and king Diomed,
Eurypylus, and Æsculapius' son,
(Enforc'd with wounds) the furious skirmish shun.
Which martial sight, when great Achilles views,
A little his desire of fight renews:
And forth he sends his friend, to bring him word
From old Neleides, what wounded lord

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[a] *Eris*—" the goddess of strife."
[b] *Takes deedless breath*—" abstains from battle."

He in his chariot from the skirmish brought:
Which was Machaon. Nestor then besought
He would persuade his friend to wreak their harms,
Or come himself, deck'd in his dreadful arms.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Lambda presents the general,
In fight the worthiest man of all.

Aurora, out of restful bed, did from bright Tython rise,
To bring each deathless essence light and use to mortal eyes;
When Jove sent Eris to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand
Stern signs of her designs for war: she took her horrid stand
Upon Ulysses' huge black bark that did at anchor ride
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds might ring on every side;
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' authors of their smarts;
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navy's utmost parts.
The red-ey'd goddess seated there thunder'd th' Orthian[a] song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of all the Grecian throng;
Her verse with spirits invincible did all their breasts inspire;
Blew out all darkness from their limbs, and set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter war more sweet a thousand times
Than any choice in hollow keels to greet their native climes.
Atrides summon'd all to arms; to arms himself dispos'd:
First on his legs he put bright greaves with silver buttons clos'd;
Then with rich cuirass arm'd his breast, which Cyniras bestow'd
To gratify his royal guest; for even to Cyprus flow'd
Th' unbounded fame of those designs the Greeks propos'd for Troy,
And therefore gave he him those arms, and wish'd his purpose joy.
Ten rows of azure mix'd with black: twelve golden like the sun:
Twice ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour run.
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rainbows shin'd,
Such as by Jove are fix'd in clouds, when wonders are divin'd.[b]
About his shoulders hung his sword, whereof the hollow hilt
Was fashion'd all with shining bars, exceeding richly gilt:

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[a] *Orthian.* Eustathius supposes that this was the Greek war-song; others interpret the epithet simply "loud."

[b] *Divin'd*—"divinely presaged."

The scabbard was of silver plate, with golden hangers grac'd:
Then took he up his weighty shield, that round about him cast
Defensive shadows; ten bright zones of gold-affecting brass
Were driven about it, and of tin (as full of gloss as glass)
Swell'd twenty bosses out of it; in centre of them all
One of black metal had engraven (full of extreme appal)
The grim [illegible] with terror and with fear:
[illegible] with which he us'd to bear
[illegible] the ample shield, and on it there was woven
An azure dragon, [illegible] from whose one neck was cloven
Three heads contort[a] in an orb: then plac'd he on his head
His four-plum'd casque; and in his hands two darts he managed,
[illegible] steel, that blaz'd to heaven: then Juno and the Maid
That conquers empires, trumpets serv'd to summon out their aid,
In honour of the general; and on a sable cloud,
To bring them furious to the field, sate thund'ring out aloud.
Then all enjoin'd their charioteers to rank their chariot horse
Close to the dike. Forth march'd the foot; whose front they did r'enforce
With some few horse: the battle then was all of charioteers
Lin'd with light horse. But Jupiter disturb'd this form with fears;
And from air's upper region did bloody vapours rain,
For sad [illegible] much more he should see their times be slain.
The Trojan host at Ilus' tomb was in battalia led
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchises' seed,
Who god-like was esteem'd in Troy; by grave Antenor's race,
Divine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Acamas,
Proportion'd like the states of heaven: in front of all the field,
Troy's great Priamides[b] did bear his always-equal shield,
Still plying the ordering of his power. And as amid the sky
We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again:
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vanguard, shining plain,
Then in the rearguard hid himself, and labour'd everywhere
To order and encourage all; his armour was so clear,
And he applied[c] each place so fast, that, like a lightning thrown
Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone.
And as upon a rich man's crop of barley or of wheat,
(Oppos'd for swiftness at their work,) a sort of reapers sweat,

a Contort—"twisted together," from the Latin contortus.
b Priamides—Hector, son of Priam.
c Applied—"supplied;" an unusual sense of the word.

Bear down the furrows speedily, and thick their handfuls fall:
So at the joining of the hosts ran slaughter through them all;
None stoop'd to any fainting thought of foul inglorious flight,
But equal bore they up their heads, and far'd like wolves in fight:
Stern Eris, with such weeping sights, rejoic'd to feed her eyes,
Who only show'd herself in field of all the deities.
The other in Olympus' tops sate silent, and repin'd,
That Jove to do the Trojans grace should bear so fix'd a mind.
He car'd not, but, enthron'd apart, triumphant sat in sway
Of his free power; and from his seat took pleasure to display
The city so adorn'd with tow'rs, the sea with vessels fill'd;
The splendour of refulgent arms, the killer and the kill'd.
As long as bright Aurora rul'd, and sacred day increas'd,
So long their darts made mutual wounds, and neither had the best:
But when in hill-environ'd vales the timber-feller takes
A sharp set stomach to his meat, and dinner ready makes,
His sinews fainting, and his spirits become surcharg'd and dull;
Time of accustom'd ease arriv'd, his hands with labour full:
Then by their valours Greeks brake through the Trojan ranks, and cheer'd
Their general squadrons through the host: then first of all appear'd
The person of the king himself, and then the Trojans lost
Byanor, by his royal charge, a leader in the host:
Who being slain, his charioteer, Oileus, did alight,
And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helm it ran,
Enforcing passage to his brain quite through the hard'ned pan;[a]
His brain mix'd with his clotter'd blood, his body strew'd the ground:
There left he them, and presently he other objects found;
Isus and Antiphus, two sons king Priam did beget,
One lawful, th' other wantonly; both in one chariot met
Their royal foe; the baser born, Isus, was charioteer,
And famous Antiphus did fight: both which king Peleus' heir,
Whilome in Ida keeping flocks, did deprehend[b] and bind
With pliant osiers, and for prize, them to their sire resign'd.

---

[a] *Pan* "that part of the skull which incloses the brain." We find the word in Chaucer:—

"God yeve me sorwe, but and I wer pope,
Not only thou but every mighty man,
Though he wer shorn full high upon his pan,
Should have a wife."

[b] *Deprehend*—"discover," from the Latin *deprehendere*.

Atrides with his well aim'd lance smote Isus on the breast
Above the nipple; and his sword a mortal wound impress'd
Beneath the ear of Antiphus: down from their horse they fell.
The king had seen the youths before, and now did know them well,
Rememb'ring them the prisoners of swift Æacides,
Who brought them to the sable fleet from Ida's foody leas.
And as a lion having found the furrow of a hind,
Where she hath calv'd two little twins; at will and ease doth grind
Their joints snatch'd in his solid jaws, and crusheth into mist
Their tender lives, their dam, though near, not able to resist,
But shook with vehement fear herself, flies through the oaken chace
From that fell savage, drown'd in sweat, and seeks some covert place;
So when with most unmatched strength the Grecian general bent
'Gainst these two princes, none durst aid their native king's descent,
But fled themselves before the Greeks, and where these two were slain.
Pysander and Hypolochus, not able to restrain
Their headstrong horse, the silken reins being from their hands let fall,
Were brought by their unruly guides before the general.
Antimachus begat them both; Antimachus that took
Rich gifts, and gold of Helen's love, and would by no means brook
Just restitution should be made of Menelaus' wealth,
Bereft him, with his ravish'd queen, by Alexander's stealth.
Atrides, lion-like, did charge his sons; who on their knees
Fell from their chariot, and besought regard to their degrees;
Who, being Antimachus's sons, their father would afford
A worthy ranson for their lives; who in his house did hoard
Much hidden treasure; brass, and gold, and steel, wrought wondrous choice.
Thus wept they, using smoothing terms; and heard this rugged voice
Breath'd from the unrelenting king: If you be of the breed
Of stout Antimachus, that stay'd the honourable deed
The other peers of Ilion in counsel had decreed,
To render Helen and her wealth; and would have basely slain
My brother and wise Ithacus, ambassadors t' attain
The most due motion;[a] now receive wreak for his shameful part.
This said, in poor Pysander's breast he fix'd his wreakful[b] dart;
Who upward spread th' oppressed earth: his brother crouch'd for dread,
And, as he lay, the angry king cut off his arms and head,
And let him like a football lie for every man to spurn.
Then to th' extremest heat of fight he did his valour turn,

[a] *Motion*—"demand." [b] *Wreakful*—"revengeful."

And led a multitude of Greeks; where foot did foot subdue,
Horse slaughter'd horse, Need feather'd flight, the batter'd centre flew
In clouds of dust about their ears, rais'd from the horses' hooves,
That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as Jove's.
The king (persuading speedy chace) gave his persuasions way
With his own valour, slaught'ring still: as in a stormy day
In thick-set woods a ravenous fire wraps in his fierce repair
The shaken trees, and by the roots doth toss them into air:
Even so beneath Atrides' sword flew up Troy's flying heels:
Their horse drew empty chariots, and sought their thund'ring wheels
Some fresh directions through the field, where least the pursúit drives:
Thick fell the Trojans, much more sweet to vultures than their wives.
Then Jove drew Hector from the darts, from dust, from death and blood,
And from the tumult: still the king firm to the púrsuit stood;
Till at old Ilus' monument, in midst of all the field,
They reach'd the wild fig-tree, and long'd to make their town their shield.
Yet there they rested not, the king still cried, Pursue, pursue;
And all his unreproved hands did blood and dust imbrue.
But when they came to Scæa's ports, and to the beech of Jove,
There made they stand; there every eye, fix'd on each other, strove
Who should outlook his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled.
And as a lion, when the night becomes most deaf and dead,
Invades ox-herds, affrighting all, that he of one may wreak
His dreadful hunger; and his neck he first of all doth break;
Then laps his blood and entrails up; so Agamemnon plied
The manage of the Trojan chace, and still the last man died,
The other fled, a number fell by his imperial hand:
Some grovelling downwards from their horse; some upwards strew'd the sand.
High was the fury of his lance: but having beat them close
Beneath their walls, the both worlds' Sire did now again repose
On fountain-flowing Ida's tops, being newly slid from heaven,
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence his charge was given
To Iris with the golden wings: Thaumantia, fly, (said he,)
And tell Troy's Hector, that as long as he enrag'd shall see
The soldier-loving Atreus' son amongst the foremost fight,
Depopulating troops of men, so long he must excite
Some other to resist the foe, and he no arms advance.
But when he wounded takes his horse, attain'd with shaft or lance;

Then will I fill his arm with death, even till he reach the fleet,
And peaceful night treads busy day beneath her sacred feet.
The wind-foot swift Thaumantia obey'd, and us'd her wings
To famous Ilion, from the mount enchas'd with silver springs:
And found in his bright chariot the hardy Trojan knight;
To whom she spake the words of Jove, and vanish'd from his sight.
He leap'd upon the sounding earth, and shook his lengthful dart,
And everywhere he breath'd exhorts,[a] and stirr'd up every heart:
A dreadful fight he set on foot, his soldiers straight turn'd head:
The Greeks stood firm, in both the hosts the field was perfected.
But Agamemnon foremost still did all his side exceed,
And would not be the first in name unless the first in deed.
Now sing, fair Presidents of verse, that in the heavens embow'r,
Who first encounter'd with the king, of all the adverse pow'r:
Iphydamas, Antenor's son, ample and bigly set,
Brought up in pasture-springing Thrace, that doth soft sheep beget;
In grave Cissæus' noble house, that was his mother's sire,
(Fair Theano,) and when his breast was height'ned with the fire
Of gaysome youth, his grandsire gave his daughter to his love;
Who straight his bridal-chamber left, fame with affection strove,
And made him furnish twelve fair ships to lend fair Troy his hand.
His ships he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land:
And now he tried the fame of Greece, encount'ring with the king,
Who threw his royal lance and miss'd. Iphydamas did fling,
And struck him on the arming waist, beneath his coat of brass,
Which forc'd him stay upon his arm, so violent it was;
Yet pierc'd it not his well-wrought zone; but when the lazy head
Tried hardness with his silver waist, it turn'd again like lead.
He follow'd, grasping the ground end: but with a lion's wile,
That wrests away a hunter's staff, he caught it by the pile,
And pluck'd it from the caster's hands, whom with his sword he strook
Beneath the ear, and with his wound his timeless[b] death he took:
He fell and slept an iron sleep; wretched young man, he died,
Far from his newly-married wife, in aid of foreign pride,
And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was her jointure great:
An hundred oxen gave he her, and vow'd in his retreat
Two thousand head of sheep and goats, of which he store did leave:
Much gave he of his love's first-fruits, and nothing did receive.

[a] *Exhorts*—"exhortations." [b] *Timeless*—"unseasonable."

When Coon (one that for his form might feast an amorous eye,
And elder brother of the slain) beheld this tragedy,
Deep sorrow sat upon his eyes; and (standing laterally,
And to the general undiscern'd) his javelin he let fly:
That 'twixt his elbow and his wrist transfix'd his armless arm:[a]
The bright head shin'd on th' other side. The unexpected harm
Impress'd some horror in the king: yet so he ceas'd not fight,
But rush'd on Coon with his lance, who made what haste he might
(Seizing his slaughter'd brother's foot) to draw him from the field,
And call'd the ablest to his aid; when under his round shield
The king's brass javelin, as he drew, did strike him helpless dead:
Who made Iphydamas the block, and cut off Coon's head.
Thus under great Atrides' arm Antenor's issue thriv'd,
And to suffice precisest fate, to Pluto's mansion div'd.
He with his lance, sword, mighty stones, pour'd his heroic wreak
On other squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warm blood did break
Through his cleft veins: but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
The eager anguish did approve[b] his princely fortitude.
As when most sharp and bitter pangs distract a labouring dame,
Which the divine Ilithiæ, that rule the painful frame
Of human child-birth, pour on her: th' Ilithiæ that are
The daughters of Saturnia; with whose extreme repair
The woman in her travail strives to take the worst it gives:
With thought it must be,[c] 'tis love's fruit, the end for which she lives;
The mean to make herself new born: what comforts will redound:
So Agamemnon did sustain the torment of his wound.
Then took he chariot, and to fleet bad haste his charioteer;
But first pour'd out his highest voice, to purchase every ear:
Princes and leaders of the Greeks, brave friends, now from our fleet
Do you expel this boist'rous sway: Jove will not let me meet
Illustrate Hector, nor give leave that I shall end the day
In fight against the Ilion power: my wound is in my way.
This said, his ready charioteer did scourge his spriteful horse,
That freely to the sable fleet perform'd their fiery course:
To bear their wounded sovereign apart the martial thrust,
Sprinkling their powerful breasts with foam, and snowing on the dust.[d]

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[a] *Armless arm*—an unworthy conceit.

[b] *Approve*—"try to the utmost."

[c] *With thought it must be*, &c. This passage is a great amplification of the original.

[d] *Snowing on the dust.* Chapman has slightly varied the Greek epithet; but the alteration is made in a truly Homeric spirit.

[illegible] this heroic deed of arms to fame commends:
[illegible] all my close-fighting friends.
[illegible] soldiers all of name:
[illegible] to fame:
[illegible] your one-hoof'd viviem steeds.
[illegible] and gratify your deeds.
[illegible] space
His [illegible] sounds breathes terms, and on his em-
[illegible]
[illegible] Hector urg'd his host
[illegible] himself most bold and active most:
[illegible] as when a tempest raves,
[illegible] and all the heaps dust cuff the purple waves.
[illegible] fate, and set it still, when Jove did grace his deed,
[illegible] Jove and Clymus seed
[illegible] and the former sire of sweet Eurydus
[illegible] and strong Hippomonus:
[illegible] The common soldiers fell.
[illegible] Nestor's cheeks doth swell.
[illegible] all the quiver'd woods within Nestor's power did draw:
[illegible] the first heat with a vehement flaw:
[illegible] soldiers wrack'd in heaps by Hector's hand.
[illegible] such works as the Greeks could withstand:
[illegible] but Laertes' son
[illegible] with this impression:
[illegible] what we are?
[illegible] incredible impair
[illegible] a customary flight.
[illegible] and lur by his to fight.
[illegible] and arming sustain:
[illegible] will prove but short and vain:
[illegible] instruments: and virtually them
[illegible] affairs are mix'd twixt men and men.
[illegible] Thunderous will his lance be trembled from his horse;
[illegible] Ulysses did enforce
[illegible] Hector, minder of this king, that Diomed subdu'd:
[illegible] who now the king pursu'd

[illegible] a contraction for 'sorrows.'
[illegible] The word is used by Pardus —
'And like a raging flood they spurred are
And overflow each country, field, and plain.'

And furrow'd through the thick'ned troops: As when two chased boars
Turn head 'gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores:
So (turn'd from flight) the forward kings show'd Trojans backward death:
Nor fled the Greeks but by their wills to get great Hector breath.
Then took they horse and chariot from two bold city foes,
Merops Percosius' mighty sons: their father could disclose,
Beyond all men, hid auguries; and would not give consent
To their egression to these wars: yet wilfully they went;
For Fates, that order sable death, enforc'd their tragedies:
Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their arms his prize.
Hypporochus, and Hyppodus, Ulysses reft of light:
But Jove, that out of Ida look'd, then equalis'd the fight;
A Grecian for a Trojan then paid tribute to the Fates;
Yet royal Diomed slew one, even in those even debates,
That was of name more than the rest; Pæon's renowned son,
The prince Agastrophus, his lance into his hip did run;
His squire detain'd his horse apart, that hinder'd him to fly;
Which he repented at his heart; yet did his feet apply
His 'scape with all the speed they had, alongst the foremost bands;
And there his loved life dissolv'd. This, Hector understands,
And rush'd with clamour on the king; right soundly seconded
With troops of Trojans: which perceiv'd by famous Diomed
The deep conceit[a] of Jove's high will stiffen'd his royal hair,
Who spake to near-fought Ithacus: The fate of this affair
Is bent to us: come let us stand, and bound his violence.
Thus threw he his long javelin forth, which smote his head's defence
Full on the top, yet pierc'd no skin; brass took repulse with brass,
His helm (with three folds made, and sharp) the gift of Phœbus was.
The blow made Hector take the troop; sunk him upon his hand,
And struck him blind: the king pursu'd before the foremost band
His dart's recovery: which he found laid on the purple plain:
By which time Hector was reviv'd, and taking horse again,
Was far commix'd within his strength, and fled his darksome grave.
He follow'd with his trusty lance, and this elusive brave:
Once more be thankful to thy heels, proud dog, for thy escape:
Mischief sate near thy bosom now; and now another rape
Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well mayst pray,
When through the singing of our darts thou find'st such guarded way:

[a] *Conceit*—"conception."

But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest hour,
If with like favour any god be fautor[a] of my pow'r:
Meanwhile, some other shall repay what I suspend in thee.
This said, he set the wretched soul of Pæon's issue free;
Whom his late wound not fully slew: but Priam's amorous birth
Against Tydides bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth,
Part of the ruinated tomb for honour'd Ilus built:
And as the curace of the slain (engraven and richly gilt)
Tydides from his breast had spoil'd, and from his shoulders raft
His target and his solid helm, he shot, and his keen shaft
(That never flew from him in vain) did nail upon the ground
The king's right foot: the spleenful knight laugh'd sweetly at the wound,
Crept from his covert, and triumph'd: Now art thou maim'd, said he,
And would to God my happy hand had so much honour'd me,
To have infix'd it in thy breast as deep as in thy foot,
Even to th' expulsure of thy soul: then blest had been my shoot
Of all the Trojans: who had then breath'd from their long unrests,
Who fear thee as the braying goats abhor the king of beasts.
Undaunted Diomed replied: You braver, with your bow,
You slick-hair'd lover: you that hunt and fleer at wenches so:
Durst thou but stand in arms with me, thy silly archery
Would give thee little cause to vaunt, as little suffer I
In this same tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid:
As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,
Had touch'd my foot: a coward's steel hath never any edge:
But mine (assure it sharp) still lays dead carcasses in pledge;
Touch it, it renders lifeless straight: it strikes the fingers' ends
Of hapless widows in their cheeks, and children blind of friends:
The subject of it makes earth red, and air with sighs inflames:
And leaves limbs more embrac'd with birds than with enamour'd dames.
Lance-fam'd Ulysses now came in, and stept before the king,
Kneel'd opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager pain did sting
Through all his body: straight he took his royal chariot there,
And with direction to the fleet did charge his charioteer.
Now was Ulysses desolate, fear made no friend remain:
He thus spake to his mighty mind: What doth my state sustain?
If I should fly this odds in fear, that thus comes clust'ring on,
'Twere high dishonour: yet 'twere worse to be surpris'd alone:

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[a] *Fautor*—"favourer:" a Latin word.

'Tis Jove that drives the rest to flight, but that's a faint excuse,
Why do I tempt my mind so much? pale cowards fight refuse.
He that affects renown in war must like a rock be fix'd,
Wound, or be wounded: valour's truth puts no respect betwixt.
In this contention with himself, in flew the shady bands
Of targeteers, who sieg'd him round with mischief-filled hands.
As when a crew of gallants watch the wild muse[a] of a boar;
Their dogs put after in full cry, he rusheth on before:
Whets, with his lather-making jaws, his crooked tusks for blood:
And (holding firm his usual haunts) breaks through the deep'ned wood:
They charging, though his hot approach be never so abhorr'd:
So, to assail the Jove-lov'd Greek, the Ilians did accord,
And he made through them: first he hurt, upon his shoulder blade,
Deiops, a blameless man at arms: then sent to endless shade
Thoon and Eunomus: and struck the strong Chersidamas,
As from his chariot he leap'd down, beneath his targe of brass:
Who fell, and crawl'd upon the earth with his sustaining palms,
And left the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing martial alms:
But Socus brother by both sides, young Carops did impress:
Then princely Socus to his aid made brotherly access,
And (coming near) spake in his charge: O great Laertes' son,
Insatiate in sly stratagems, and labours never done:
This hour, or thou shalt boast to kill the two Hypasides,
And prize their arms, or fall thyself, in my resolv'd access.[b]
This said, he threw quite through his shield his fell and well-driven lance:
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,
Plowing the flesh alongst his sides: but Pallas did repel
All inward passage to his life. Ulysses, knowing well
The wound undeadly, (setting back his foot to form his stand,)
Thus spake to Socus: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand:
That stay'st my victory on Troy: and where thy charge was made
In doubtful terms (or this or that) this shall thy life invade.
This frighted Socus to retreat, and in his faint reverse,
The lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did perce:
Down fell he sounding, and the king thus play'd with his misease:
O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hypasides;

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[a] *Muse*—for "mews," the haunt of a wild beast, but originally confined to the breeding-place of hawks.

[b] *Access*—"attack."

Now may your house and you perceive death can outfly the flyer:
Ah wretch, thou canst not 'scape my vows: old Hypasus thy sire,
Nor thy well honour'd mother's hands, in both which lies thy worth,
Shall close thy wretched eyes in death; but vultures dig them forth,
And hide them with their darksome wings: but when Ulysses dies,
Divinest Greeks shall tomb my corse with all their obsequies.
Now from his body and his shield the violent lance he drew,
That princely Socus had infix'd: which drawn, a crimson dew
Fell from his bosom on the earth: the wound did dare him sore.
And when the furious Trojans saw Ulysses' forced gore,
(Encouraging themselves in gross) all his destruction vow'd;
Then he retir'd, and summon'd aid: thrice shouted he aloud,
(As did denote a man engag'd) thrice Menelaus' ear
Observ'd his aid-suggesting voice: and Ajax being near,
He told him of Ulysses' shouts, as if he were enclos'd
From all assistance: and advis'd their aids might be dispos'd
Against the ring that circled him: lest, charg'd with troops alone
(Though valiant), he might be oppress'd, whom Greece so built upon.
He led, and Ajax seconded: they found their Jove-lov'd king
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloody lucerns[a] cling
About a goodly palmed hart, hurt with an hunter's bow,
Whose 'scape his nimble feet enforce, whilst his warm blood doth flow,
And his light knees have power to move: but (mast'red of his wound,
Emboss'd within a shady hill) the lucerns charge him round,
And tear his flesh; when instantly, fortune sends in the pow'rs
Of some stern lion, with whose sight they fly, and he devours:
So charg'd the Ilians Ithacus, many and mighty men:
But then made Menelaus in, and horrid Ajax then,
Bearing a target like a tower: close was his violent stand,
And every way the foe dispers'd; when, by the royal hand,
Kind Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes' son,
Till his fair squire had brought his horse: victorious Telamon
Still plied the foe, and put to sword a young Priamides;
Doriclus, Priam's bastard son: then did his lance impress
Pandocus, and strong Pyrasus, Lysander and Palertes.
As when a torrent from the hills, swoln with Saturnian show'rs,
Falls on the fields; bears blasted oaks and wither'd rosy flow'rs,

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[a] *Lucerns*—from the French *licornes*, that is, "unicorns." The original word is *thoës*, which signifies jackals.

Loose weeds, and all dispersed filth, into the ocean's force:
So matchless Ajax beat the field, and slaughter'd men and horse.
Yet had not Hector heard of this, who fought on the left wing
Of all the host, near those sweet herbs Scamander's flood doth spring:
Where many foreheads trode the ground, and where the skirmish burn'd
Near Nestor, and king Idomen; where Hector overturn'd
The Grecian squadrons; authoring high service with his lance,
And skilful manage of his horse: nor yet the discrepance[a]
He made in death betwixt the hosts had made the Greeks retire,
If fair-hair'd Helen's second spouse had not repress'd the fire
Of bold Machaon's fortitude, who with a three-fork'd head
In his right shoulder wounded him: then had the Grecians dread,
Lest, in his strength declin'd, the foe should slaughter their hurt friend:
Then Crete's king urg'd Neleides his chariot to ascend,
And getting near him, take him in, and bear him to their tents;
A surgeon is to be preferr'd, with physic ornaments,
Before a multitude: his life, gives hurt lives native bounds,
With sweet inspersion of fit balms, and perfect search of wounds.
Thus spake the royal Idomen: Neleides obey'd,
And to his chariot presently the wounded Greek convey'd
The son of Æsculapius, the great physician:
To fleet they flew. Cebriones perceiv'd the slaughter done
By Ajax on the other troops, and spake to Hector thus:
Whiles we encounter Grecians here, stern Telamonius
Is yonder raging, turning up in heaps our horse and men:
I know him by his spacious shield: let us turn chariot then
Where both of horse and foot the fight most hotly is propos'd,
In mutual slaughters: hark, their throats from cries are never clos'd.
This said, with his shrill scourge he struck the horse that fast ensu'd,[b]
Stung with his lashes, tossing shields, and carcasses imbru'd;
The chariot tree was drown'd in blood, and th' arches by the seat,
Dispurpled from the horses' hoofs, and from the wheelbands beat.
Great Hector long'd to break the ranks and startle their close fight:
Who horribly amaz'd the Greeks, and plied their sudden fright
With busy weapons, ever wing'd, his lance, sword, weighty stones:
Yet charg'd he other leaders' bands not dreadful Telamon's,
With whom he wisely shunn'd foul blows: but Jove (that weighs above
All human pow'rs) to Ajax' breast divine repressions drove,

[a] *Discrepance*—"difference."
[b] *Ensu'd*—"obeyed the impulse."

And made him shun, who shunn'd himself: he ceas'd from fight amaz'd:
Cast on his back his seven-fold shield, and round about him gaz'd,
Like one turn'd wild: look'd on himself in his distract retreat:
Knee before knee did scarcely move. As when from herds of neat[a]
Whole threaves[b] of bores[c] and mongrels chase a lion skulking near,
Loth he should taint the well-priz'd fat of any stall-fed steer,
Consuming all the night in watch; he (greedy of his prey)
Of thrusting on is oft thrust off: so thick the javelins play
On his bold charges, and so hot, the burning fire-brands shine,
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
And early his great heart retires: so Ajax from the foe,
For fear their fleet should be inflam'd, 'gainst his swoln heart did go.
As when a dull mill ass comes near a goodly field of corn
Kept from the birds by children's cries; the boys are overborne
By his insensible[d] approach, and simply he will eat:
About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beat;
And still the self-providing ass doth with their weakness bear,
Not stirring till his paunch be full; and scarcely then will steer:
So the huge son of Telamon amongst the Trojans far'd;
Bore showers of darts upon his shield, yet scorn'd to fly, as scar'd;
And so kept softly on his way; nor would he mend his pace
For all their violent pursuits, that still did arm the chase
With singing lances: but at last, when their cur-like presumes,[e]
More urg'd, the more forborne; his spirits did ratify their fumes,
And he revok'd his active strength; turn'd head, and did repel
The horse troops that were new made in; 'twixt whom the fight grew fell;
And by degrees he stole retreat, yet with such puissant stay
That none could pass him to the fleet: in both the armies' sway
He stood, and from strong hands receiv'd sharp javelins on his shield;
Where many stuck, thrown on before; many fell short in field,
Ere the white body they could reach; and stuck, as telling how
They purpos'd to have pierc'd his flesh: his peril pierced now
The eyes of prince Eurypilus, Evemon's famous son;
Who came close on, and with his dart struck duke Apisaon,

[a] *Neat*—"cattle."
[b] *Threaves*—"crowds." The word is used by Bishop Hall:—
"Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such fair successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,
He sends forth threaves of ballads to the sale."
[c] *Bores*—"boors."
[d] *Insensible*—"stupid, foolish."
[e] *Presumes*—"presumptions."

Whose surname was Phausiades, even to the concrete blood
That makes the liver: on the earth out gush'd his vital flood.
Eurypilus made in, and eas'd his shoulders of his arms;
Which Paris seeing, he drew his bow, and wreak'd in part the harms
Of his good friend Phausiades: his arrow he let fly,
That smote Eurypilus, and brake in his attainted[a] thigh:
Then took he troop, to shun black death, and to the fliers cried:
Princes, and leaders of the Greeks, stand, and repulse the tide
Of this our honour-wracking chase; Ajax is drown'd in darts,
I fear past 'scape: turn, honour'd friends, help out his vent'rous parts.
Thus spake the wounded Greek; the sound cast on their backs their shields,
And rais'd their darts: to whose relief Ajax his person wields:
Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retire:
And thus both hosts indifferent join'd, the fight grew hot as fire.
Now had Neleides' sweating steeds brought him, and his hurt friend
Amongst their fleet; Æacides, that wishly[b] did intend[c]
(Standing astern his tall-neck'd ship) how deep the skirmish drew
Amongst the Greeks; and with what ruth the insecution[d] grew:
Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call
His friend Patroclus, who like Mars, in form celestial,
Came forth with first sound of his voice (first spring of his decay)
And ask'd his princely friend's desire: Dear friend, said he, this day
I doubt not will enforce the Greeks to swarm about my knees;
I see unsuffer'd[e] need employ'd in their extremities.
Go, sweet Patroclus, and inquire of old Neleides
Whom he brought wounded from the fight; by his back parts I guess
It is Machaon; but his face I could not well descry,
They pass'd me in such earnest speed. Patroclus presently
Obey'd his friend, and ran to know. They now descended were,
And Nestor's squire, Eurimidon, the horses did ungear:
Themselves stood near th' extremest shore to let the gentle air
Dry up their sweat, then to the tent; where Hecamed the fair
Set chairs, and for the wounded prince a potion did prepare.
This Hecamed, by war's hard fate, fell to old Nestor's share,
When Thetis' son sack'd Tenedos. She was the princely seed
Of worthy king Arsynous, and by the Greeks decreed

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[a] *Attainted*—"struck." See page 91.
[b] *Wishly*—"anxiously, wistfully."
[c] *Intend*—"pay particular attention to."
[d] *Insecution*—"pursuit;" from the Latin "*insequi*."
[e] *Unsuffer'd*—"unsufferable." See page 186.

The prize of Nestor: since all men in counsel he surpass'd.
First, a fair table she appos'd, of which the feet were grac'd
With bluish metal, mix'd with black: and on the same she put
A brass fruit dish, in which she serv'd a wholesome onion cut,
For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought;
And bread, the fruit of sacred meal: then to the board she brought
A right fair cup, with gold studs driven; which Nestor did transfer
From Pylos; on whose swelling sides four handles fixed were;
And upon every handle sat a pair of doves of gold,
Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold
The antique body: and withal so weighty was the cup,
That being propos'd [a] brimful of wine, one scarce could lift it up:
Yet Nestor drunk in it with ease, spite of his years' respect.
In this the goddess-like fair dame a potion did confect [b]
With gold old wine of Pramnius; and scrap'd into the wine
Cheese made of goat's milk; and on it 'spers'd flour exceeding fine:
In this sort for the wounded lord the potion she prepar'd,
And bad him drink; for company, with him old Nestor shar'd.
Thus physically quench'd they thirst, and then their spirits reviv'd
With pleasant conference. And now, Patroclus being arriv'd,
Made stay at th' entry of the tent: old Nestor seeing it,
Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and fain would have him sit.
He set that courtesy aside; excusing it with haste;
Since his much to be reverenced friend sent him to know who past
(Wounded with him in chariot) so swiftly through the shore;
Whom now, said he, I see and know, and now can stay no more:
You know, good father, our great friend is apt to take offence:
Whose fiery temper will inflame sometimes with innocence.
He answer'd: When will Peleus' son some royal pity show
On his thus wounded countrymen? Ah, is he yet to know
How much affliction tires our host? how our especial aid
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laid?
Ulysses, Diomed, our king, Eurypilus, Machaon:
All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion
Can supple thy friend's friendless breast. Doth he reserve his eye
Till our fleet burn, and we ourselves one after other die?
Alas! my forces are not now as in my younger life.
Oh! would to God I had that strength I used in the strife

[a] *Propos'd*—"set before (guests);" from the Latin *proponere*.
[b] *Confect*—"compose;" from the Latin *conficere*.

Betwixt us and the Elians, for oxen to be driven;
When Itumonius' lofty soul was by my valour given
As sacrifice to destiny; Hypporocus' strong son,
That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention.
We foraged (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthy boot;[a]
And he, in rescue of his herds, fell breathless at my foot.
All the dorp[b] bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great,
Twice five and twenty flocks of sheep; as many herds of neat;
As many goats, an dnasty swine; an hundred fifty mares,
All sorrel, most with sucking foals; and these soon-monied[c] wares
We drave into Neilus' town, fair Pylos, all by night.
My father's heart was glad to see so much good fortune quite
The forward mind of his young son, that us'd my youth in deeds,
And would not smother it in moods. Now drew the sun's bright steeds
Light from the hills; our heralds now accited[d] all that were
Endamag'd by the Elians, our princes did appear;
Our boot was parted; many men th' Epeians much did owe,
That (being our neighbours) they did spoil; afflictions did so flow
On us poor Pyleans though but few. In brake great Hercules
To our sad confines of late years, and wholly did suppress
Our hapless princes: twice six sons renown'd Neleius bred,
Only myself am left of all: the rest subdued and dead.
And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
On their near neighbours, being oppress'd, to lay injurious hands:
A herd of oxen for himself, a mighty flock of sheep,
My sire selected, and made choice of shepherds for their keep:
And from the general spoil he cull'd three hundred of the best:
The Elians ought[e] him infinite, most plagued of all the rest.
Four wager-winning horse he lost, and chariots intervented,[f]
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented,
Was a religious three-foot urn: Augeas was the king
That did detain them, and dismiss'd their keeper sorrowing
For his lov'd charge, lost with foul words. Then both for words and deeds
My sire being worthily incens'd, thus justly he proceeds

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[a] *Boot*—"booty."
[b] *Dorp*—"uncouth." *Dor* or *dorp* is an old Saxon name for the beetle, whose "drony flight" is proverbially an emblem of stupidity.
[c] *Soon-monied*—"easily sold or turned into money."
[d] *Accited*—"summoned."
[e] *Ought*—"owed."
[f] *Intervented*—"intercepted."

To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthy prize:
And as he shar'd much, much he left his subjects to suffice;
That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due:
Thus for the public good we shar'd. Then we to temples drew
Our complete city: and to heaven we thankful rights did burn
For our rich conquest. The third day ensuing our return,
The Elians flew on us in heaps: their general leaders were
The two Moliones, two boys, untrained in the fear
Of horrid war, or use of strength. A certain city shines
Upon a lofty prominent; and in th' extreme confines
Of sandy Pylos, seated where Alpheus' flood doth run,
And call'd Thryessa: this they sieg'd, and gladly would have won:
But, having pass'd through all our fields, Minerva as our spy
Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd us instantly:
Nor must'ered she unwilling men, nor unprepar'd for force.
My sire yet would not let me arm, but hid away my horse,
Esteeming me no soldier yet; yet shin'd I nothing less
Amongst our gallants, though on foot; Minerva's mightiness
Led me to fight, and made me bear a soldier's worthy name.
There is a flood falls into sea, and his crook'd course doth frame
Close to Arena, and is call'd bright Myniæus' stream:
There made we halt: and there the sun cast many a glorious beam
On our bright armours; horse and foot insea'd [a] together there:
Then march'd we on: by fiery noon we saw the sacred clear
Of great Alphæus; where to Jove we did fair sacrifice:
And to the azure god, that rules the under-liquid skies,
We offer'd up a solemn bull; a bull t' Alphæus' name,
And to the blue-ey'd Maid we burn'd a heifer never tame.
Now was it night; we supp'd and slept about the flood in arms,
The foe laid hard siege to our town, and shook it with alarms:
But for prevention of their spleens, a mighty work of war
Appear'd behind them. For as soon as Phœbus' fiery car
Cast night's foul darkness from his wheels, (invoking reverend Jove,
And the unconquer'd Maid his birth),[b] we did th' event approve,
And gave them battle: first of all, I slew (the army saw)
The mighty soldier Mulius, Augeas' son-in-law;
And spoil'd him of his one-hoof'd horse: his elder daughter was
Bright Agamede, that for skill in simples did surpass:

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[a] *Insea'd*—"enclosed by the sea."

[b] *His birth*—"his offspring." Minerva is fabled to have sprung from the head of Jove.

And knew as many kind of drugs as earth's broad centre bred:
Him charg'd I with my brass-arm'd lance, the dust receiv'd him dead:
I (leaping to his chariot) amongst the foremost press'd:
And the great hearted Elians fled frighted, seeing their best
And loftiest soldier taken down, the general of their horse.
I follow'd like a black whirlwind, and did for prize enforce
Full fifty chariots, every one furnish'd with two arm'd men;
Who ate the earth, slain with my lance; and I had slaughter'd then
The two young boys, Moliones, if their world-circling sire
(Great Neptune) had not sav'd their lives, and cover'd their retire
With unpierced clouds: then Jove bestow'd a haughty victory
Upon us Pyleans. For so long we did the chase apply,
Slaught'ring and making spoil of arms, till sweet Buprasius' soil,
Alesius, and Olenia, were fam'd with our recoil.
For there Minerva turn'd our power: and there the last I slew;
As when our battle join'd, the first: the Pyleans then withdrew
To Pylos from Buprasius. Of all the immortals then,
They most thank'd Jove for victory; Nestor the most of men.
Such was I ever, if I were, employ'd with other peers,
And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my years.
But great Achilles only joys hability of act [a]
In his brave prime,[b] and doth not deign t' impart it where 'tis lack'd.
No doubt he will extremely mourn long after that black hour
Wherein our ruin shall be wrought, and rue his ruthless pow'r.
O friend, my memory revives, the charge Menetius gave
Thy towardness, when thou sett'st forth, to keep out of the grave
Our wounded honour; I myself and wise Ulysses were
Within the room, where every word then spoken we did hear:
For we were come to Peleus' court, as we did mustering pass
Through rich Achaia, where thy sire, renown'd Menetius, was,
Thyself and great Æacides, when Peleus the king
To thunder-loving Jove did burn an ox for offering,
In his court-yard: a cup of gold, crown'd with red wine, he held
On th' holy incensory [c] pour'd. You, when the ox was fell'd,
Were dressing his divided limbs, we in the portal stood.
Achilles seeing us come so near, his honourable blood
Was struck with a respective [d] shame, rose, took us by the hands.
Brought us both in, and made us sit, and us'd his kind commands,

[a] *Only joys hability of act*, &c.—"benefits himself alone by his valour."
[b] *Prime*—"youth."
[c] *Incensory*—"the altar of incense."
[d] *Respective*—"respectful."

For seemly hospitable rights; which quickly were appos'd.
Then (after needfulness of food) I first of all disclos'd
The royal cause of our repair; mov'd you and your great friend
To consort[a] our renown'd designs: both straight did condescend;
Your fathers knew it, gave consent, and grave instruction
To both your valours. Peleus charg'd his most unequall'd son
To govern his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest
In honour, as in mere main force. Then were thy partings blest
With dear advices from thy sire. My loved son, said he,
Achilles by his grace of birth, superior is to thee,
And for his force more excellent; yet thou more ripe in years:
Then with sound counsels (age's fruits) employ his honour'd years,
Command and overrule his moods; his nature will obey
In any charge discreetly given, that doth his good assay.[b]
Thus charg'd thy sire, which thou forgett'st; yet now at last approve
(With forced reference of these) th' attraction of his love.
Who knows if sacred influence may bless thy good intent,
And enter with thy gracious words, even to his full consent?
The admonition of a friend is sweet and vehement.
If any oracle he shun, or if his mother queen
Hath brought him some instinct from Jove, that fortifies his spleen;
Let him resign command to thee, of all his Myrmidons,
And yield by that means some repulse to our confusions;
Adorning thee in his bright arms, that his resembled form
May haply make thee thought himself, and calm this hostile storm:
That so a little we may ease our overcharged hands;
Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands
Beneath his labours; and your charge being fierce, and freshly given,
They easily from our tents and fleet may to their walls be driven.
This mov'd the good Patroclus' mind, who made his utmost haste
T' inform his friend, and at the fleet of Ithacus he past,
(At which their markets were dispos'd, counsels and martial courts,
And where to th' altars of the gods they made divine resorts)
He met renown'd Eurypilus, Evemon's noble son,
Halting; his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweat did run
Down from his shoulders and his brows: and from his raging wound
Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet still his mind was sound;
His sight in kind Patroclus' breast to sacred pity turn'd,
And (nothing more immartial for true ruth[c]) thus he mourn'd;

[a] *Consort*—"participate in." [b] *Assay*—"essay; endeavour to effect."
[c] *Nothing more immartial for true ruth*—"not being the worse soldier for feeling true pity."

Ah wretched progeny of Greece, princes dejected kings:
Was it your fates to nourish beasts, and serve the outcast wings
Of savage vultures here in Troy? Tell me, Evemon's fame,
Do yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopeless thrown to death by his resistlesss lance?
Divine Patroclus, he replied, no more can Greece advance
Defensive weapons; but to fleet they headlong must retire:
For those that to this hour have held our fleet from hostile fire,
And are the bulwarks of our host, lie wounded at their tents;
And Troy's unvanquishable pow'r, still as it toils, augments.
But take me to thy black-stern'd ship, save me, and from my thigh
Cut out this arrow; and the blood that is ingor'd and dry
Wash with warm water from the wound: then gentle salves apply,
Which thou knowest best; thy princely friend hath taught thee surgery;
Whom, of all centaurs the most just, Chiron did institute:[a]
Thus to thy honourable hands my ease I prosecute,
Since our physicians cannot help: Machaon at his tent
Needs a physician himself, being leech and patient:[b]
And Podalirius in the field, the sharp conflict sustains.
Strong Menetiades replied: How shall I ease thy pains?
What shall we do, Eurypilus? I am to use all haste
To signify to Thetis' son occurrents that have past
At Nestor's honourable suit; but be that work achiev'd,
When this is done, I will not leave thy torments unreliev'd.
This said, athwart his back he cast, beneath his breast, his arm,
And nobly help'd him to his tent: his servants seeing his harm,
Dispread ox-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay:
Patroclus cut out the sharp shaft, and clearly wash'd away
With lukewarm water the black blood: then 'twixt his hands he bruis'd
A sharp and mitigatory root: which when he had infus'd
Into the green, well-cleansed wound, the pains he felt before
Were well, and instantly allay'd, the wound did bleed no more.

[a] *Institute*—"instruct."
[b] *Leech and patient*—"compelled to cure himself." This conceit is not in Homer.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.



"Here leave we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let us
Hold close together."

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans at the trench their pow'rs engage,
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.
In five parts they divide their pow'r to scale,
And Prince Sarpedon forceth down the pale;
Great Hector from the ports tears out a stone,
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
At those broad gates the Grecians made to guard
Their tents and ships: that, broken, and unbarr'd,
They yield way to his power; when all contend
To reach the ships: which all at last ascend.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

MU works the Trojans all the grace,
And doth the Grecian fort deface.

PATROCLUS thus employ'd in cure of hurt Eurypilus,
Both hosts are all for other wounds doubly contentious;

One, always labouring to expel, the other to invade:
Nor could the broad dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made
To guard their fleet, be long unrac't;[a] because it was not rais'd
By grave direction of the gods; nor were their deities prais'd
(When they begun) with hecatombs, that then they might be sure
(Their strength being season'd well with heaven's) it should have force
t' endure;
And so, the safeguard of their fleet, and all their treasure there
Infallibly had been confirm'd; when now, their bulwarks were
Not only without pow'r of check to their assaulting foe
(Even now, as soon as they were built), but apt to overthrow;
Such as, in very little time, shall bury all their sight,
And thought, that ever they were made: as long as the despight
Of great Æacides held up, and Hector went not down:
And that by those two means stood safe king Priam's sacred town:
So long their rampire had some use (though now it gave some way),
But when Troy's best men suffer'd fate, and many Greeks did pay
Dear for their sufferance; then the rest home to their country turn'd,
The tenth year of their wars at Troy, and Troy was sack'd and burn'd.
And then the gods fell to their fort: then they their pow'rs employ
To ruin their work, and left less of that than they of Troy.
Neptune and Phœbus tumbled down from the Idalian hills
An inundation of all floods, that thence the broad sea fills
On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together roar'd,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander (the ador'd),
Caresus, Simois, Grenicus, Æsepus: of them all
Apollo open'd the rough mouths; and made their lusty fall
Ravish the dusty champian,[b] where many a helm and shield,
And half-god race of men were strew'd: and that all these might yield
Full tribute to the heavenly work, Neptune and Phœbus won
Jove to unburthen the black wombs of clouds (fill'd by the sun),
And pour them into all their streams, that quickly they might send
The huge wall swimming to the sea. Nine days their lights did spend
To nights, in tempests; and when all their utmost depth had made,
Jove, Phœbus, Neptune, all came down, and all in state did wade
To ruin of that impious fort: great Neptune went before,
Wrought with his trident, and the stones, trunks, roots of trees he tore

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[a] *Unrac't*—"unrazed."
[b] *Champian*—"champain; level country."

Out of the rampire; toss'd them all into the Hellespont;
Even all the proud toil of the Greeks, with which they durst confront
The to-be-shunned deities: and not a stone remain'd
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plain'd.
Which done, again the gods turn'd back the silver-flowing floods,
By that vast channel through whose vaults they pour'd abroad their broods,
And cover'd all the ample shore again with dusty sand:
And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand
Was emptied of stones and darts, contending to invade;
Where Clamour spent so high a throat; and where the fell blows made
The new-built wooden turrets groan. And here the Greeks were pent,
Tam'd with the iron whip of Jove: that terrors vehement
Shook over them by Hector's hand, who was in every thought,
The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlwind fought;
As fresh, as in his morn's first charge. And, as a savage boar
Or lion, hunted long, at last, with hounds' and hunters' store,
Is compass'd round; they charge him close: and stand (as in a tow'r
They had inchas'd him) pouring on of darts an iron show'r:
His glorious heart yet, nought appall'd, and forcing forth his way,
Here overthrows a troop, and there a running ring doth stay
His utter [a] passage: when again that stay he overthrows,
And then the whole field frees his rage: so Hector wearies blows,
Runs out his charge upon the fort; and all his force would force
To pass the dike: which being so deep, they could not get their horse
To venture on; but trample, snore, and on the very brink,
To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off: nor would a human think
The passage safe; or if it were, 'twas less safe for retreat,
The dike being everywhere so deep; and (where 'twas least deep) set
With stakes exceeding thick, sharp, strong, that horse could never pass;
Much less their chariots, after them: yet for the foot there was
Some hopeful service, which they wish'd. Polydamas then spake:
Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiscreetly make
Offer of passage with our horse: ye see the stakes, the wall,
Impossible for horse to take; nor can men fight at all,
The place being strait, and much more apt to let us take our bane,
Than give the enemy: and yet, if Jove decree the wane
Of Grecian glory utterly, and so bereave their hearts,
That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts:

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[a] *Utter*—"further."

I would with all speed wish th' assault: that ugly shame might shed
(Thus far from home) these Grecians' bloods. But if they once turn head
And sally on us from their fleet, when in so deep a dike
We shall lie struggling; not a man of all the host is like
To live and carry back the news: and therefore be it thus:
Here leave we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let us
Hold close together, and attend the grace of Hector's guide,
And then they shall not bear our charge, our conquest shall be dyed
In their lives' purples. This advice pleas'd Hector, for 'twas sound:
Who first obey'd it, and full arm'd betook him to the ground:
And then all left their chariots when he was seen to lead;
Rushing about him, and gave up each chariot and steed
To their directors to be kept, in all procinct[a] of war:
There, and on that side of the dike. And thus the rest prepare
Their onset: in five regiments they all their power divide:
Each regiment allow'd three chiefs; of all which, even the pride,
Serv'd in great Hector's regiment: for all were set on fire
(Their passage beaten through the wall) with hazardous desire
That they might once but fight at fleet. With Hector captains were,
Polydamas, and Cebriones, who was his charioteer:
But Hector found that place a worse. Chiefs of the second band
Were Paris, and Alcathous, Agenor. The command
The third strong phalanx had, was given to th' augur Hellenus;
Deiphobus, that god-like man, and mighty Asius;
Even Asius Hertacides, that from Arisba rode
The huge bay horse, and had his house where river Selleës flow'd.
The fourth charge good Æneas led, and with him were combin'd
Archelochus, and Acamas (Antenor's dearest kind)
And excellent at every fight. The fifth brave company,
Sarpedon had to charge; who chose, for his command's supply,
Asteropæus great in arms, and Glaucus, for both these
Were best of all men, but himself: but he was fellowless.

Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, down the steep dike they go,
And (thirsty of the wall's assault) believe in overthrow:
Not doubting but with headlong falls to tumble down the Greeks
From their black navy: in which trust, all on; and no man seeks
To cross Polydamas' advice with any other course,
But Asius Hyrtacides, who (proud of his bay horse)

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[a] *Procinct*—"harness:" from the Latin *procinctus*.

Would not forsake them; nor his man, that was their manager,
(Fool that he was) but all to fleet: and little knew how near
An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he never more
Must look on lofty Ilion: but looks, and all, before,
Put on th' all-covering mist of fate, and then did hang upon
The lance of great Deucalides;[a] he fatally rush'd on
The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and chariot,
Came usually from field to fleet: close to the gates he got,
Which both unbarr'd and ope he found; that so the easier might
An entry be for any friend, that was behind in flight;
Yet not much easier for a foe: because there was a guard
Maintain'd upon it, past his thought; who still put for it hard,
Eagerly shouting: and with him were five more friends of name,
That would not leave him, though none else would hunt that way for fame
(In their free choice) but he himself, Orestes, Iamenus,
And Acamas, Asides, Thoon, Oenomaus,
Were those that follow'd Asius: within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renown'd
Of the right valiant Lapithes deriv'd their high descent.
Fierce Leonteus was the one, like Mars in detriment;[b]
The other mighty Polepæt, the great Pirithous' son.
These stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun
The charge of Asius and his friends, than two high hill-bred oaks,
Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the airy strokes
Of wind and weather, standing firm 'gainst every season's spite:
Yet they pour on continued shouts, and bear their shields upright:
When in the mean space Polypæt and Leonteus cheer'd
Their soldiers to the fleet's defence: but when the rest had heard
The Trojans in attempt to scale, clamour and flight did flow
Amongst the Grecians: and then (the rest dismay'd) these two
Met Asius ent'ring; thrust him back, and fought before their doors:
Nor far'd they then like oaks that stood, but as a brace of boars
Couch'd in their own bred hill, that hear a sort of hunter's shout,
And hounds in hot trail coming on; then from their dens break out,
Traverse their force, and suffer not, in wildness of their way,
About them any plant to stand: but thickets, offering stay,
Break through, and rend up by the roots; whet gnashes into air,
Which Tumult fills with shouts, hounds, horns, and all the hot affair

[a] Idomeneus.
[b] *Detriment*—"power of doing injury."

Beats at their bosoms: so their arms rung with assailing blows;
And so they stirr'd them in repulse, right well assur'd that those
Who were within, and on the wall, would add their parts; who knew
They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fames; and therefore threw
Stones from the walls and tow'rs, as thick as when a drift wind shakes
Black clouds in pieces, and plucks snow, in great and plumy flakes,
From their soft bosoms, till the ground be wholly cloth'd in white;
So earth was hid with stones and darts: darts from the Trojan fight,
Stones from the Greeks, that on the helms and bossy Trojan shields
Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd great Asius, who now yields
Sighs, beats his thighs: and in a rage his fault to Jove applies.
O Jove, said he, now clear thou show'st, thou art a friend to lies;
Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good,
To all their ruins: which I thought could never be withstood,
Yet they, as yellow wasps, or bees (that having made their nest
The gasping cranny of a hill) when for a hunter's feast
Hunters come hot and hungry in, and dig for honeycombs:
They fly upon them, strike and sting: and from their hollow homes
Will not be beaten, but defend their labour's fruit, and brood:
No more will these be from their port, but either lose their blood
(Although but two, against all us) or be our prisoners made;
All this, to do his action grace, could not firm Jove persuade,
Who for the general counsel stood; and ('gainst his singular brave[a])
Bestow'd on Hector that day's fame. Yet he, and these behave
Themselves thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,
And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, 'gainst force and forts,
Rag'd in contention 'twixt both hosts, it were no easy thing
(Had I the bosom of a god) to tune to life, and sing.
The Trojans fought not of themselves, a fire from heaven was thrown
That ran amongst them, through the wall, mere added to their own.
The Greeks held not their own: weak Grief went with her wither'd hand,
And dipp'd it deeply in their spirits; since they could not command
Their forces to abide the field, whom harsh Necessity
(To save those ships should bring them home) and their good forts supply
Drave to th' expulsive[b] fight they made; and this might stoop them more
Than Need itself could elevate: for even gods did deplore

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[a] *Singular brave*—"egotistical boasting."

[b] *Expulsive*—"defensive;" that is, "maintained for the purpose of expelling the Trojans from the walls."

Their dire estates, and all the gods that were their aids in war:
Who though they could not clear their plights, yet were their friends thus far.
Still to uphold the better sort: for then did Polepæt pass
A lance at Damasus, whose helm was made with cheeks of brass,
Yet had not proof enough: the pile[a] drave through it, and his skull;
His brain in blood drown'd: and the man, so late so spiritful,
Fell now quite spiritless to earth. So emptied he the veins
Of Pylon, and Ormenus' lives: and then Leonteus gains
The life's end of Hippomachus, Antimachus's son;
His lance fell at his girdle stead,[b] and with his end begun
Another end: Leonteus left him, and through the press
(His keen sword drawn) ran desperately upon Antiphates;
And lifeless tumbled him to earth. Nor could all these lives quench
His fiery spirit, that his flame in Menon's blood did drench,
And rag'd up even to Iamen's, and young Orestes' life;
All heap'd together made their peace, in that red field of strife.
Whose fair arms while the victors spoil'd, the youth of Ilion
(Of which there serv'd the most and best) still boldly built upon
The wisdom of Polydamas, and Hector's matchless strength;
And follow'd, fill'd with wondrous spirit; with wish and hope at length
(The Greeks' wall won) to fire their fleet. But (having passed the dike,
And willing now to pass the wall) this prodigy did strike
Their hearts with some deliberate stay:[c] a high-flown eagle soar'd
On their troops' left hand, and sustain'd a dragon all engor'd,
In her strong seres,[d] of wondrous size, and yet had no such check
In life and spirit, but still she fought; and turning back her neck
So stung the eagle's gorge, that down she cast her fervent[e] prey
Amongst the multitude; and took upon the winds her way;
Crying with anguish. When they saw a branded[f] serpent sprawl
So full amongst them from above, and from Jove's fowl let fall,
They took it an ostent from him; stood frighted; and their cause
Polydamas thought just, and spake: Hector, you know, applause
Of humour hath been far from me; nor fits it, or in war,
Or in affairs of court, a man employ'd in public care

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[a] *Pile*—see page 104. [b] *Stead*—see page 167.
[c] *Deliberate stay*—"a pause for the purpose of deliberation."
[d] *Seres*—"talons:" see page 186.
[e] *Fervent*—"still warm with life."
[f] *Branded*—"spotted."

To blanch[a] things further than their truth, or flatter any pow'r.
And therefore for that simple course your strength hath oft been sour
To me in counsels: yet again, what shows in my thoughts best,
I must discover: let us cease, and make their flight our rest
For this day's honour; and not now attempt the Grecian fleet;
For this, I fear, will be th' event; the prodigy doth meet
So full with our affair in hand. As this high-flying fowl
Upon the left wing of our host (implying our control)
Hover'd above us; and did truss within her golden seres
A serpent so embrew'd, and big, which yet (in all her fears)
Kept life, and fervent spirit to fight, and wrought her own release;
Nor did the eagle's aery feed: so though we thus far press
Upon the Grecians; and perhaps may overturn their wall,
Our high minds aiming at their fleet, and that we much appal
Their trussed[b] spirits; yet are they so serpent-like dispos'd
That they will fight, though in our seres; and will at length be los'd
With all our outcries; and the life of many a Trojan breast
Shall with the eagle fly, before we carry to our nest
Them, or their navy: thus expounds the augur this ostent,
Whose depth he knows: and these should fear. Hector, with countenance bent,
Thus answer'd him: Polydamas, your depth in augury
I like not; and know passing well, thou dost not satisfy
Thyself in this opinion; or if thou think'st it true,
Thy thoughts the gods blind, to advise, and urge that as our due,
That breaks our duties; and to Jove, whose vow and sign to me
Is past directly for our speed; yet light-wing'd birds must be
(By thy advice) our oracles, whose feathers little stay
My serious actions. What care I, if this, or th' other way
Their wild wings sway them: if the right, on which the sun doth rise,
Or, to the left hand, where he sets? 'Tis Jove high counsel flies
With those wings that shall bear up us; Jove's, that both earth and heaven,
Both men and gods sustains and rules; one augury is given
To order all men, best of all; fight for thy country's right.
But why fear'st thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
Strew all men here about the fleet, yet thou need'st never fear
To bear their fates; thy wary heart will never trust thee, where

[a] *Blanch*—"disguise; make things bear a fair appearance."
[b] *Trussed*—"closed up;" a metaphor from a truss or bundle.

An enemy's look is: and yet fight; for, if thou dar'st abstain,
Or whisper into any ear an abstinence so vain
As thou advisest; never fear that any foe shall take
Thy life from thee, for 'tis this lance. This said, all forwards make,
Himself the first: yet before him, exulting Clamour flew;
And thunder-loving Jupiter from lofty Ida blew
A storm that usher'd their assault, and made them charge like him:
It drave directly on the fleet a dust so fierce and dim,
That it amaz'd the Grecians: but was a grace divine,
To Hector and his following troops, who wholly did incline
To him, being now in grace with Jove: and so put boldly on
To raze the rampire: in whose height they fiercely set upon
The parapets, and pull'd them down, raz'd every foremost fight,[a]
And all the buttresses of stone that held their tow'rs upright,
They tore away, with crows of iron, and hop'd to ruin all.
The Greeks yet stood, and still repair'd the fore-fights[b] of their wall
With hides of oxen, and from thence they pour'd down stones in show'rs
Upon the underminers' heads. Within the foremost towers
Both the Ajaces had command; who answer'd every part
Th' assaulters, and their soldiers; repress'd, and put in heart:
Repairing valour as their wall: spake some fair, some reprov'd,
Whoever made not good his place: and thus they all sorts mov'd:
O countrymen, now need in aid would have excess be spent:
The excellent must be admir'd, the meanest excellent;
The worst, do well: in changing war all should not be alike,
Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, lest Hector strike
Your minds with frights, as ears with threats; forward be all your hands,
Urge one another: this doubt down, that now betwixt us stands,
Jove will go with us to their walls. To this effect aloud
Spake both the princes: and as high (with this) th' expulsion flow'd.
And as in winter time, when Jove his cold sharp javelins throws
Amongst us mortals; and is mov'd to white earth with his snows:
(The winds asleep) he freely pours, till highest prominents,
Hill tops, low meadows, and the fields that crown with most contents
The toils of men, seaports and shores are hid, and every place,
But floods (that snows fair tender flakes, as their own brood, embrace)

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[a] *Fight*—"bulwarks;" a very unusual application of the word.
[b] *Fore-fights*—"outer defences." The word is still used in the north of England.

So both sides cover'd earth with stones, so both for life contend,
To show their sharpness: through the war, uproar stood up an end.
Nor had great Hector and his friends the rampire overrun,
If heaven's great counsellor, high Jove, had not inflam'd his son
Sarpedon (like the forest's king when he on oxen flies)
Against the Grecians: his round targe he to his arm applies
Brass-leav'd without: and all within, thick ox-hides quilted hard:
The verge nail'd round with rods of gold, and with two darts prepar'd;
He leads his people: as ye see, a mountain-lion fare,
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high mind makes him dare,
Assault upon the whole full fold: though guarded never so
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogs; away he will not go,
But venture on, and either snatch a prey, or be a prey:
So far'd divine Sarpedon's mind, resolved to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall: yet since he did not see
Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he:
He spake to Glaucus: Glaucus, say, why are we honour'd more
Than other men of Lycia, in place? with greater store
Of meats and cups? with goodlier roofs? delightsome gardens? walks?
More lands, and better? so much wealth, that court and country talks
Of us and our possessions; and every way we go,
Gaze on us as we were their gods? this where we dwell is so:
The shores of Xanthus ring of this; and shall we not exceed
As much in merit as in noise? Come, be we great in deed
As well as look; shine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;
That so our neat-arm'd Lycians may say: See, these are right
Our kings, our rulers; these deserve to eat and drink the best;
These govern not ingloriously: these, thus exceed the rest,
Do more than they command to do. O friend, if keeping back
Would keep back age from us, and death; and that we might not wrack
In this life's human sea at all: but that deferring now
We shunn'd death ever; nor would I, half this vain valour show,
Nor glorify a folly so, to wish thee to advance:
But since we must go, though not here; and that, besides the chance
Propos'd now, there are infinite fates of other sort in death,
Which (neither to be fled nor 'scap'd) a man must sink beneath:
Come, try we, if this sort[a] be ours: and either render thus
Glory to others, or make them resign the like to us.

---

[a] *Sort*—"chance;" from the Latin *sors*.

This motion Glaucus shifted not, but (without words) obey'd;
Foreright went both, a mighty troop of Lycians followed.
Which by Menestheus observ'd, his hair stood up on end,
For at the tow'r where he had charge, he saw Calamity bend
Her horrid brows in their approach. He threw his looks about
The whole fights near, to see what chief might help the misery out
Of his poor soldiers: and beheld, where both th' Ajaces fought,
And Teucer, newly come from fleet: whom it would profit nought
To call, since tumult on their helms, shield, and upon the ports
Laid such loud claps; for every way, defences of all sorts
Were adding, as Troy took away: and Clamour flew so high
Her wings struck heaven, and drown'd all voice. The two dukes[a] yet so nigh
And at the offer of assault; he to th' Ajaces sent
Thoos the herald with this charge: Run to the regiment
Of both th' Ajaces, and call both, for both were better here,
Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more enforc'd than there.
The Lycian captains this way make, who in the fights of stand
Have often show'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand
Be there more needful than I hope, at least afford us some,
Let Ajax Telamonius, and th' archer Teucer come.
The herald hasted, and arriv'd; and both th' Ajaces told,
That Peteus' noble son desir'd their little labour would
Employ itself in succouring him. Both their supplies were best;
Since death assail'd his quarter most: for on it fiercely press'd
The well-prov'd mighty Lycian chiefs. Yet if the service there
Allow'd not both, he pray'd that one part of his charge would bear,
And that was Ajax Telamon, with whom he wish'd would come
The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly his room
To strong Lycomedes, and will'd Ajax Oiliades
With him to make up his supply, and fill with courages
The Grecian hearts till his return, which should be instantly
When he had well reliev'd his friend. With this the company
Of Teucer he took to his aid: Teucer, that did descend
(As Ajax did) from Telamon: with these two did attend
Pandion, that bore Teucer's bow. When to Menestheus' tow'r
They came, alongst the wall; they found him, and his heart'ned pow'r
Toiling in making strong their fort. The Lycian princes set
Black whirlwind-like, with both their powers, upon the parapet.

[a] *Dukes*—see page 109.

Ajax, and all, resisted them. Clamour amongst them rose:
The slaughter Ajax led; who first the last dear sight did close
Of strong Epicles, that war-friend to Jove's great Lycian son.
Amongst the high munition[a] heap, a mighty marble stone
Lay highest, near the pinnacle; a stone of such a paise,[b]
That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise:
Yet this did Ajax rouse and throw; and all in sherds[c] did drive
Epicles' four-topp'd casque and skull; who (as ye see one dive
In some deep river) left his height; life left his bones withal.
Teucer shot Glaucus (rushing up, yet higher on the wall)
Where naked he discern'd his arm, and made him steal retreat
From that hot service; lest some Greek, with an insulting threat,
(Beholding it) might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was griev'd
At Glaucus' parting, yet fought on; and his great heart reliev'd
A little with Alcmaon's blood, surnam'd Thestorides,
Whose life he hurl'd out with his lance; which following through the prease,
He drew from him. Down from the tow'r Alcmaon dead it strook;
His fair arms ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon took
In his strong hand the battlement, and down he tore it quite:
The wall stripp'd naked, and broad way for entry and full fight,
He made the many. Against him Ajax and Teucer made;
Teucer, the rich belt on his breast did with a shaft invade:
But Jupiter averted death; who would not see his son
Die at the tails of th' Achive ships: Ajax did fetch his run,
And (with his lance) struck through the targe of that brave Lycian king;
Yet kept he it from further pass; nor did it anything
Dismay his mind, although his men stood off from that high way
His valour made them; which he kept, and hop'd that stormy day
Should ever make his glory clear. His men's fault thus he blam'd:
O Lycians, why are your hot spirits so quickly disinflam'd?
Suppose me ablest of you all: 'tis hard for me alone
To ruin such a wall as this; and make confusion
Way to their navy; lend your hands. What many can dispatch,
One cannot think: the noble work of many hath no match.

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[a] *Munition*—stones, &c. collected for defence of the wall.

[b] *Paise*—"weight;" it is also written *peyse* and *poise*: thus in Fox's Martyrs:—"Some others were in such sort bound unto pillers with their faces turned to the wall, having no staie under their feet, and were violently weighed down with the peyse of their bodies."

[c] *Sherds*—"shreds."

The wise king's just rebuke did strike a reverence to his will
Through all his soldiers; all stood in; and 'gainst all th' Achives still
Made strong their squadrons; insomuch, that to the adverse side,
The work show'd mighty; and the wall, then 'twas within descried,
No easy service, yet the Greeks could neither free the wall
Of these brave Lycians, that held firm the place they first did scale:
Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdy Grecians drive,
Nor reach their fleet. But as two men about the limits strive
Of land that toucheth in the field; their measures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffly stands,
That so far is his right in law, both hugely set on fire
About a passing little ground: so greedily aspire
Both these foes to their several ends; and all exhaust their most
About the very battlements (for yet no more was lost.)[a]
With sword and fire they vex'd for them their targets hugely round
With ox-hides lin'd; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound
The stern steel gave for that one prize; whereof though some receiv'd
Their portions on their naked backs, yet others were bereav'd
Of brave lives, face-turn'd, through their shields: tow'rs, bulwarks everywhere
Were freckled[b] with the blood of men; nor yet the Greeks did bear
Base back-turn'd faces; nor their foes would therefore be out-fac'd.
But as a spinster poor and just, ye sometimes see strait-lac'd
About the weighing of her web, who (careful) having charge
For which she would provide some means, is loth to be too large
In giving, or in taking weight; but ever with her hand
Is doing with the weights and wool, till both in just poise stand:[c]
So evenly stood it with these foes, till Jove to Hector gave
The turning of the scales; who first against the rampire drave,
And spake so loud that all might hear: O stand not at the pale,
Brave Trojan friends, but mend your hands: up, and break through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heaps
Got scaling-ladders, and aloft. In mean space, Hector leaps

---

[a] "*Admiranda et penè inimitabilis comparatio* (saith Spond.); and yet in the explication of it, he thinks all superfluous but three words, ὀλίγῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ, *exiguo in loco:* leaving out other words more expressive, with his old rule, *uno pede.*" C.

[b] *Freckled*—"spotted."

[c] "A simile superior to the other, in which, comparing mightiest things with meanest, and the meanest illustrating the mightiest: both meeting in one end of this life's preservation and credit: our Homer is beyond comparison and admiration." C.

Upon the port, from whose out-part he tore a massy stone
Thick downwards, upward edg'd; it was so huge an one
That two vast yeomen [a] of most strength (such as these times beget)
Could not from earth lift to a cart: yet he did brandish it
Alone (Saturnius made it light:) and swinging it as nought,
He came before the planky gates, that all for strength were wrought,
And kept the port: two fold they were, and with two rafters barr'd,
High, and strong lock'd: he rais'd the stone, bent to the hurl [b] so hard,
And made it with so main a strength, that all the gates did crack;
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake:
The hinges piecemeal flew, and through the fervent little rock
Thund'red a passage; with his weight th' inwall [c] his breast did knock:
And in rush'd Hector, fierce and grim as any stormy night;
His brass arms round about his breast reflected terrible light.
Each arm held up, held each a dart: his presence call'd up all
The dreadful spirits his being held, that to the threat'ned wall
None but the gods might check his way: his eyes were furnaces;
And thus he look'd back, call'd in all: all fir'd their courages,
And in they flow'd: the Grecians fled, their fleet now and their freight
Ask'd all their rescue: Greece went down, Tumult was at his height.

[a] *Yeomen.* Chapman declares that he uses this word here in the sense of "plebeians."
[b] *Hurl*—"whirl;" that is, the velocity given to the stone by whirling round the body.
[c] *Th' inwall*—"the inside of the wall."

THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

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